JUL 24 '58

The Saturday Evening

POST

July 28, 1956 — 15¢

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IN THIS ISSUE

- They Call Me a Helicopter Hobo
- Pitfalls of Remodeling a House
- Report on "Narcotics Hysteria"
- Democrats' Chairman Paul Butler

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Bel Air 2-Door Sedan—one of 20 frisky new Chevrolet models.

It's a beautiful thing to handle!

Pick out a '56 Chevy owner—one who recently switched from another make of car—and ask, in a comparative kind of way, about Chevrolet handling and safety. Easier to park? Quicker reflexes in traffic? Holds the road better taking corners and curves?

We'll bet you get 100 percent affirmative answers. Because we know for a fact that Chevrolet's one of the few cars being built today with such handling ease, pep and roadability. Chevy proved that by breaking the Pikes Peak record. And proved it again by taking top honors in its field at the NASCAR Daytona Beach time trials.

What's the secret? Lively horsepower up to 225—plus a beautiful combination of road-car qualities that other cars don't have. Drive a Chevy and see what we mean. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

The Hot One's Even Hotter!

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Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath 4 times better than any tooth paste

Germs are the major cause of bad breath . . .
no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine, instantly, by millions.

The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. Germs in the mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath may result. So, the more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on contact!

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact . . . instantly halts the fermentation which they cause. Fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine, tests showed that germs on tooth, mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward as much as 80%. That explains why in clinical tests Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

Listerine Antiseptic acts on many surfaces.

You see, tooth paste depends largely on mechanical and masking methods of removing unpleasant mouth odors. But Listerine acts antiseptically on many surfaces . . . the teeth, mouth, throat. It kills disease-producing germs as well as many types of odor-producing germs. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD

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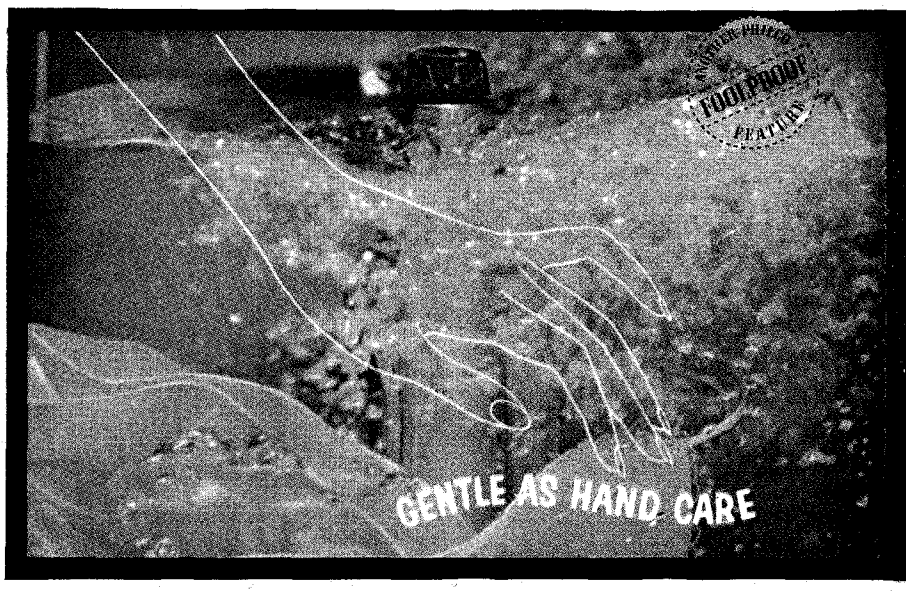
Claire McCardell famous fashion designer and fabric expert, says:

"Here at last... a foolproof automatic that safely washes even the lovely new Miracle Fabrics!"

ONE OF CLAIRE MC CARDELL'S LATEST CREATIONS, AN AFTERNOON ENSEMBLE THAT IS EASILY WASHABLE IN A PHILCO AUTOMATIC WASHER.

So many of the clothes now worn by all of us are made of the new Miracle fibers, some of which are strong, others very *delicate*. To wash them *all* safely, required a *new kind* of washer, one that would handle the sheerest fabrics *without rough action* yet wash dirty work clothes or shag rugs—and get both types *super clean!*

The answer is Philco's Ball Point Balance. It eliminates rough action, provides the most thorough washing and rinsing you've ever seen. Stop in at your Philco Dealer's and see an eye-opening demonstration of the *ONLY AUTOMATIC THAT WASHES ANY FABRIC, ANY LOAD!*

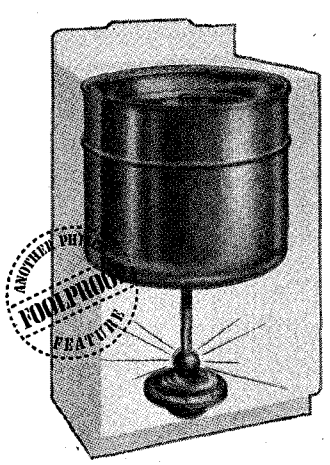


1 Separate Cycle for FINE FABRICS

Philco's Fine Fabric Cycle takes far less time, and it's as gentle as hand care . . . especially necessary for clothes with any fibers that are *weaker in water!* Your sheerest garments will LAST LONGER in a Philco!

2 Separate Cycle for REGULAR WASH

Because of its exclusive Ball Point Balance, Philco handles washable rugs, blankets, bedspreads and other bulky articles that cause "cut-offs"—or can't even be washed—in some automatics.



The secret of Philco's superiority is

Ball Point Balance

No cut-offs—no half-washed clothes

No jerk—no pull—no stretch

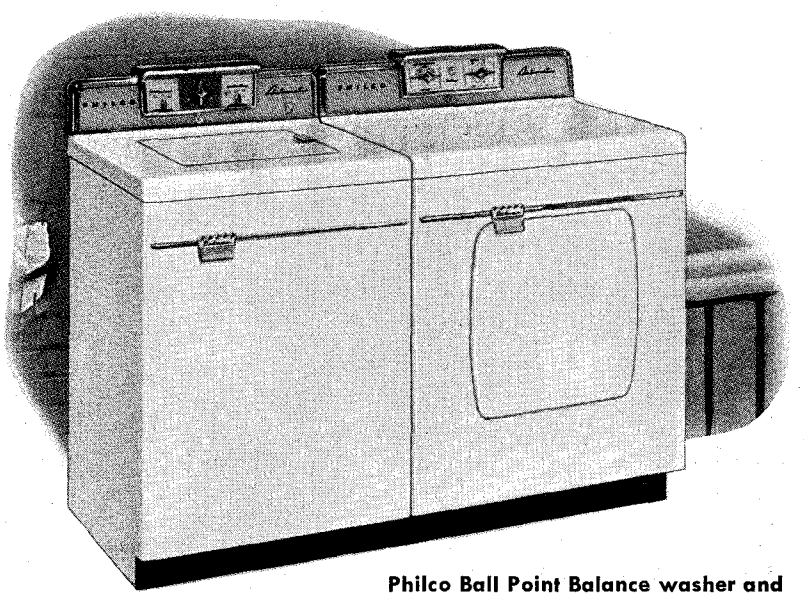
No harmful vibration

Automatically adjusts to any load

Longer washer life

Just *one* part absorbs all the operating stress —not a complicated system of weights, springs, dampers and shock absorbers.

SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE



Philco Ball Point Balance washer and Sun-A-Matic dryer. Perfect pair for better clothes care!

PHILCO®

Proved by 6,500,000 typical family washings!

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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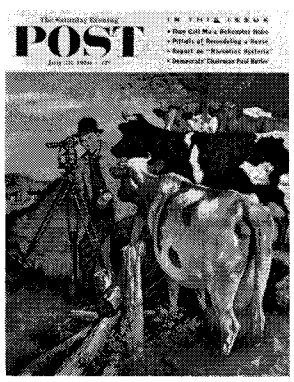

THE COVER

The cows don't realize it is rude to stare at a person without saying anything. They are reflecting that men seem to do goofier things than any other animals, and are keeping their thoughts to themselves, as they don't speak English. Does the surveyor fear the cows? Only mildly; mostly it is women who get conniption fits from cows. But those boring eyes are addling his concentration so that he knows not whether he is adding or subtracting. If the editor who is writing these words had a cow staring over his shoulder, he would, in the long run, scream. Amos Sewell's cowscape emphasizes that cows are remarkable starers. Did you ever notice a herd of them parked on a hill, every one peering fixedly in the same direction? What would they be looking at? Tomorrow?

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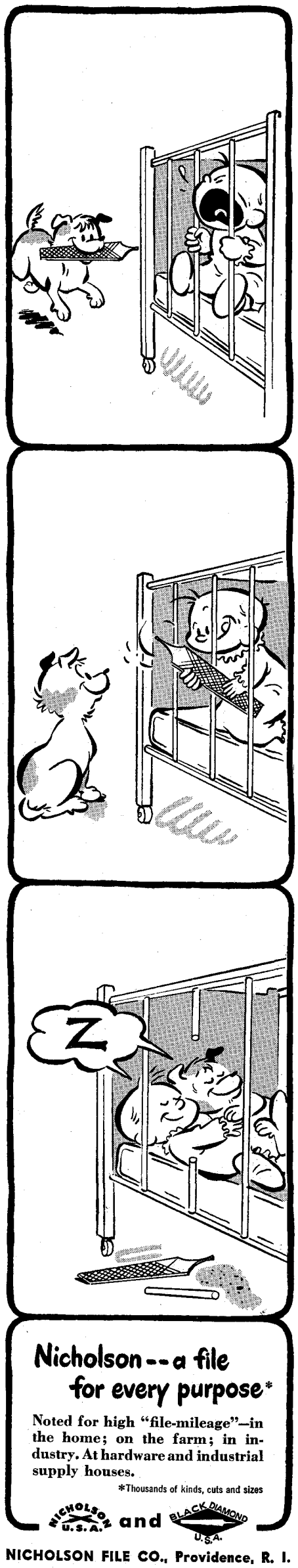

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Noted for high "file-mileage"—in the home; on the farm; in industry. At hardware and industrial supply houses.

*Thousands of kinds, cuts and sizes

NICHOLSON U.S.A. and BLACK DIAMOND U.S.A.

NICHOLSON FILE CO., Providence, R. I.

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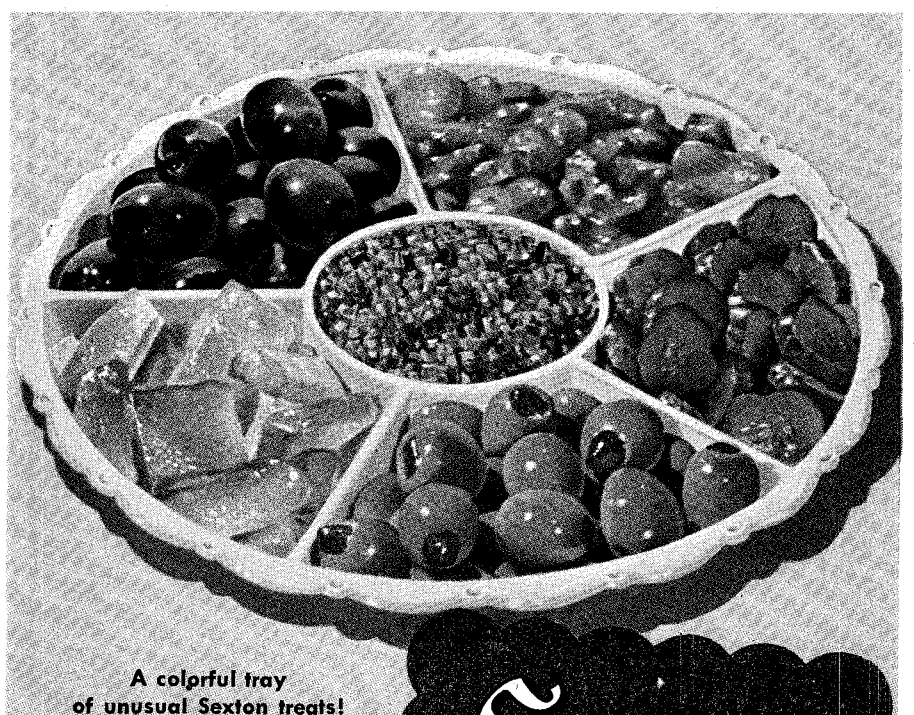
Serve your guests the best with Sexton relishes and sauces!



A colorful tray of unusual Sexton treats!

Here's a delicious relish tray! Preserved watermelon rind! Enormous stuffed Spanish olives! Crisp cucumber pickle chips! Southern style sweet chow chow! Colossal ripe olives! Tasty sweet relish!

Sexton Quality Foods

It is easy to be a successful hostess, if you serve Sexton good-things-to-eat! Treat your guests to the famous Sexton foods that grace the menus of America's finest hotels, clubs, and restaurants. Look for the Sexton label at better independent grocers. Over 70 years of Sexton quality reputation.

Everybody raves about Sexton Barbecue Sauce!

Sexton Bar-B-Q Sauce—a tantalizing blend of flavorful ingredients to give zest to your barbecue feast. All Sexton sauces and seasonings are superb. Two favorites—Las Pampas Chili Sauce, Alamo Zestful Seasoning.

Something different—Corn Relish or Pepper Relish—by Sexton!

Two mouth-watering Sexton specialties . . . a Corn Relish with a hit-the-spot flavor you'll talk about for days . . . and, side by side, an appetizing Pepper Relish—good to look at—even better to the taste.

Sexton Samoa Chutnee

A delicious kind of chutney sauce—marvelous with steaks, roasts and cold cuts.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Try Sexton imported asparagus, artichoke hearts, giant whole mushrooms and many other delicacies.

JOHN SEXTON & CO., CHICAGO

Letters

Nursing Home

Dear Sirs:

I read with a great deal of sympathy and interest the article in the June 23rd issue entitled WE SENT MOTHER TO A NURSING HOME [Anonymous]. Never has an article seemed more timely.

MRS. RICHARD G. STRICKLER
Spotsylvania, Va.

Dear Sirs:

No wonder the author wanted to remain anonymous. The shame of it tears my heart.

Here are three children who have all their selfish lives taken all this mother had to give—love, sacrifice and material advantages—and now that she is old and sick, not one wants to take her and give her the care and love that she deserves.

MRS. BRUCE ROLSON
Pleasant Plains, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

A very thought-provoking article.

RUTH B. HEINRICH, R.N.
Bangor, Maine

Dear Sirs:

An eye-opener.

MRS. C. J. DIAMOND
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Children who are so quick to place their parents in nursing homes, hoping that they hurry up and die, should remember that someday, they may be old and unwanted, too!

MRS. NORMAN STONE
Carlinville, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I hope the article will help to awaken the American public to the urgent need for a solution to this tragic problem.

A nation which can and does give away about $5 billions a year on something called foreign aid should be thoroughly ashamed of its indifference to the cruel plight of so many of its own aged citizens. As one to whom all forms of socialism are an anathema and free enterprise almost a religion, I nevertheless believe it is a foremost duty of any civilized society to take care of its own helpless members. If anything falls properly into the classification of General Welfare, this does.

FRANCES BECK
Hemet, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Yes, something should be done about our senior citizens, to make their last few years comfortable and happy—but it is not government help they need; it is love, care and affection from their own children.

MONTE M. ABRAMS
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

"Anonymous" did the wise thing. I am sure his mother is happier in a home. I speak from experience as I have been in one.

BERTHA M. LINDEN
New Carlisle, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

It's a problem close to me, for I am 62 now and come of very long-lived stock. I become more and more convinced each day that helpless old age is a curse both to the person who has lived too long, and to all those burdened with a sense of responsibility, so my prayer is "*Please* don't let me live to become helpless." My children are the best ever and any one would do all possible for me, but I know from experience that it is not a happy situation to have old age and youth together unless age is more adaptable than is the general run.

MRS. H. C. JONES, SR.
New Market, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

[. . . the article is] lacking in serious objectivity and capable of accomplishing nothing save a demoralizing disservice to the patients and friends of patients who are being generously and humanely cared for in untold thousands of proprietary nursing homes throughout the land. Your publication has, by this article, stigmatized "nursing homes" because one mother's son saw fit to place his beloved, not in a proprietary nursing home but, by his own description, in a flophouse. He was paying $25 per day for hospital care and, to make his mother's condition conform to his economic situation, he attempted to get the same type of care for $4.50 per day. For six months the anonymous writer watched his mother suffer the ministrations of a "near-idiot" nurse. Any right-thinking man would have disclosed such conditions to the local police authorities.

CLEBERN S. EDWARDS
President, American Nursing Home Ass'n.
Stoneham, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

It is indeed a sad commentary that millions of our so-called "Senior Citizens" are so tragically rejected. As the writer suggests—"our job is not merely to postpone death, but to give meaning to the years we have added to life."

M. D. PEARL
Cambridge, Mass.

Easy-Assembly Swing

Dear Sirs:

Re: your wonderful cover by Amos Sewell on the issue of the June 16th Post.

In the process of raising a family of three youngsters, I have purchased many

toys and gadgets, all of them requiring home assembly. Somehow these always looked wonderful in stores. When they are delivered they come in small packages and a million pieces. The manufacturer always supplies half-inch bolts for quarter-inch holes,

(Continued on Page 6)

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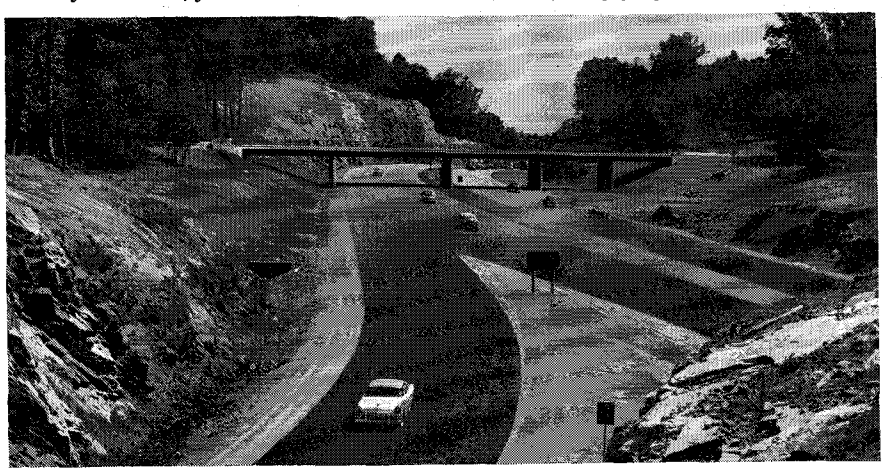
OPEN ROADS: New, safe and scenic asphalt highways make driving a pleasure. Almost before you know it, you can be hundreds of miles from home enjoying extra hours of leisure.



CLEAR ROAD AHEAD: Your service station offers many safe driving aids. Keeping your windshield clean is one. And you get top products and servicing for safe car performance.

How to enjoy a "long" holiday in a few days

—and remember, the more you drive, the less it costs per mile

Even if you can not get away for a full vacation this year, you can turn a couple of free days into an exciting fun-packed holiday for the entire family. Just get in your car and go.

And while you enjoy a happy-go-lucky jaunt, your car helps make it an economical holiday, too. Official AAA figures show that certain costs of car ownership do not change with mileage. Whether you drive a long distance or just to the store, such things as depreciation, license fees and insurance remain about the same.

The main added expense for more mileage is the relatively small cost of gasoline and oil. However, competition among U.S. oil companies has held down the prices of these items. You get one of today's greatest bargains when you stop at a service station. And, as you see by the chart below, every mile you drive costs less than the one before.

AVERAGE YEARLY DRIVING COSTS FOR A FAMILY OF FOUR

For **5,000** *miles**		*For* **15,000** *miles**
$481.33	*Depreciation*	$481.33
104.39	*Insurance*	104.39
16.86	*License fees*	16.86
116.00	*Gasoline and Oil*	348.00
37.00	*Maintenance*	111.00
25.50	*Tires*	76.50
$781.08	**TOTAL FAMILY COST**	$1,138.08
3.9¢	*Cost per mile for each member of family*	**1.9¢**

EXAMPLE FIGURED FOR FAMILY OF FOUR. YOUR FAMILY SIZE MAY CHANGE THIS COST A LITTLE. *Source: AAA

Take to the open road and turn those few days into an enjoyable holiday for yourself and the family. And please drive safely.

ETHYL CORPORATION New York 17, N. Y.

BY THE SEA: Seaside towns have a special lure for travelers. The picturesque sights, the tang in the air and the friendliness of the fishermen make a few days' visit seem like a full vacation.

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Summertime is Karo® Time!
HURRY, HENRY! LET'S HAVE BREAKFAST ON THE TERRACE I'VE GOT SOME KARO SYRUP!
WOW!
HOWDY! I'D LIKE TO BORROW A-A-- HEY, KARO! COULD I HAVE SOME ON BREAD?
MOM! JUNIOR'S GOT KARO ALL OVER HIS FACE!
I HAVE MY OWN PRIVATE BOTTLE TO POUR ON MY CEREAL RIGHT HERE-- I'M SET!
CEREAL
SHE'LL NEVER BUDGE POP, BUT AS SOON AS I TOAST SOME MORE OF THESE WAFFLES-- I'LL GO OUT AND JOIN MOM AND THE KARO!
STAN RANDALL
GOODNESS! HOW THE KIDS LOVE KARO SYRUP! IN MILK AND ON ICE CREAM!
MOM'S GOT THE LIGHT KARO--POP'S GOT THE DARK-- AND I'M GONNA LATCH ON TO GOOD OL' MAPLE-Y WAFFLE SYRUP!
Karo
SYRUP
3 KINDS OF KARO SYRUP
• DARK (blue label) • LIGHT (red label)
• WAFFLE SYRUP (maple-y)
Produced by Corn Products Refining Co.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

and without exception the wrong size nuts to fit. . . .

The working drawing or assembly guide usually is written in ancient Arabic and only an engineer could begin to understand or comprehend it.

EZRA D. COLE
Nyack, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If Papa thinks his "labors of love" are ended when he gets the gym set to stand by itself, then he's in for a surprise! He'll spend countless hours in response to the call "Swing me, daddy," he'll be a strategist and work out solutions regarding "turns" for Reddy, Junior, and friends or he'll be a judge in quarrels arising from same.

MRS. DOROTHY LOVELY
Orient, Iowa

Spoiled Brat?

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading the story BOYS ARE AFRAID OF GIRLS, by John De Meyer in the June 16th issue of your magazine, and I got sick of the spoiled brat that ruined this story.

I am fifteen years old also, and I hope I have more respect for my parents than that, and I know that all of my friends do. This father is definitely not a red-blooded American father if he will stand for that treatment.

KATHY FREEMAN
Van Nuys, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I especially enjoyed BOYS ARE AFRAID OF GIRLS by John De Meyer . . . June 16 issue. I think it should be required reading for all female teen-agers and their parents. Mr. De Meyer almost knows us better than we know ourselves!

BARBARA BISHOP
Madison, Wis.

Papa Bernstein

Dear Sirs:

On reading Eleanor Harris' excellent article (THE HAPPY GENIUS, June 16), what impressed me most sharply was Bernstein's overcoming parental objection, made in the face of all logic, to his ambitions. I believe this to be the most discouraging obstacle to talent.

Milton's blindness, Beethoven's deafness, Demosthenes' stammering, Lincoln's poverty, Helen Keller's lack of the three major senses, and even death, itself, have been unable to prevent the emergence of true genius. Familial opposition is more formidable.

HARRY FILLER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

As quondam attorney for Mr. Samuel Bernstein (during the mid-'30's); as one who knew both Mr. Bernstein and Lenny; and finally, as a mere parent confronted with somewhat the same problems which faced Mr. Bernstein (a son who has dedicated himself to the Theater Arts), I must raise my voice in protest at the portrayal, implicit in the article, of Papa Bernstein as an insensitive, unsympathetic, crass materialist, wholly uninterested in his son's career.

Papa Bernstein needs no brief to defend his intense concern for his son's future security at the time. However, at the risk of impairing the dramatic effect of the article, I am sure your readers would be interested to know that, despite the implications in the article and the portrayal of Papa Bernstein as "the heavy," Papa gave Lenny a recital at the Scituate Yacht Club, long before THE HAPPY GENIUS' genius had been suspected. I ought to know, because, with my wife and son. . . , I sat through what was probably Lenny's first public recital, as part of the "captive audience." Not that he didn't then—as he has ever since—give a superb account of himself.

IRVING ROGOSIN
Los Angeles, Cal.

Wrong Word

Dear Sirs:

The article [THE FIGHT OVER FLUORIDATION, by J. C. Furnas, May 19] says: ". . . Dr. Frederick B. Exner, Seattle radiologist and conspicuous enemy of the idea, . . . says it 'violates the most sacred *rights* of God and man.' " (Emphasis mine) And again it says: "Dr. Exner's remark about violating the 'sacred rights of man and God' is a clue to emotions aroused against fluoridation."

If you refer to page 83 of the transcript you will find: "It violates our inalienable right to final decision as to what shall be done to our own bodies except when exercise of this right creates a clear and present danger to the right of others. In this connection it is clear that the so-called experiments at Newburgh and Grand Rapids are in flagrant violation of the most sacred *laws* of God and man."

While the same is true of fluoridation in general, and I have so stated elsewhere, it is clear that this statement referred to human experimentation without consent and not to the "idea" of fluoridation. . . .

It should also be clear that I said nothing about the rights of God. . . .

Mr. Furnas chose to quote a single sentence so changed as to make me appear ridiculous. This I cannot passively tolerate.

F. B. EXNER, M.D.
Seattle, Wash.

• *The transcript mentioned by Doctor Exner is from a hearing on fluoridation before a congressional committee. Mr. Furnas did misquote Doctor Exner to the extent of substituting the word "rights" for "laws." —ED.*

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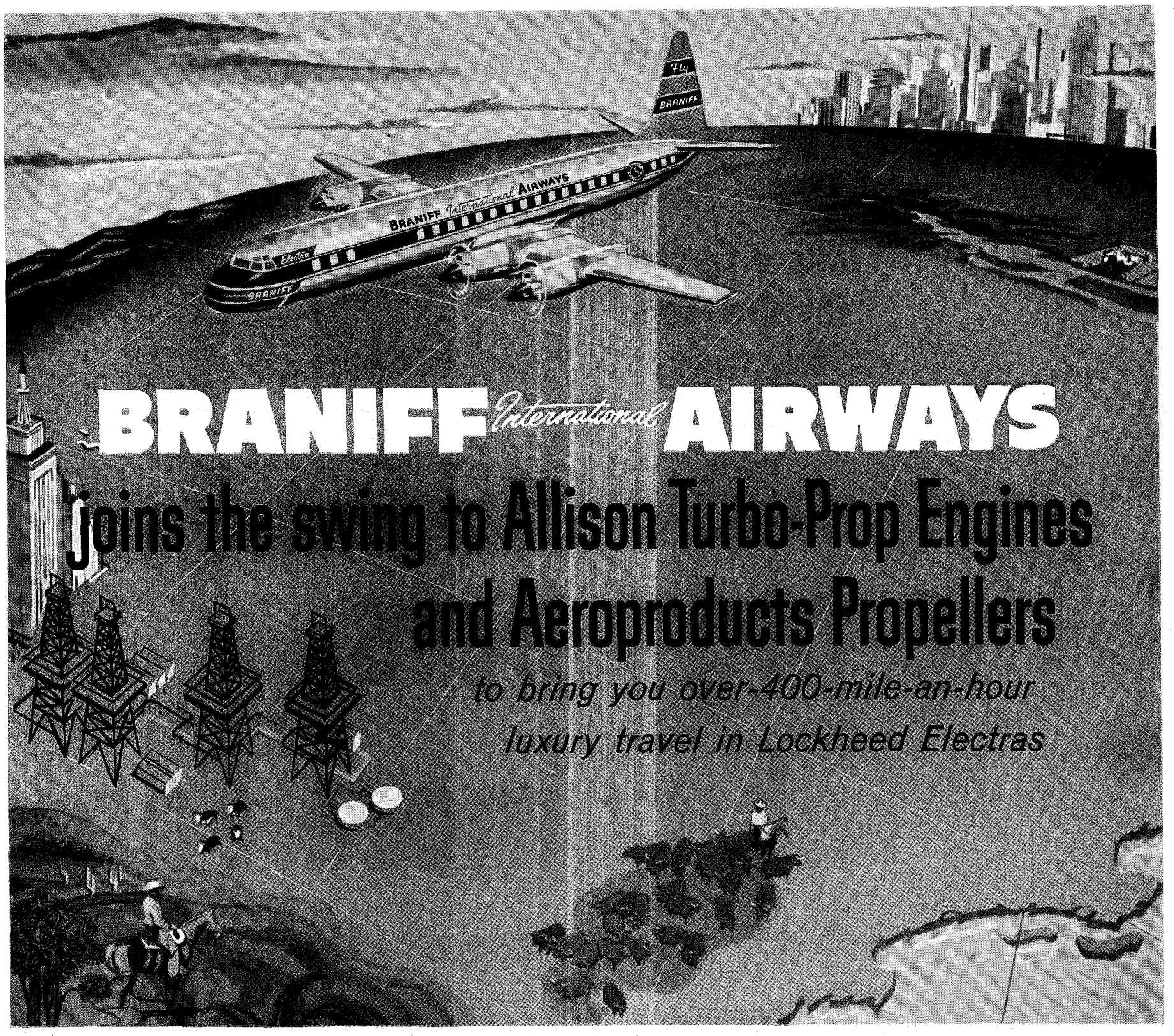


BRANIFF *International* AIRWAYS

joins the swing to Allison Turbo-Prop Engines and Aeroproducts Propellers

to bring you over-400-mile-an-hour luxury travel in Lockheed Electras

From its beginning 28 years ago—with one airplane flying between Tulsa and Oklahoma City—Braniff International Airways has pioneered many advances in air travel and has grown with the progress of commercial aviation.

Now Braniff is moving into the jet era—with its purchase of new Lockheed Electras, with Allison Turbo-Prop Engines and Aeroproducts Propellers to power these new luxury airliners.

This matched engine-propeller team was chosen because it is the most advanced aircraft power plant of its type available today. It is backed by the full technical resources and skills of General Motors, plus Allison's experience in building jet engines which have accumulated more than 8 million hours' flight time in military aircraft.

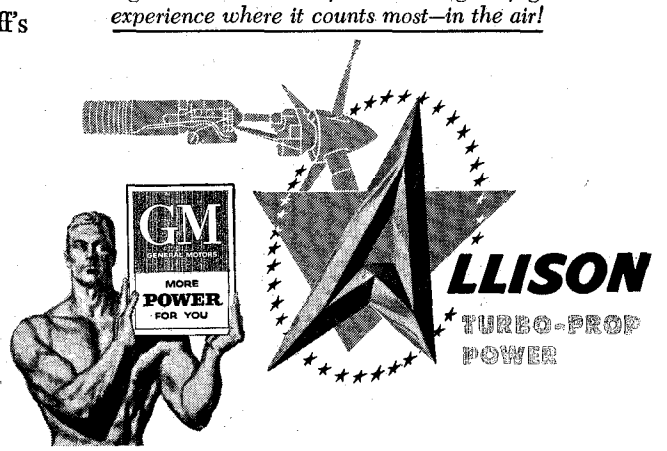
Allison-powered Electras are the world's finest, fastest Turbo-Prop airliners. Cruising comfortably at more than 400 miles an hour, they will bring jet-age performance on both nonstop and multi-stop operations between the major traffic centers on Braniff's domestic and international routes.

They will save time for air travelers on Braniff's new route linking the rapidly growing Southwest with Eastern cities—for example, cutting at least one hour from present time schedules between New York City and Dallas.

Braniff's current investment program in new aircraft reflects the confidence of this great carrier in the future of air traffic. We of Allison Division share this confidence—and are happy that this great new General Motors Turbo-Prop power development is receiving such enthusiastic acceptance by leading airlines.

ALLISON DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS, Indianapolis, Indiana

The Allison Turbo-Prop engine is backed by more than eight million hours of turbine engine flight time—experience where it counts most—in the air!



AMERICAN BUILT FOR THE JET ERA IN AIR TRAVEL

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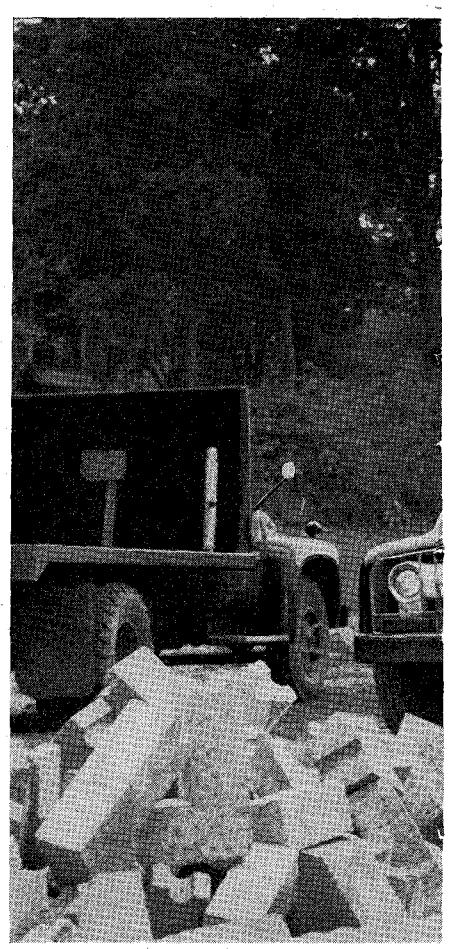

LOOKING FOR THE LOWEST COST TRUCK?

Take a tip from the men who buy trucks every year

The big fleets buy more Fords

"We prefer Ford Trucks because they cost less," says Mr. D. Marino, Partner, Perfection Trucking Co. "We buy trucks regularly, so we feel we're up to date on what different trucks have to offer. We like Fords because our records show that when everything is considered . . . price, gas, repairs, reliability and long life, Ford Trucks are real money-makers."

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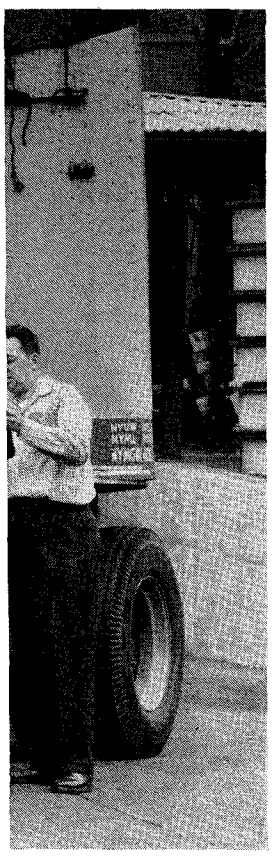
"We operate 300 Ford Trucks," says Mr. S. Zipoy, Vice President of Johnson, Drake & Piper, Inc., world-wide contractor. "We've tried all makes of trucks. But our records show that when all factors are considered, Ford Trucks cost less. First cost is low. Running costs are low. There's less down time because Ford Trucks stand up."

than any other make!



Official truck registration data shows that owners of America's biggest truck fleets are buying more Ford Trucks than any other make. The big fleets have the cost records. They know which trucks cost less to buy and run. They know which trucks are most reliable. And the big fleets are going Ford!

You, personally, may not buy a truck but once every few years. So, you may well ask, "what's there in it for me, if the big fleet users favor Ford Trucks?"

Actually, you get two important benefits. First, you get convincing evidence that Ford Trucks do cost less. Second, you get the comforting assurance that you've made the right decision when you choose a Ford Truck.

Make no mistake about it. Low cost is just as important to the fleet user as it is to you. What's more, he's got extensive experience and detailed operating cost records to back up his judgment about truck costs.

Consequently, because big fleet users favor Ford, you can be sure that everything considered, Ford Trucks cost less. First cost is lower than most other trucks. Resale values are high. Ford's Modern Short Stroke engines are built to keep running costs low. And a 10-million truck study proves that Ford Trucks last longer.

See your Ford Dealer soon. Buy with confidence, drive with confidence, and save with confidence.

FORD TRUCKS COST LESS — LAST LONGER

Using latest registration data on 10,502,351 trucks, life insurance experts prove Ford Trucks last longer.

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Editorials

Foreign Aid Seems to Have Come to Stay

The rising disquietude over "foreign aid" will hardly be dispelled by the usual arguments that all these billions are needed to "stop communism" here and there. The Administration owes to the people of the United States more definite and satisfying answers to several questions. One is: "Why do countries whose economies are booming need aid from the United States eleven years after the end of the war?" Another question is: "What reason have we to expect that more aid will wean to our side neutralist countries which have become more neutralist almost in direct proportion to the amount of aid advanced by the U.S.A.?"

This questioning mood indicates no "indifference to our responsibilities abroad." The American record of the past decade proves that we would willingly bear the burdens imposed by foreign aid if we were sure it was achieving its legitimate objectives. But people weary of being taxed indefinitely for ends which appear to recede into space when definition is called for.

On the question of need, the United States Chamber of Commerce has assembled some interesting figures, the net of which is that since the war the "gross national products" of most of the countries receiving American aid have increased sharply. At the same time, according to these statistics, the receiving countries are devoting to their own defense a much smaller share of their total expenditures than this country does. Surely there is some justification for the widespread suspicion that countries receiving American aid are not likely to add to their own burdens as long as Uncle Sam is in the mood to pick up the tab.

Of course, no fair history of American foreign aid can ignore the years immediately following the war, when collapse was widespread. Then the Marshall Plan and its successors were indispensable in getting the afflicted countries over the hump. Doubtless some areas—especially, as the President has pointed out, our Asiatic friends—still need assistance. But it is hard to see why the bill for foreign aid should still be so large, now that most of Western Europe has largely recovered.

Another question, of course, is: "How effective has American aid been in winning people away from the communists and to us?" Here again the balance sheet is discouraging. With Yugoslavia rushing back into the arms of the Kremlin, India snubbing Mr. Dulles while feting "Krush" and "Bulge," and Western Europe increasingly indifferent to our pleas for unity, it is going to be difficult indeed for the President and his Secretary of State to base their requests for more money on the success of foreign aid in the immediate past. It is surprising that these questions have not been raised before.

The sponsors of what appears to be a permanent system of foreign aid are motivated by genuine humanitarian impulses which have not been too carefully checked against altered conditions. It is this very humanitarianism which, according to M. Raymond Cartier, managing director of the Paris magazine Match, tends to irritate our foreign pensioners. In his opinion "there would be less anti-Americanism in the world if America abandoned its philanthropic aspirations and . . . followed openly and intelligently the policy of its own interest"—as the Soviet Union, whose supposed generosity we are asked to emulate, invariably does.

Now the Japanese Join the Game of Sock-the-Yankee!

The Japanese seem to have joined the exciting international game of Free Shot at Uncle Sam. At any rate, the Fukuoka District Court has ruled that Capt. Lincoln MacKay transgressed Japanese law by dismissing a group of civilian employees on the ground that they were communists. The captain was sued for damages. The employees declared that they were merely labor-union members, but the court's reason for finding against Captain MacKay was based on more interesting grounds.

As is well known by now, our administrative agreement with Japan, like the "status-of-forces" treaties with most other countries in which American troops are stationed, provides that members of the United States armed forces shall be subject to trial by Japanese courts for offenses against Japanese law. However, the United States has not conceded that Japan has jurisdiction in civil suits against members of its armed forces. This would appear to let Captain MacKay out, but the Fukuoka court found against him on what might be described as a Gilbert-and-Sullivan point of law—namely, that running an officers' club was not a legitimate official function of the American armed forces. Therefore the captain was judged liable to suit and his goods and chattels subject to confiscation. The guessing in Japan is that the judgment is not likely to be enforced, since it appears to be in the nature of a needling operation.

An extra piece of needling of Uncle Sam is included in Judge Kiyoshi Kamagawa's opinion. "An armed force constitutes the fighting power of a country and is a symbol of its dignity," opines Judge Kamagawa. "Consequently it is a well-established rule of international law that an armed force stationed in a foreign country in accordance with a treaty is not subject to civil or criminal jurisdiction of the receiving state." Although this "well-established rule of international law" was enunciated by our own Chief Justice Marshall in 1811, those who advocate surrendering our soldiers for trial by foreign nations, including the defeated enemy, deny that there ever was such a rule of international law! With a sly Oriental shrug, Judge Kamagawa hints that, were Japan in our place, she would not compromise the dignity of her armed forces by permitting foreign courts to try her men-at-arms.

Although Japan's right to try American soldiers rests only on an administrative agreement, instead of a treaty, as with NATO members, the Japanese have exercised this prerogative oftener than has any other country. "Face," it's wonderful.

Soviet's Subsidized Writers Drive Russia Back to Dostoevski

During the recent Congress of the Communist Party, M. A. Sholokhov, dean of Russian novelists, addressed a Kremlin meeting of the Union of Writers of the U.S.S.R. in these blunt words:

"There has not been produced in years a Soviet book to conquer the hearts of the masses. Our literature lags. This is because not some but many writers either have severed their bonds with the workers or never had any."

The Sholokhov address created quite a stir in Russia, especially the advice to writers to make their homes with the workers in factories and on collective farms, there to find "heroes" for their books.

The decline of interest in the novels of communist writers is more than made up for in the tremendously increased interest of Russians in their own classical literature. Recent reports by American and other visiting students of the Russian scene tell of book dealers' shelves being stripped of new editions of Tolstoy, Chekhov, Turgenev and other great writers of the precommunist era.

Apparently mature readers are escaping more and more into the world which is their spiritual heritage—a world of the individual, of his own striving, building, possessing, of freedom. A world with a heaven and, in it, God, bending to comfort, to lift up, to ennoble.

Russian history, supposedly canceled out by communism, has won a beachhead on an important front. It is a front made vulnerable by the staleness of propaganda writing, Kremlin-inspired. There's the same catch in all of it, easily detected by the experienced. "Make it better and more 'full-bodied,'" says Comrade Sholokhov, speaking for the Presidium. But what he demands is, fundamentally, more of the same.

Nevertheless it must be counted as encouraging that there are behind the Iron Curtain growing numbers of people who, along with us, know and love the timeless language of free men.

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you're safer with nylon

Today's cars are not only faster . . . they're safer. One vital safety feature going on more and more cars is tires made with nylon cord. Baby doesn't know it, but he and his parents are safer for it. For no other fiber cord has nylon's strength, nylon's extra bruise-and-blowout resistance, nylon's ability to withstand endless flexing without rupturing. Today, countless Monday-through-Sunday drivers are riding on tougher, safer tire cord made of nylon yarn by Chemstrand . . . one of the major nylon producers. Made in the only completely integrated nylon plant, Chemstrand nylon yarn reflects the highest quality standards possible, for utmost safety and dependability.

Chemstrand makes only the yarn; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest.

CHEMSTRAND NYLON

THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1 • Plants: CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla. • ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala.

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Will you pay the tax on my new fur coat?

Strange request? Not so strange as it sounds. Almost every day you actually do pay taxes for other people. Whenever you pay your income tax, or buy anything that is federally taxed, you're paying taxes for customers of federal government electric systems.

Your taxes go to build the federal plants that *serve* these people. Then, because customers of federal power systems don't pay their share of taxes in their electric bills, you have to be taxed *more* to make up the difference.

This kind of tax inequality isn't fair to you or any other taxpayer—and it isn't necessary. The more than 400 independent electric companies are ready and willing to provide the additional electricity the nation needs without depending on tax money to build new power plants. *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*.*

**Names on request from this magazine*

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Aren't today's people wonderful?

JUST being around them makes you feel good! They're so wonderful to look at—these slender, handsome, active men and women of today.

Their wholesome, up-to-date eating habits—their modern taste for lighter, less filling food—have a lot to do with it.

Today's Pepsi-Cola, reduced in calories, goes right along with this sensible trend in diet. Never heavy, never too sweet, Pepsi-Cola refreshes without filling.

Have a Pepsi—the modern, the *light* refreshment.

Pepsi-Cola

The Light refreshment

PEPSI-COLA

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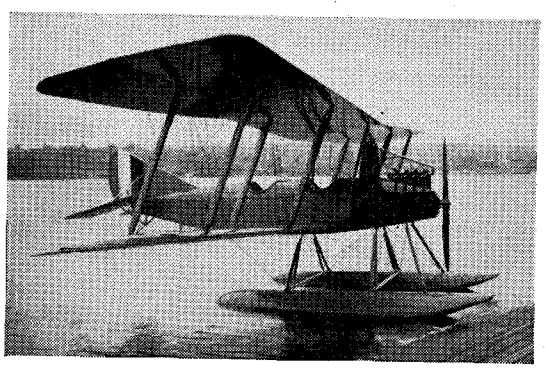
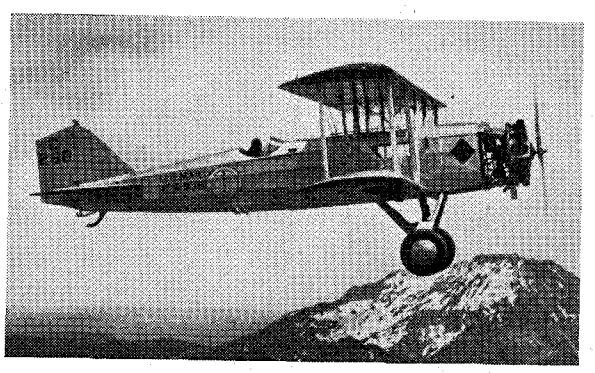
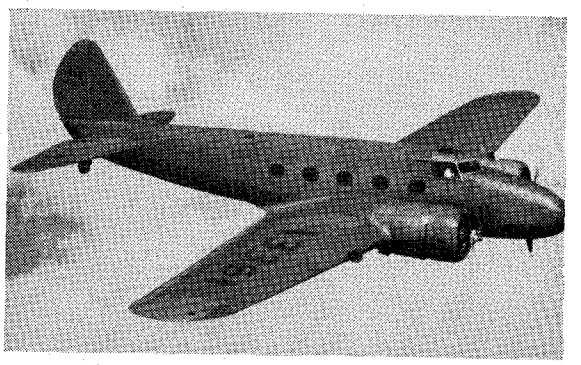


1916 Model C, pioneered international air mail service, between Seattle, Wash., and Victoria, B.C.

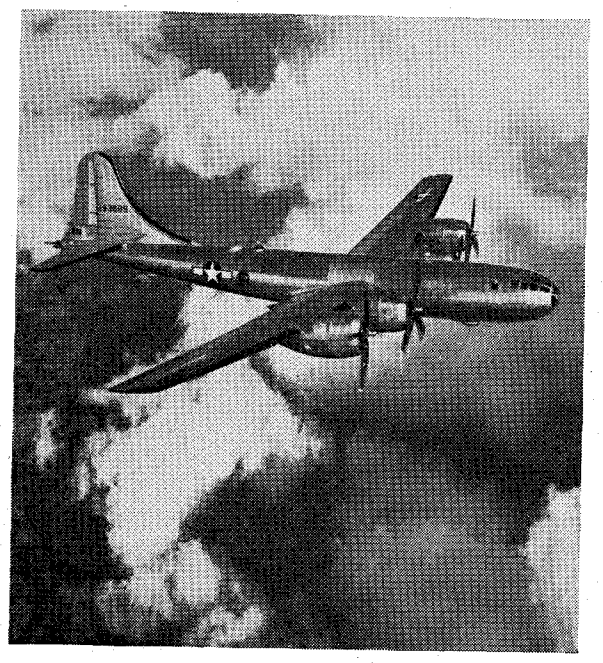


1927 40-A, one of America's earliest airplanes in transcontinental mail-passenger service.

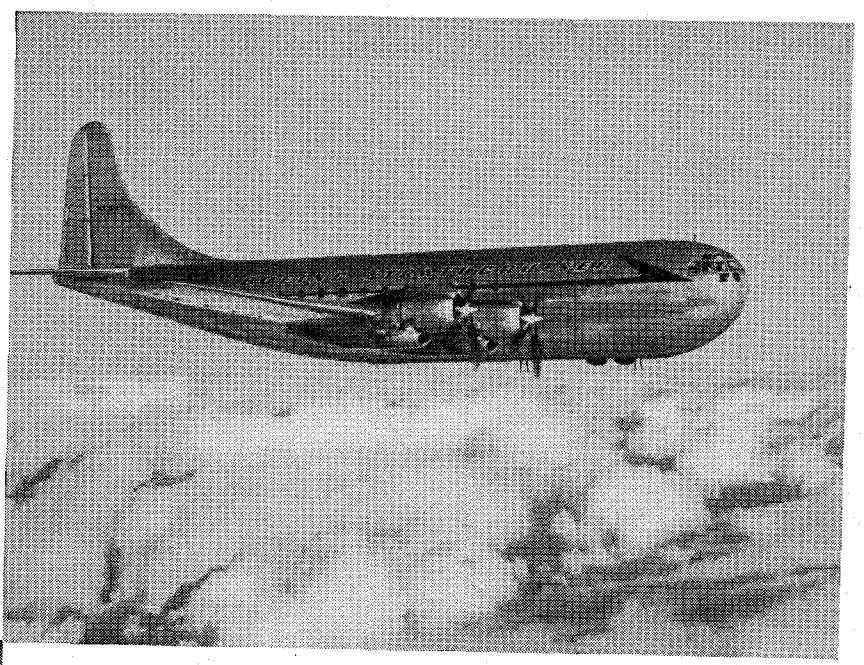


1932 The 247, *first* 3-mile-a-minute airliner, set basic design for all modern twin-engine transports.

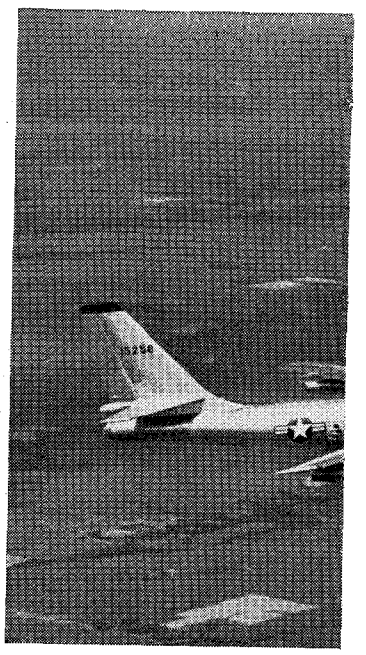
Keeping America

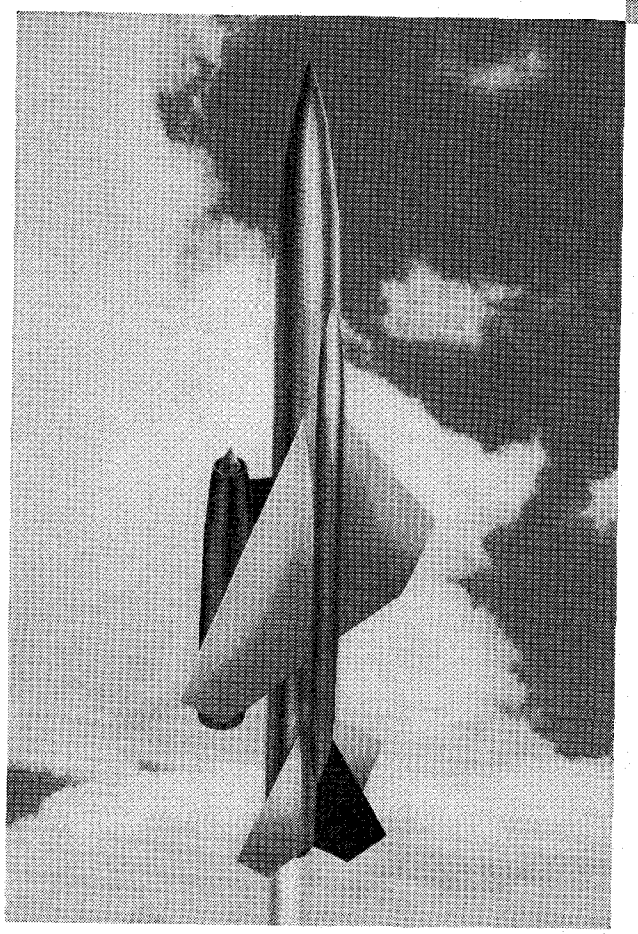


1942 B-29 Superfortress, world's first nuclear weapons carrier, backbone of America's heavy bombardment force in the Pacific during World War II.

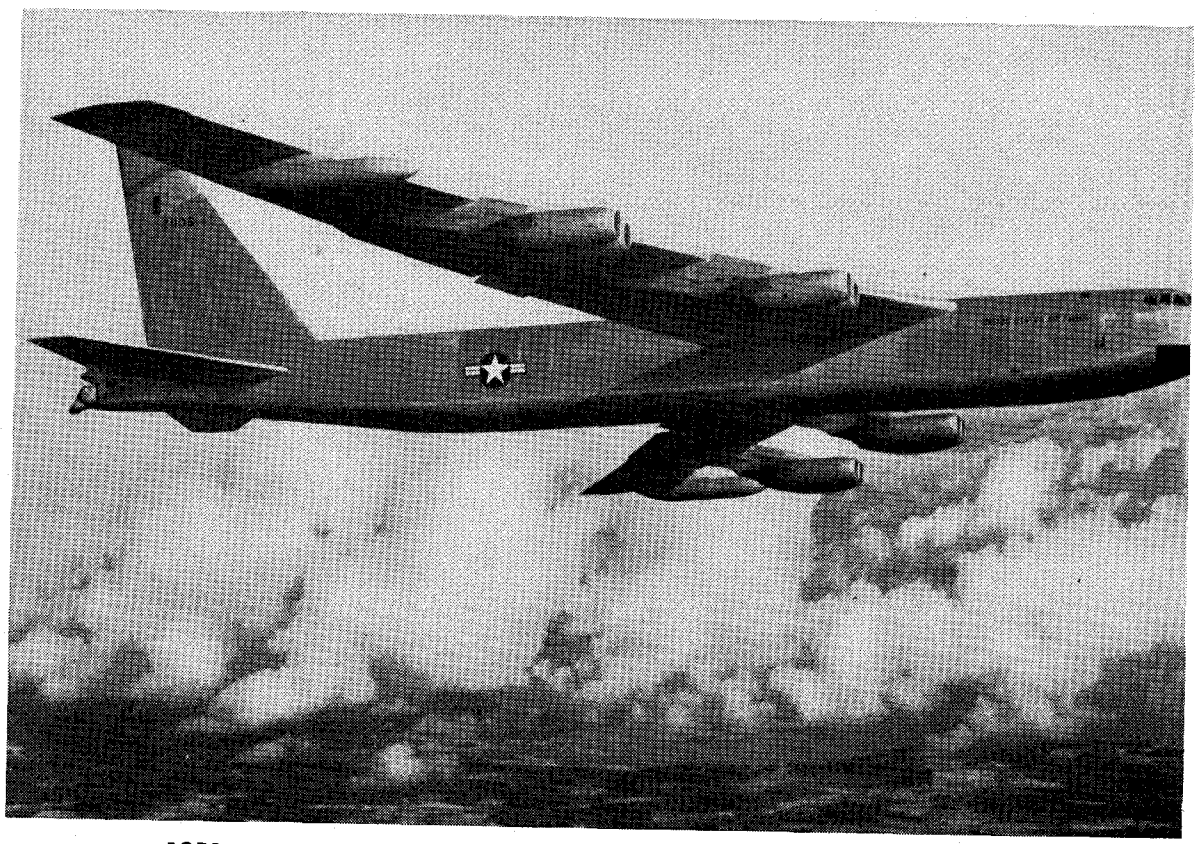


1944 The Stratocruiser, spacious double-deck airliner, famed on luxurious "name" flights. Veteran of 200,000,000 miles, more than 30,000 ocean flights.





BOMARC. Supersonic guided missile, designed to strike enemy aircraft while still over areas well away from vital targets. Performance details secret.



1952 B-52 eight-jet Stratofortress. World's leading intercontinental bomber. Speed: over 650 mph. Operating altitude: above 10 miles. Described by defense officials as "the most formidable expression of air power in the history of military aviation."

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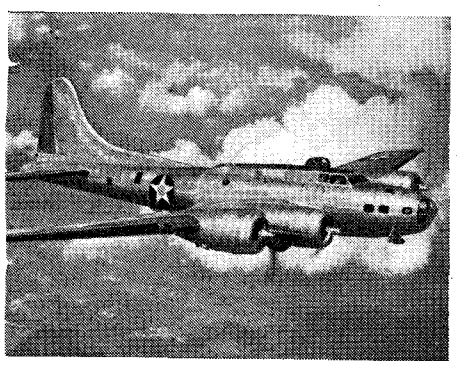
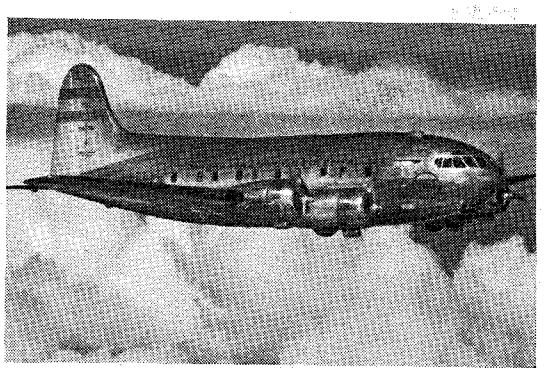
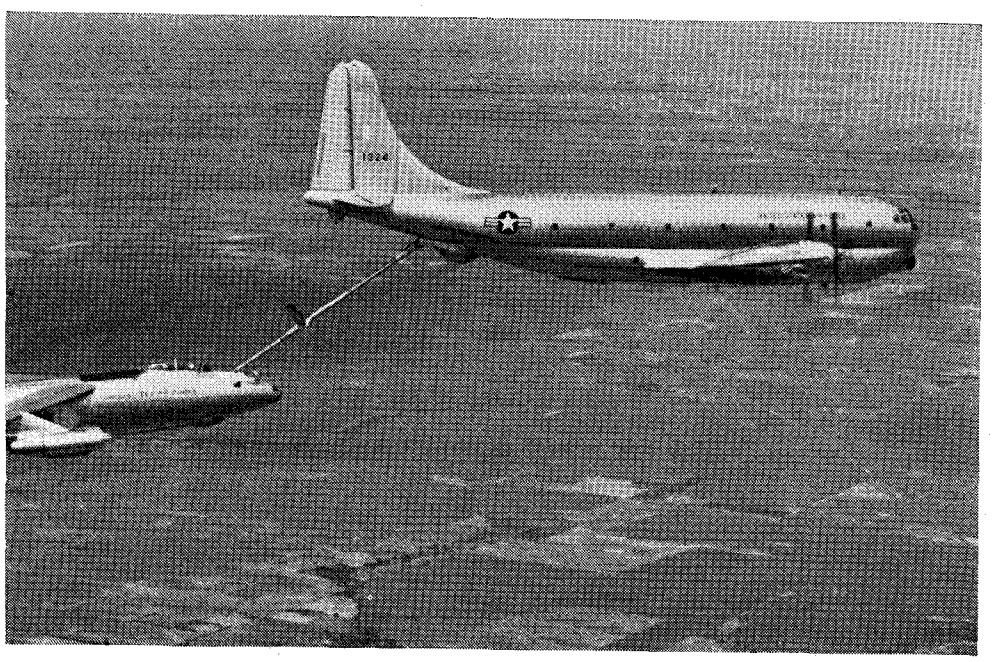


1936 B-17 Boeing Flying Fortress, *first* modern, high-performance heavy bomber. Revolutionized aerial warfare.



1939 The 307, America's *first* four-engine, pressurized transport. First four-engine airliner in transcontinental service.

first in the air



1947 B-47 six-engine Stratojet medium bomber, America's current front-line nuclear weapons carrier, being refueled in the air by a Boeing KC-97, standard aerial tanker of the Air Force.

Here, climaxing an era of aviation achievement, you see America's *first* jet transport—along with other Boeings that have marked significant advances in aircraft performance.

Each is a product of imaginative Boeing design and efficient production. Behind each aircraft is a tradition of leadership that began 40 years ago this month, when Boeing was founded. During this span, Boeing created a succession of epoch-making aircraft.

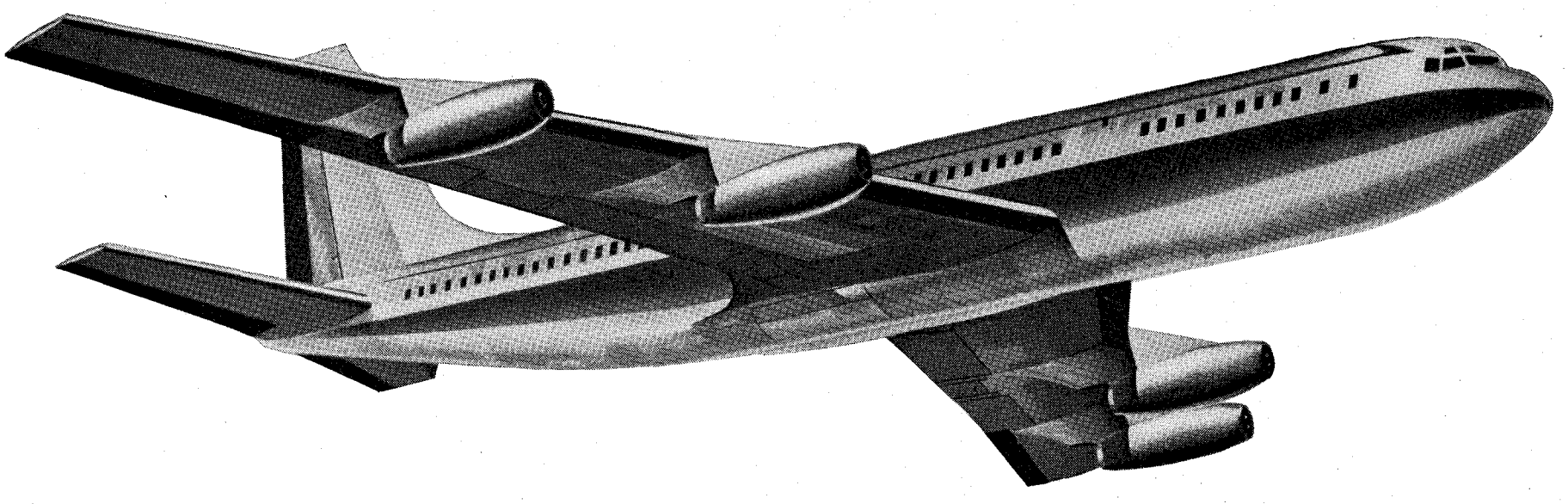
In Commercial Aviation—the pioneer 40-A; and the 247, first modern 3-mile-a-minute airliner; the 314 flying boat; the original Stratoliner, first pressurized transport; and the luxurious Stratocruiser, familiar around the world.

In Military Aviation—such trend-setting fighters as the PW-9; the revolutionary B-9 bomber, which could outspeed any contemporary fighter; the historic B-17 Flying Fortress and B-29 Superfort, culminating in today's revolutionary B-47 and B-52 multi-jet bombers.

And for Tomorrow—the 707 Commercial Jet Transport, the military KC-135 jet tanker-transport, and the defense weapons system based on BOMARC, Boeing's long-range, pilotless interceptor guided missile.

Boeing's 40-year tradition of leadership continues to help keep America *first* in the air.

BOEING



1956 The 707, America's *first* jet transport, ordered by eight airlines for delivery beginning late in 1958. Prototype holds transcontinental transport record: 3 hours, 58 minutes. KC-135 configuration will be world's first multi-jet aerial tanker.

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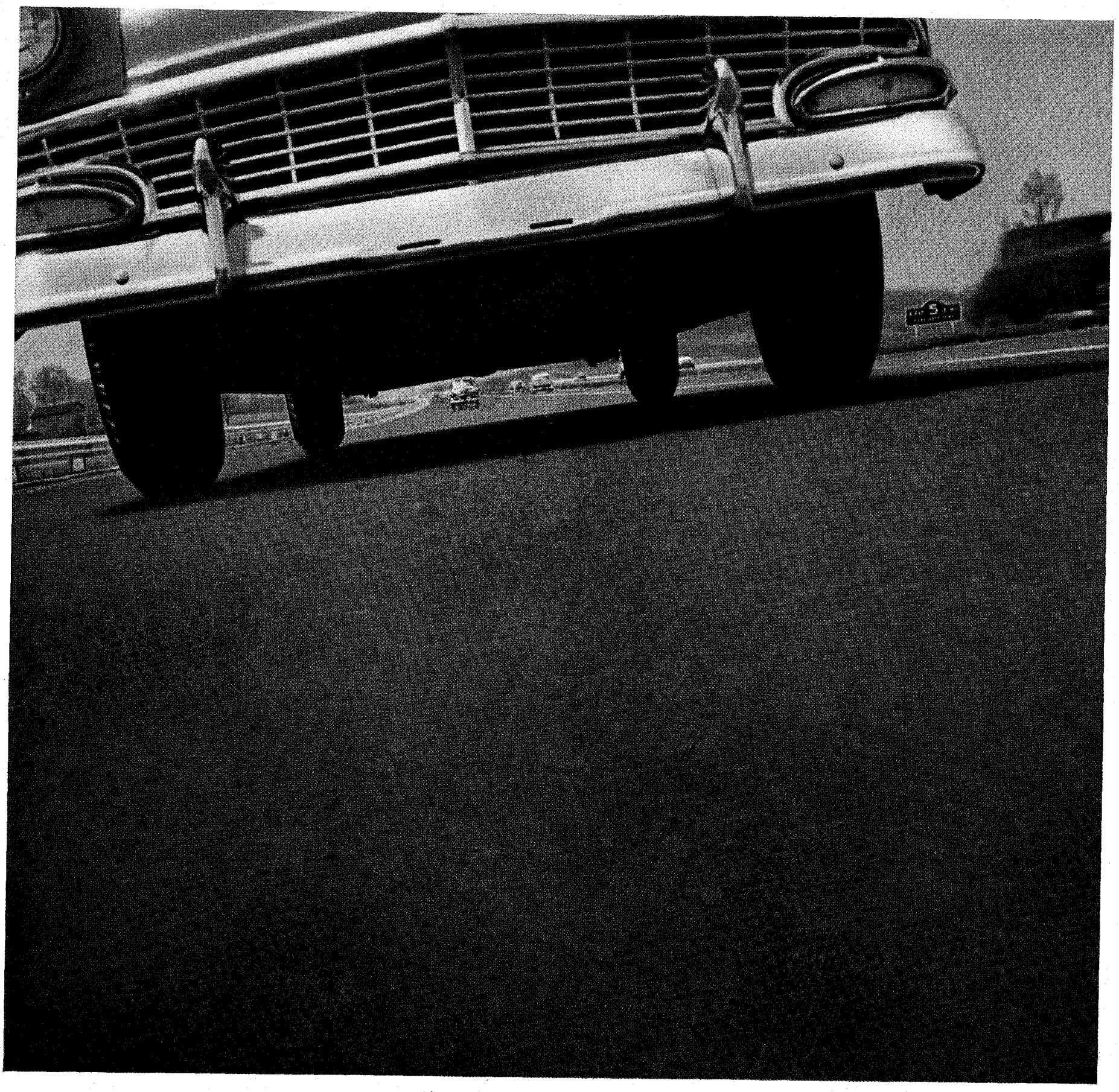
ESSO RESEARCH works wonders with oil

Modern asphalt makes driving more enjoyable



The miles just seem to float by when you travel on quiet, safe, easy-to-drive asphalt highways. Esso Research, working with oil and highway engineers, has helped develop tougher, more resilient surfaces that stand up under heavy travel, hot sun, snow and ice. By helping to pave the way of progress with asphalt, again **ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil!*

ESSO

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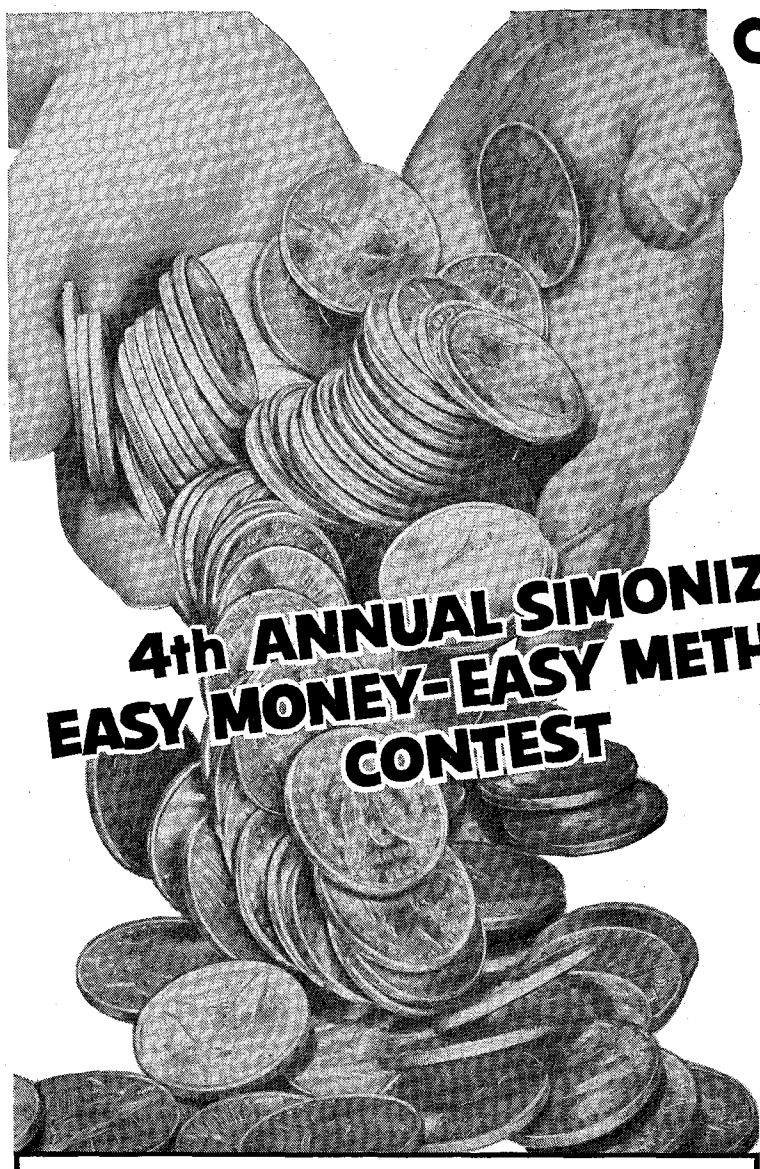


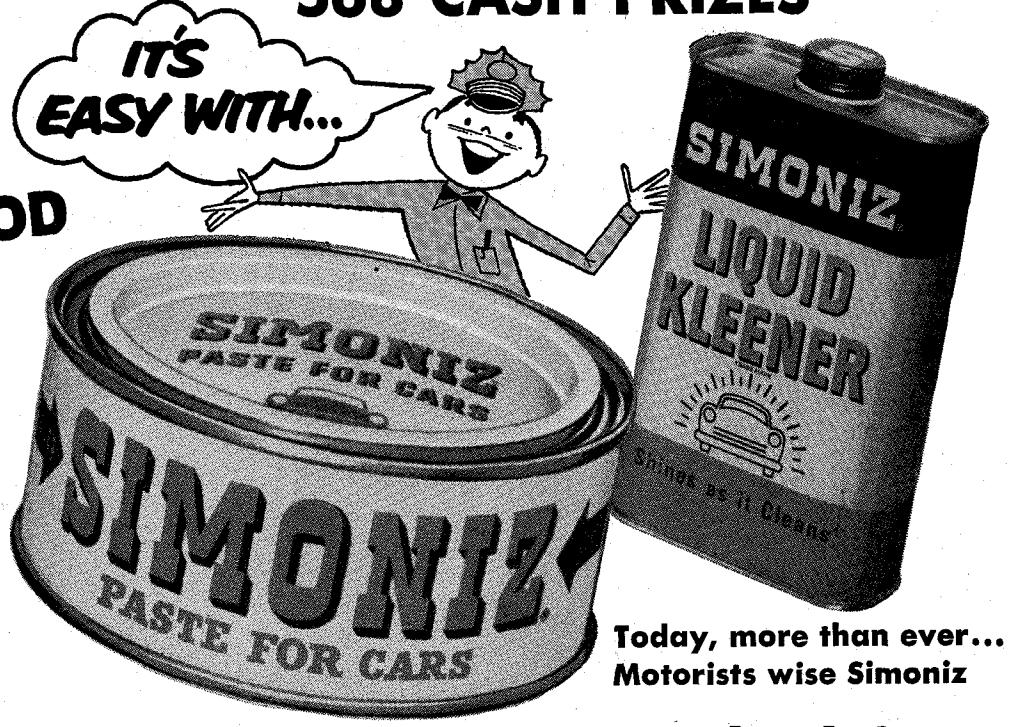
CAR OWNERS! SIMONIZ DEALERS!

Get your share of this

$25,000.00!

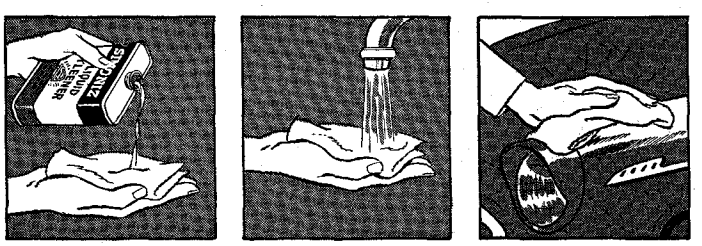
568 CASH PRIZES

4th ANNUAL SIMONIZ EASY MONEY-EASY METHOD CONTEST



Today, more than ever... Motorists wise Simoniz

How to SIMONIZ in half the time



CLEAN. First, give quick wipe-off with Simoniz Liquid Kleener. It quickly cleans away dirt and grease—makes the finish smooth as glass. Helps you SIMONIZ your car in half the time!

WET. Apply your SIMONIZ with damp cloth from which water has been squeezed, following directions shown under can top. You can then spread SIMONIZ as easy as soft butter.

WIPE lightly at once with dry cloth before moisture dries. (This is another secret way of cutting SIMONIZING time in half.) Never do more than an area 2 feet x 2 feet square at a time.

After Following Above Directions, Shine to High Lustre.

New Wet 'n' Wipe Method Cuts SIMONIZING Time in Half!

Try it and see! Win big cash prizes!

It's easy! It's fun! Write one of the prize-winning last lines in a limerick about the new, easy SIMONIZ Wet 'n' Wipe Method. This new method takes only half as long to give your car world-famous SIMONIZ protection. SIMONIZ seals out dirt, dust, road scum, traffic film. Brightens today's gay colors. Keeps them from fading. Boosts car value. You can take a six months' vacation from car polishing because SIMONIZ lasts up to six months. Get SIMONIZ PASTE WAX and SIMONIZ LIQUID KLEENER today. Ask your dealer to help you. If you win—he may win, too!

HOW TO WIN

Here's all you do. First use Simoniz Liquid Kleener. Then SIMONIZ your car using the new Wet 'n' Wipe Method. Then, on the entry blank below, or the one you get from your dealer, write what you think makes the best 5th line for this limerick.

The new Simoniz Wet 'n' Wipe way
With Liquid Kleener is easy as play —
Shines your car to perfection
Gives you 6 months' protection

_____

(Last line must rhyme with "way" and "play")

RULES: Last lines will be judged on sincerity and interest by independent judges. Judges' decisions are final. All entries become the property of Simoniz Company and none will be returned. Contest open to residents of continental U. S., its territories and Canada, except employees of Simoniz Company, its advertising agencies and their families. Entries must be postmarked before midnight August 31, 1956. Winners will be notified by mail within 60 days. Duplicate awards will be made in case of ties. Subject to all Federal, state and local regulations.

568 CHANCES TO WIN!

$5000 for the BEST FIFTH LINE
$2000 for the 2nd best line
$1000 each for the 3rd and 4th best lines
$500 each for the next 5 best lines
$100 each for the next 10 best lines
$50 each for the next 20 best lines
$10 each for the next 400 best lines

OVER $7,500 IN CASH TO DEALERS who are now handling these Simoniz products and who help winners write limericks. $5,000 goes to dealer helping the top winner; second prize of $500 to dealer helping write next best line; $125 each to two other dealers; $50 each to 5 other dealers; $25 each to 20 dealers and $10 each to 100 dealers. 129 dealer prizes in all. Help your customers win—you may win, too!

Simoniz Company
P. O. Box 5711, Chicago 77, Ill. Date_____1956

Gentlemen: Here is my entry for the fifth line of the SIMONIZ limerick:

_____
(Write or type your line above)

*NAME*_____

*ADDRESS*_____

*CITY*_____ *ZONE*____ *STATE*_____

If your dealer helped you, fill in his name and address:

*DEALER'S NAME*_____
(from whom you bought Simoniz)

*ADDRESS*_____

For additional entry blanks see your dealer.

All entries must be postmarked on or before AUG. 31, 1956

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Important Milestones in Modern Medicine: 1796—Triumph Over Contagious Diseases. First inoculation by Dr. Jenner. 1846—Triumph Over Pain. Dr. Morton's demonstration of ether. 1929—Triumph Over Bacterial Infections. Fleming discovers penicillin.

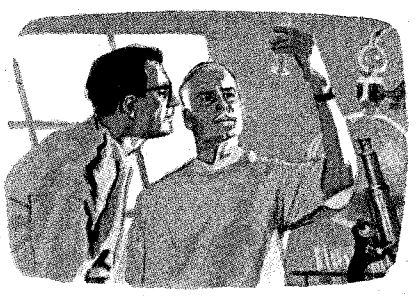
Now—1956—Procter & Gamble proudly announces . . .

TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

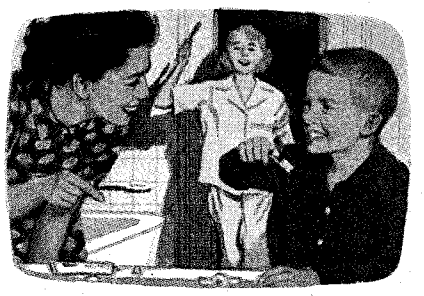
Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan strengthens teeth themselves. You brush Crest on... it actually goes in... and locks decay out

Fluoristan is Procter & Gamble's exclusive stannous fluoride formula —proven the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.

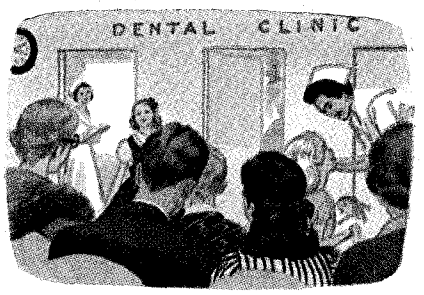
Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches. For years, children growing up in certain Western towns were virtually without cavities. Then science learned why: nature's decay-preventive, *fluoride,* was present in their drinking water!



Science Long Tried to Capture Fluoride—only medically-approved preventive of decay—in a toothpaste. At last, after years of research, university scientists discovered *Fluoristan*—the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.



Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest. Without Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. You brush Crest *on* . . . it actually goes *in* . . . and locks decay *out,* for adults and for children, 6 and over.



Dentists Tested Crest for three years with 5,673 people. No toothpaste stops all decay—but Crest set decay prevention records *never approached by any other toothpaste.* Thus Crest marks a new era . . . triumph over tooth decay everywhere.

IMPORTANT

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay for everyone, everywhere, by strengthening tooth enamel. Thereby, Crest marks a turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

You brush Crest *on* . . . it actually goes *in* . . . and locks decay *out.* Each time you brush Crest *on* your teeth, Fluoristan builds new resistance to decay *into* tooth enamel. In this way, Crest actually *fortifies* and *strengthens* teeth to lock out cavities—the only toothpaste proved to do so. With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.

Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE PREVENTS DECAY LIKE **CREST!**

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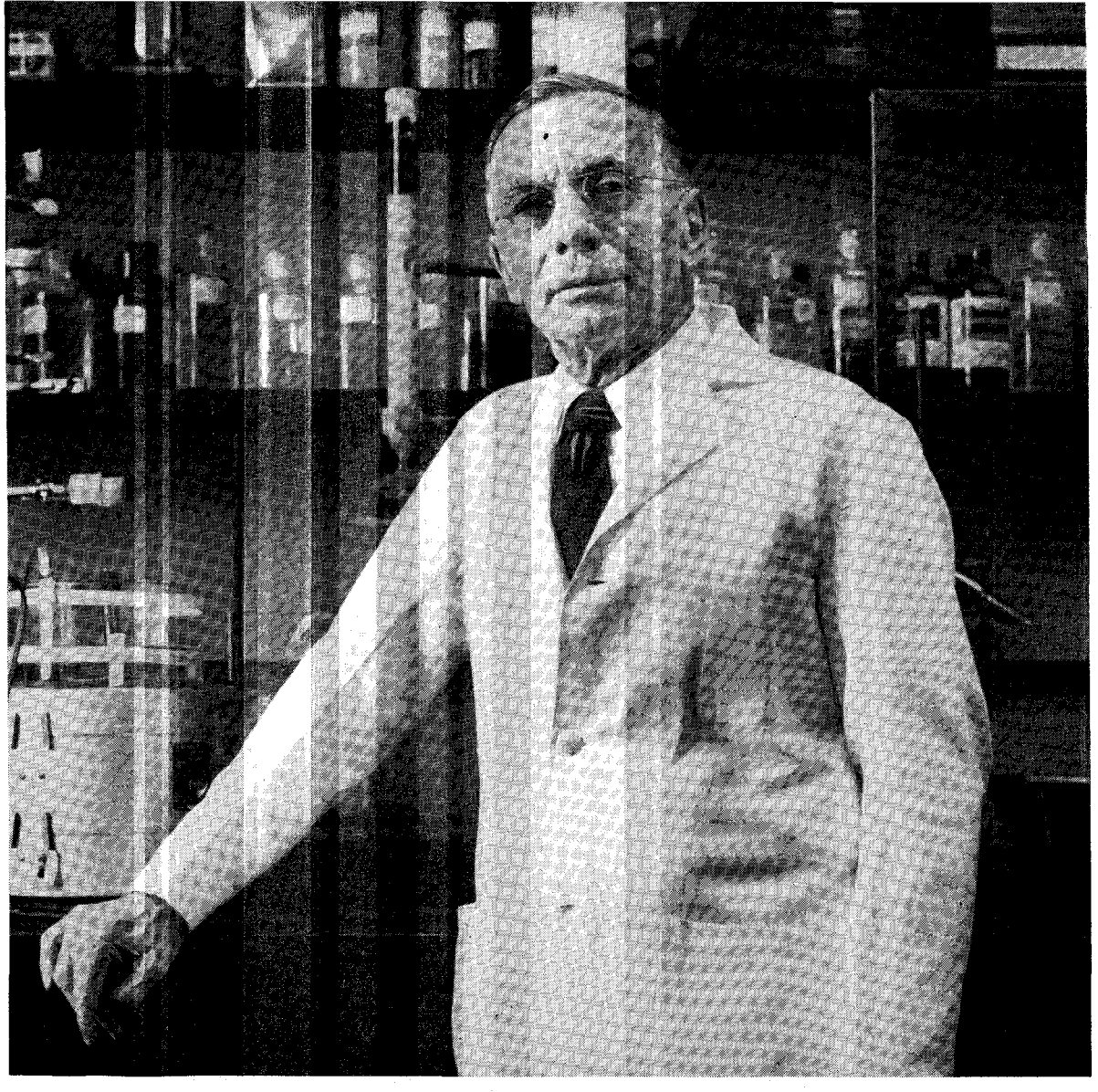
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin



Doctor Kolb: "The addict is a sick person who needs medical help, not a longer jail sentence or the electric chair."

Let's Stop This Narcotics Hysteria!

By LAURENCE KOLB, M.D.

Drug addiction should be treated as an illness, not a crime, says this doctor, who offers a bold minority report on what he calls "the so-called drug menace."

Many years ago, when I was a stripling, I sat listening to a group of elderly men gossiping in a country store. They were denouncing the evils of cigarette smoking, a vice that was just coming in.

This store had on its shelves a jar of eating opium, and a carton of laudanum vials—ten per cent opium. A respected woman in the neighborhood often came in to buy laudanum. She was a good housekeeper and the mother of two fine sons. Everybody was sorry about her laudanum habit, but no one viewed her as a sinner or a menace to the community. We had not yet heard the word "addict," with its sinister, modern connotations.

Since those days, public opinion has done a complete about-face. The "sin" of smoking cigarettes, in fifty years' time, has become a socially acceptable habit, while drug addiction has been promoted by hysterical propaganda to the status of a great national menace.

As an example, one prominent official has said that illegal heroin traffic is more vicious than arson, burglary, kidnaping or rape, and should entail harsher penalties. Last May thirty-first the United States Senate went even further, in passing the Narcotic Control Act of 1956. In this measure, third-offense trafficking in heroin becomes the moral equivalent of murder and treason; death is the extreme penalty, "If the jury in its discretion shall so direct," for buyer and seller alike, whether addicted or not.

In my opinion, the lawmakers completely missed the point. (Continued on Page 50)

A Judge Speaks Out

The narcotics problem is not being solved by sending drug addicts to prison, and the futility of penal sanctions is most evident in New York City. Here thousands of addicts are paraded before the courts in an endless revolving-door process. Thousands of others, driven to petty crime to support the habit, add to the congestion of our calendars. Last year, over 1100 desperate victims voluntarily committed themselves in our court. Only when we recognize that this problem is basically a social and medical one will progress be made.

In this field, Dr. Laurence Kolb speaks with authority. He has devoted a lifetime to the study and treatment of addiction, and for years pursued his specialty as Chief of the Division of Mental Hygiene, United States Public Health Service. His views, presented here, should lead to a re-evaluation of the penal approach to narcotic addiction.

JOHN M. MURTAGH
Chief City Magistrate, City of New York

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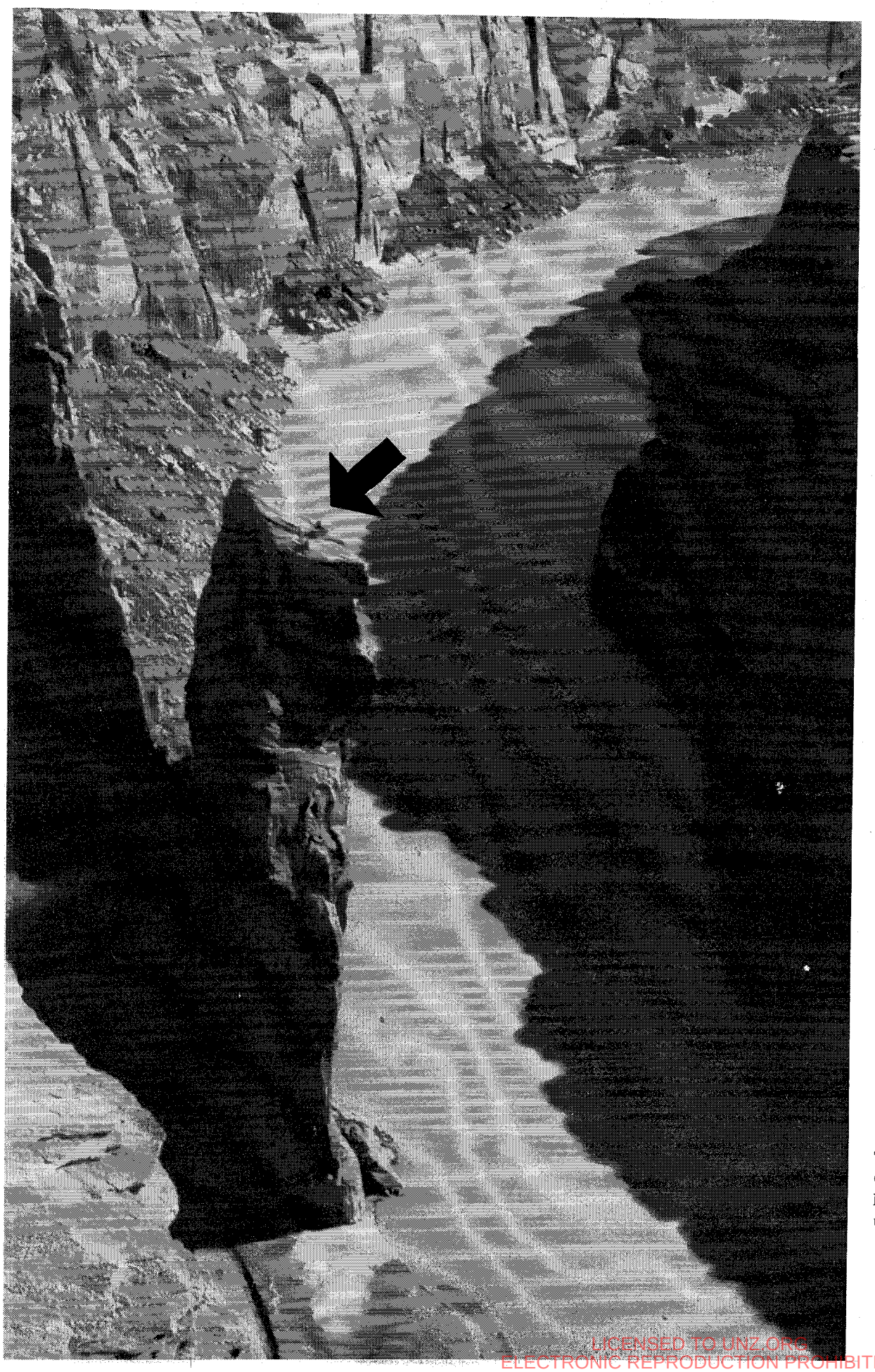
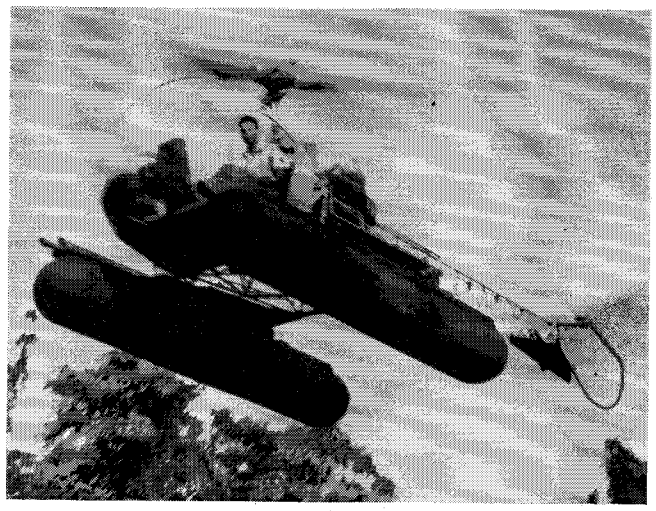
I'M A HELICOPTER HOBO!

The author and his faithful whirlybird have fought forest fires, flown on power-line patrol, carried supplies to jungle clearings—and fished some of the prettiest lakes in the world.

By BOB TRIMBLE, *as told to Don Dwiggins*





Dynamite run in New Guinea: The author lands his "eggbeater."

I was just about to start eating when the telephone rang. It was the Forest Service dispatcher at nearby Fort Jones, California.

"Bob," he said urgently, "I just got word that Bill Matthews fell off a cliff back in the Marble Mountain Primitive Area and broke a leg." He gave me a few more details and asked, "Can you go after him?"

I said, "Sure!" and hung up before I remembered that I'd left my helicopter over at Shasta Lake—about 60 miles by air, 100 by road—on a fire-patrol job.

I called the dispatcher back, explained the situation and asked him to have a guide meet me at the hospital in a few hours. June, my wife, put my dinner back in the oven and I took off. I had to drive to Fort Jones airport, hire a light plane to fly me to Shasta Lake and then catch a cab from there. On the way I thought about Matthews.

It was the opening day of deer season. He, his brother and four friends had been hunting. At the time of his accident, Matthews had been alone. He was found by his friends two hours later and his brother rode out to telephone for help. They'd been hunting in rugged terrain at close to 6000 feet elevation. A helicopter was the logical way to reach Matthews, which was why the Forest Service man had called me. I'd come up to Scott Valley,

Trimble atop Sentinel Rock in the Grand Canyon. "I didn't find any beer cans here," he reports. "So as far as I could tell, I was the first person to reach the top."

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In Shasta National Forest, Cal., Trimble (right) ferried fire fighters to remote areas. Spot, the fire-fighters' companion, always tried to leap into space when he sighted deer.

near the northwestern corner of California, for the fire season on a contract patrol job for Kern Copters, and the machine I was using was the only one in the area.

On the way back I dropped into Scott Valley for my guide, who turned out to be Mrs. Matthews. She knew the Primitive Area well and had a pretty good idea where we might find her husband. We made a beeline for Marble Mountain, hedge-hopping over the tall timber. Circling a steep, 300-foot rocky promontory, I spotted Matthews and his friends in a small clearing at the base of the cliff. I held my breath and dropped down through the turbulence of the mountain air and landed near the injured man.

"Sure glad to see you!" Matthews said. "I never could have packed out!"

We wrapped him in a sleeping bag and strapped him into the seat next to me, and seven minutes later Matthews was in the hospital at Etna.

It was a routine mountain rescue, but it turned out to be important for me. Matthews, a big rancher in Scott Valley, had been given an intensely personal demonstration of what a helicopter can do in an emergency.

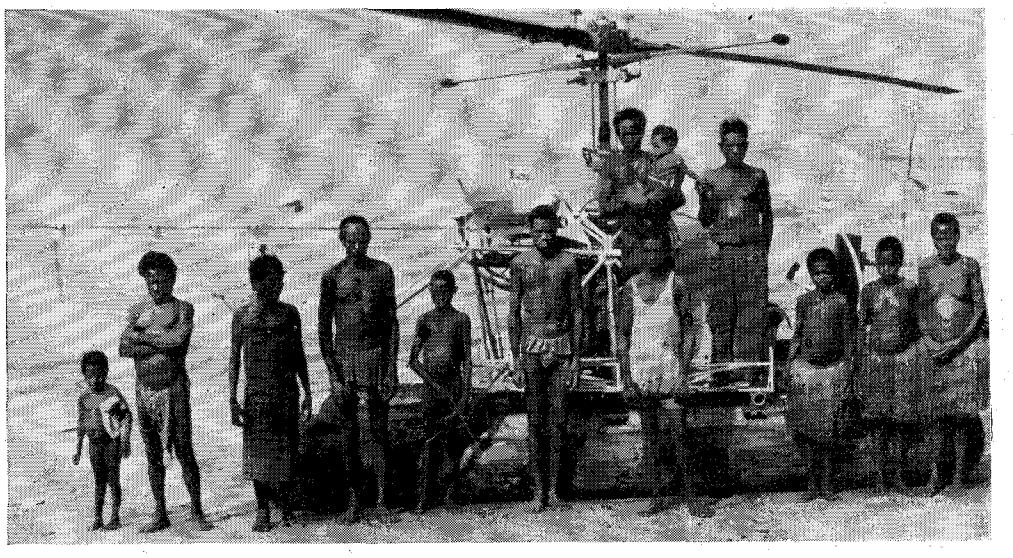
"How would you like to make your home here?" he asked casually, after the doctors set his leg.

I'd always wanted my own helicopter operation. I'd had lots of experience as a pilot, grease monkey and business agent, but I'd never had the $40,000 that was necessary to buy a machine.

Matthews fixed that with two telephone calls. In glowing terms, he told Dr. Granville Ashcraft, a physician, and Erling Hjertoger, a lumber-mill owner, what it would mean to Scott Valley to have such a versatile gadget around. Thus Aetna Helicopters, Inc., was born, early this year, with the three Etna men as backers. I was the rest of the company.

That's how I came to be Scott Valley's one-man helicopter handy man, complete with a back-yard heliport right beside a meandering trout stream. Today, the valley people accept the whirlybird (Continued on Page 78)

"Being a hobo, I grew a hobo's beard in New Guinea."



"Whenever we would land in a village square, the natives had a good excuse for a holiday."

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The man fell forward, rolling on the floor.

Bribe

It was the easiest $10,000 a cop could ever hope to make . . .

By WILLIAM FAY

It occurred to McQuade, the captain of detectives, that there had never been a time in his life when he could less afford to be shot by a crook or hit by a truck; and yet, paradoxically, from a purely selfish point of view, he could not imagine a time when it would be more convenient.

"Joe?" his wife called from downstairs. "Are you up?"

"M'm'm'm," he said.

His voice failed to carry the width of his pillow, but McQuade was awake. He was a big man, three months younger than fifty years, and he was tired. If he always slept the sleep of the just, it was only rarely, in recent weeks, that he had known the rest of the fiscally sound. It was a regular thing now for McQuade to awaken to that unpleasant yet automatic arithmetic so familiar to the loving but insolvent fathers of large families. Always, at first arising, this obligation to pay for things he could not afford seemed more insurmountable than any departmental problem he might have to face as a cop.

With the first strong cup of coffee, he knew, it was usual for some of these doubts to shrink, if not disappear. And, as the day advanced, so would the hope and strength advance in Joseph McQuade, who believed in the Lord's great providence. Even so, as he had learned, the mornings could be bad. He got up and went into the bathroom.

"Do you hear me, Joe?" his wife called now. He knew she was up from her chair, as she ought not to have been, and there was a grain of irritation in her voice. "Are you still in bed?"

"It's either me or a burglar that's using the tooth paste!" McQuade called down to her. "Just wait'll I check!"

I'm a real witty fellow, he decided, more in ridicule than praise. McQuade was a little weary both of himself and of the rose-tinged good intentions he was so chronically unable to fulfill. Everyone said he had proved himself such a bright cop by his effective handling of Otto (Bitsy) Lamb, the bookmaking man he had driven to the point of distraction. Well, if he was so smart as a cop, McQuade concluded, it must be that he handled his private life with a separate and deficient set of brains. All the talk downtown about making him a deputy inspector wouldn't pay a leather nickel on the gas bill at this time. *Where*, he wondered, *can I raise three hundred and fifty dollars today?*

It was Tuesday and the house was almost sinisterly quiet as McQuade descended the stairs. The reason, of course, was that the children had left for school—at least the four of them still living home, since Joan, the oldest, was a senior at the Mount Mark College for Women, in New Jersey. Nor was "children" precisely the word to describe the size of the remaining four. Other mornings, when McQuade rose earlier, the weight of them, moving with three-steps-at-a-time velocity on the stairs, made the small house tremble like a tambourine.

"Good morning," Mary said.

He walked over and kissed her, attempting no bright remarks because of late she had displayed very little appreciation of his humor. "I'm glad you're sitting down," McQuade said softly. "How do you feel?"

"I'm all right, thank you; I'm well enough." She sat in the center of the room, in the prettily pinkish, wing-backed chair. She had a footstool too; not to cover the section of carpet the cat had shredded and torn, but, quite logically, to rest her feet. Mary sat there looking handsome and correct and like a stranger in the house. Handsomeness was not a new note, but the self-conscious correctness was, and she seemed less like a woman who had been sick than she resembled in certain, rather frightening ways, a new person emerging from the old. "What time are you going to the office?" Mary asked.

"I took the day off."

"Oh?" she said. "Well, isn't that nice?" And the way that Mary said it, steepling her fingers with exaggerated daintiness, looking quickly one way, then the other, but with her multiplying and unspoken thoughts turned inward, he knew she suspected him of something. "Isn't it strange you had to work the day I came home from the hospital?" she asked. "Yet today you're as free as a lark?"

McQuade's heart tightened in his chest. It was only recently that Mary had begun to say these things, or, more dangerously, to search for reasons to say such things. She saw the look on his face and he supposed she was already sorry. *God help us*, he thought, *why do people who love each other have to go through spells like this?*

"Would you like a cup of coffee?" he asked.

"I'm not used to being Lady Astor in the queen's chair," Mary said, "but if you don't mind."

Illustrated by Ray Prohaska

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McQuade walked into the kitchen and put a light under the pot on the stove. From where he stood, holding the evaporated milk in his hand, he could still see her sitting in the pinkish, wing-backed chair—oddly motionless, for Mary. *She's scared and worried about expenses, and I haven't helped her much,* he thought. He had, of course, heard many unscientific descriptions of how the middle years impose dramatic changes in a woman's life. But the doctor had said that Mary was fine and that her operation was nowadays routine. She was tired, the doctor had reminded him, as if McQuade, knowing her household duties, could not have figured that one out. Why wouldn't she be tired?

Now he poured the coffee. It was half past nine by the kitchen clock. The mailman had come and gone, and today, at least, he had not been afraid of the mail. The letter from Mount Mark College, demanding the money, had arrived the day before. McQuade attempted to be jolly.

"Two coffees comin' up!" he announced.

He carried the two cups in the span of one hand, like a professional waiter. Mary didn't seem to notice. "Martin Reidy was here this morning," she said.

"Oh, yes?" McQuade took a cautious sip from his cup. Then he said, too slyly, "I wouldn't have missed Martin for the world."

"Well, there's a lot you could learn from Martin Reidy."

"I know." He didn't want to be provoking, yet here he was, as countless times before, letting his big mouth do the work of his head. "I'd have saved a hundred thousand box tops by this time," he said. "I'd know how to cut my own hair. I'd save sugar and string and I'd have money in the bank, if I were more like Martin."

"Aren't you the smart one, though?" said Mary. "Aren't you clever, dear? Well, the trouble with you is that you're jealous of Martin Reidy. And let me tell you something else."

Which was better, he decided. It left her invalid's languor less intact. Her automatic defense of Martin Reidy was a familiar reflex and, for that reason, reassuring. Martin Reidy, an old admirer of Mary's, was also a captain of police, whose specialty was traffic. "Old Carbon Monoxide," (Continued on Page 80)

"Count it," said McQuade. His mouth was dry.

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THE BOOK OF AMERICA

The Earth is Good

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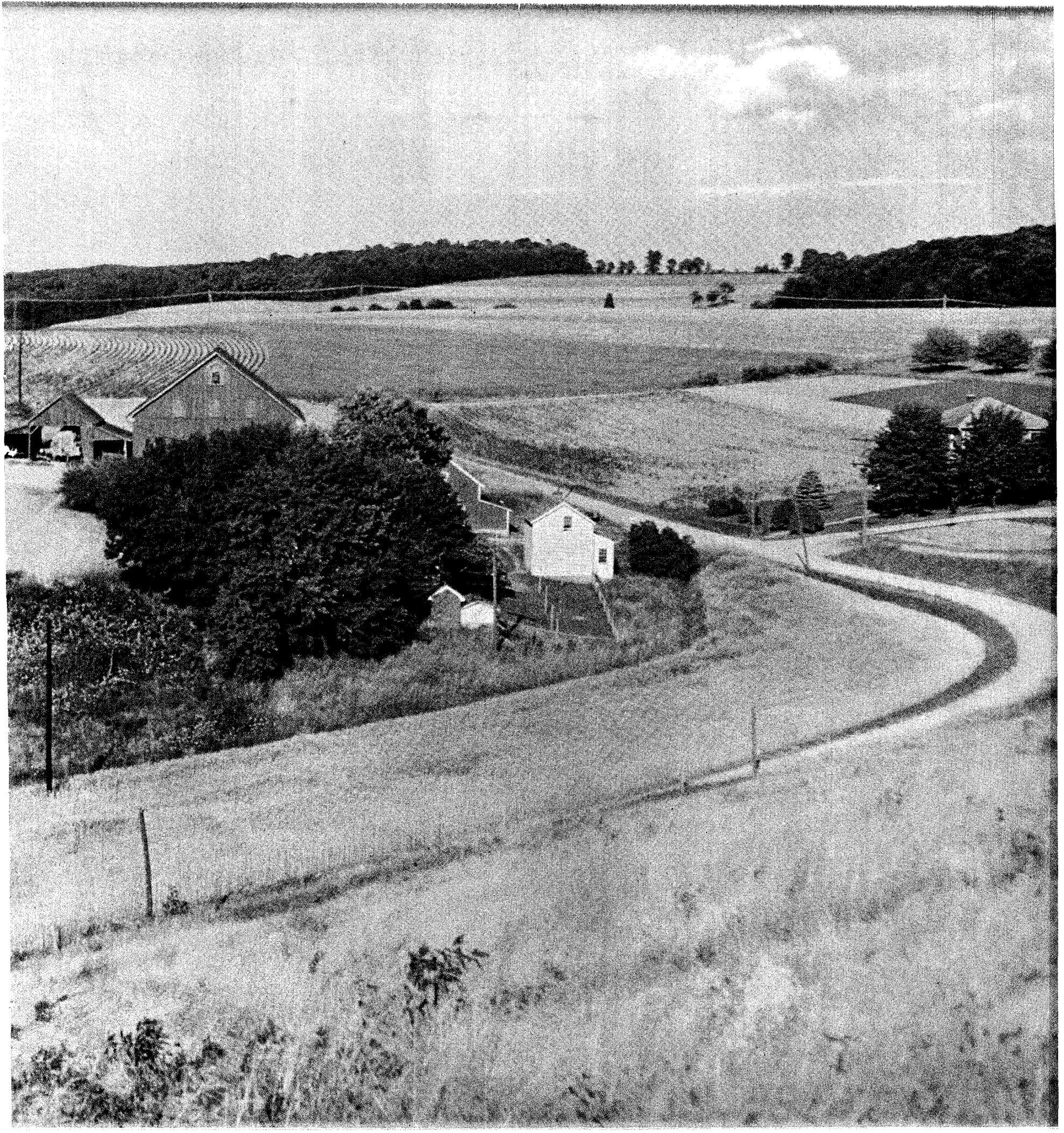

The Dunkard farmers of York County, Pennsylvania, are noted for their piety, and an abiding love of good, tilled earth. Here in Dunkards' Valley, ten miles south of the city of York, are fields tended by Dunkards ever since the eighteenth century, when founders of this sect of Baptists were harried out of Germany. The farm is owned now by Emore Lehman. True to tradition, he and his family dress plainly, work hard, and oppose the evil of warfare. They have two houses, one for Mr. and Mrs. Lehman, in the bend of the road, another (*far right*) for his sisters Liza, Mamie and Mary, and his married son Lamar. Everyone in the family works on the farm, growing sweet corn, Lima beans, strawberries, tomatoes, carrots and early rhubarb. Their cantaloupes are famous at the Central Market House, in York. Famous, too, is the sisters' bread, baked in an outdoor oven and for sale on their stand. Fresh bread; the sisters make sure of that by getting up at 2 A.M. on market days to do their baking. Photograph by Larry Keighley

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"I'll send you a bill," Alice said.
"That'll be wonderful,"
O'Grady replied.

The Doctor Was a Dame

"Forget that I'm a woman," she said. "Think of me only as a physician." That was too much to ask of O'Grady.

By NORD RILEY

Doctor Alice E. Rafferty sat in her office chair, her shapely feet up on a radiator, and watched the dust blow down the main street of Two Gun, a Western town of 753 people, no paving and two stockyards, upwind. Over a solitary and miserable lunch she had read that physicians make more money than anybody else, and she was gloomily estimating how much her $580 income for her first nine months had pulled down the national average.

The doctor's big blue eyes drifted a half block down the street to the neat Roman-brick building of Doctor Carver, the genial old croaker who had business sewed tighter than a medical-school incision. After forty-five years of practice, Doctor Carver had an X ray, fluoroscope and a snappy little emergency hospital. Alice's melancholy darkened as she contemplated her own establishment, an elderly wooden structure once a feed store. Indeed, when dust permitted, one might still see upon its false front a robust Hereford bull, which, with its scaling paint, appeared to have flagrant eczema. Doctor Rafferty had no X ray or fluoroscope, and the only bed in the joint was the one she slept on in back. She didn't have any patients either. Two Gun's citizens, even whilst falling apart, rared back at being delivered to a lady doctor.

The phone rang. Alice brightened. Engaging epidemics of pinkeye and measles were flattening some of Two Gun's finest.

"Hi ya, honey," the caller said. "Doing any cuttin'?"

"I'm thinking of cutting my own throat," said Alice, "just to keep my hand in."

"Look, I got a deal. We're invited to the Lathrops' for dinner tonight. Getting in fat with Joe Lathrop could do both of us some good. He swings a lot of weight in this town."

"I'd love to go, if only to eat a banker's food." She paused. "Oscar, you promised to let me take off your wart today."

"Too busy today, but tomorrow for sure. 'By, baby."

Oscar Lodahl had been courting Alice for four months and he talked of matrimony. He was a vigorous, voluble, hardheaded young automobile dealer, singularly devoted to making money. As he had pointed out to Alice, marriage to him wouldn't be a bad deal; he could set her up with decent facilities, and he had a lot of friends he could send in to her for repairs. Alice

(Continued on Page 63)

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As a household appraiser, this lady gets paid for rummaging in closets, attics—even suit pockets. "It's fun," she says, "to poke around somebody else's house."

Jenny Schreiner does her homework. Her job as an appraiser involves knowing the current market value of furniture or anything else found in a house.

She's Paid to be Nosy

By MAX GUNTHER

Out on Long Island, New York, one summer night, a late home-bound commuter drove nostalgically past the mansion of an old friend who had recently died. To his surprise, he saw a light in an upstairs bedroom. Since the house had stood dark and silent for many weeks, and since he knew the widow to be far away, he decided to investigate. He tried the door and, finding it locked, rang the bell.

The white-haired, pleasant-faced lady who peeked out over the door chain introduced herself as Mrs. Jeannette A. (Jenny) Schreiner. She was, it turned out, bivouacked in the house for a two-week stay, and she intended to spend the time poking into closets and drawers, opening dusty suitcases, prying into every cranny of the house from attic to cellar. Though she admitted that it would all be great fun, she hastened to assure the caller that she was being paid quite handsomely for the task. The house's contents had to be evaluated for estate-tax purposes, and she was on the job in her capacity as a free-lance household appraiser.

A household appraiser is someone, a New York gentleman once huffily remarked, who knows the value of everything except privacy. The statement has a core of truth in it. Unlike a jewelry or art appraiser, who confines his operations within fairly sharp boundaries, a household appraiser must be able to put a price tag to anything that stands, sits, lies or hangs inside a house, except live animals and people, but not excluding stuffed pets and human skeletons.

When the owner of a house dies, the heirs must come up with an accurate statement of the estate's worth, so that the Internal Revenue Service and state authorities can calculate the taxes due. An appraiser's affidavit satisfies the law in such cases better than anything else, and it is to this end that most of Mrs. Schreiner's work is done. (Continued on Page 70)

Mrs. Schreiner at work. It's not unusual for her to uncover a forgotten hoard of valuables in her rummagings, but she was decidedly taken aback the day she discovered a human skeleton in a closet.

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Democratic boss Paul Butler is convinced
his party can clobber any Republican—including President Eisenhower.
"To heck with the Gallup Poll," he says. "I'll take election results."

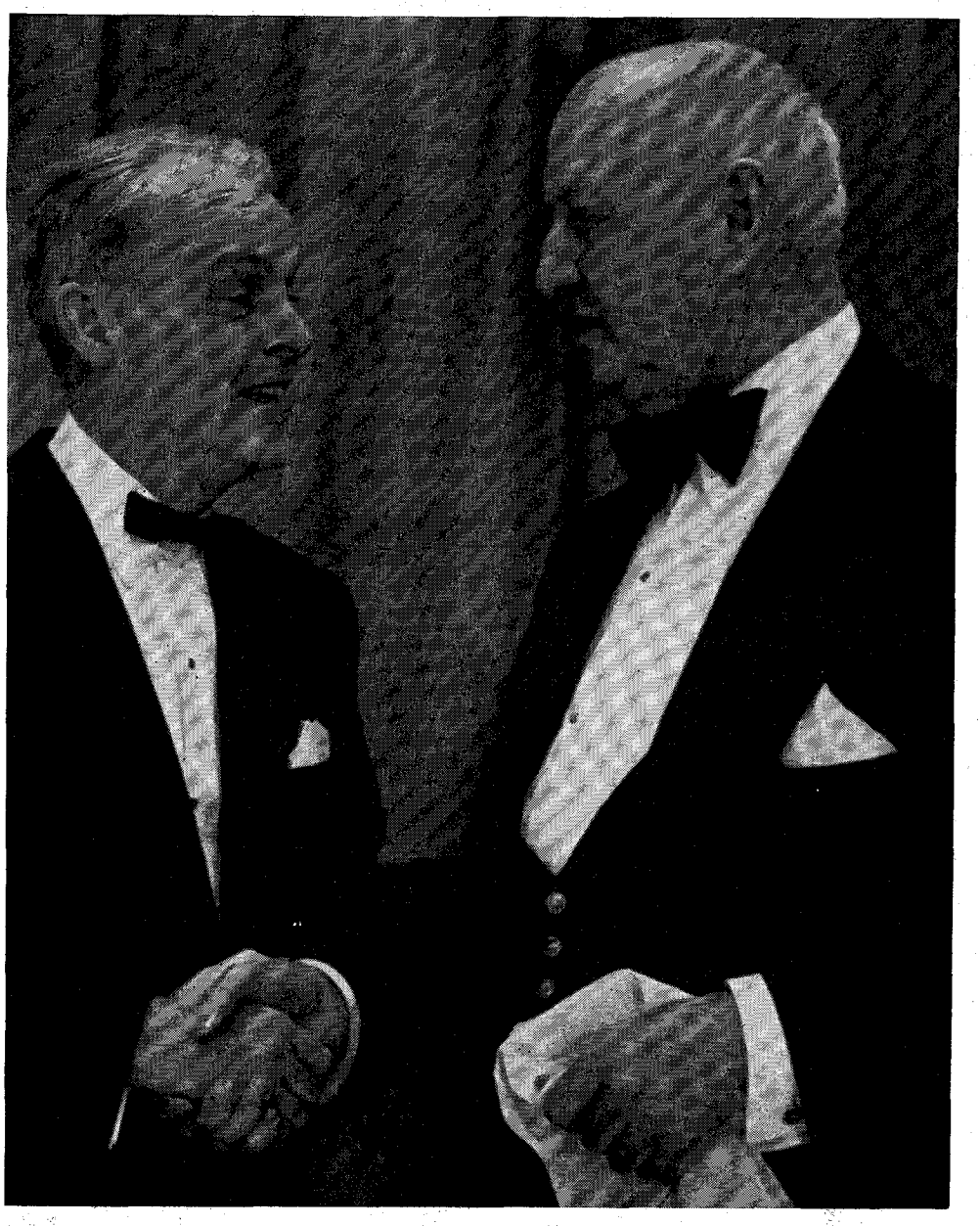
THE DEMOCRATS' NO. 1 OPTIMIST

By HUGH MORROW

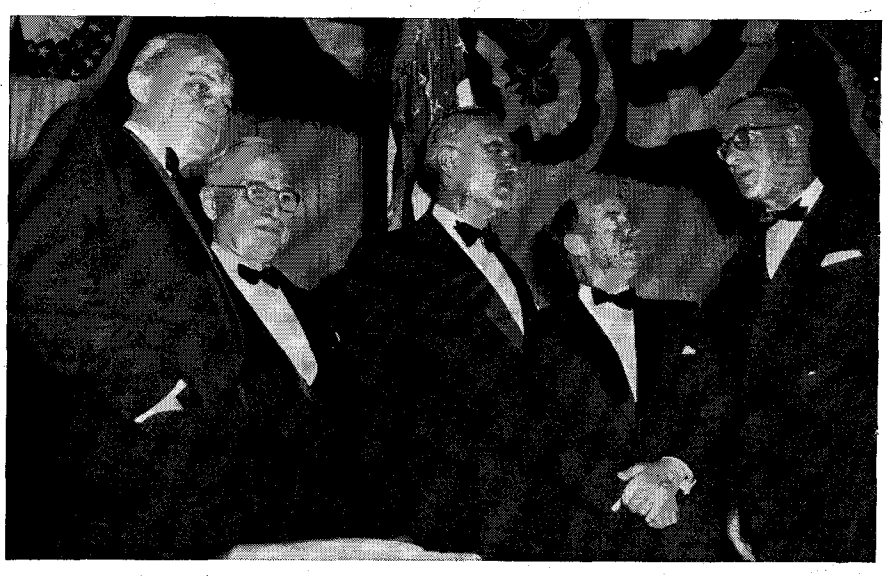
Paul Mulholland Butler, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is a politician with an awe-inspiring handicap. Chicken dinners make him deathly ill. Since taking office at the beginning of last year, Butler has traveled more than 150,000 miles, preaching the Democratic gospel in all of the forty-eight states and such possible states-to-be as Alaska and Hawaii. In the process, he has shaken hands with every potential voter in reach, including sixty lepers (noncontagious) on the island of Molokai. While becoming the most mobile and possibly the most effective Democratic chieftain since James A. Farley, Butler has been forced to take evasive action at innumerable luncheons and dinners featuring the standard political fare—fried chicken. The wonder of it all is that he hasn't starved to death.

Politicians in his native Indiana refer to Butler, as a matter of fact, as "the thin man." He is five feet, eleven and one half inches tall, and he carries only 156 pounds on his small-boned frame. Butler is dapper, sharp-featured, and rather prematurely white-haired. He does not smoke or drink. Where Republican Chairman Leonard W. Hall is a vast, cigar-flourishing politico who resembles an amiable St. Bernard, Butler is the wire-haired-terrier type. The boss of the Democrats does not look like a politician; never were looks more wildly deceiving. Butler is a consummate politician, by heredity and environment—tough, smart, able, ruthless, and inclined to equate Republicanism with original sin. "Paul's unvarying political instinct is to go for the jugular," an associate remarked not long ago. Like the Democratic Party, yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look. Let no Republican claim he has not been warned.

In this peculiarly medico-political year, the Democratic chairman's own list of afflictions makes an impressive contribution to the pathology of the presidential campaign. In addition to his allergy to chicken—and to turkey, duck, goose or anything else that wears feathers before it reaches the dinner table—Butler is acutely sensitive to air-borne pollens. Right about now, as the (Continued on Page 67)



Butler (left) is the eighth—and possibly the best—national committee chairman the Democrats have had since Jim Farley (right) stepped down in 1940.



Dapper Democrats Butler, Truman, Harriman, Stevenson and Kefauver. Butler helped "draft" Adlai in '52. His tactics are much like Truman's.

At a Harvard mock convention, Butler lambasted Ike's administration.

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As convention time approaches, tactician Butler gives attention to campaign gimmicks—and assumes what the author calls his "lean and hungry look."

Butler is utterly unlike his G.O.P. counterpart, Leonard Hall (left).

Politico's family: Kevin, Karen, Paul, Jr., Mrs. Butler, Maureen, Brian. Kevin wants to be a lawyer, like dad—and Brian a politician, like dad.

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Parade in communist-ruled Prague. Sign borne by cheering Czech women reads: "We love the Republic. We'll produce 300 quintals of sugar beets per hectare."

THEY'RE LOSING FAITH IN AMERICA

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Until the Red coup of 1948, we had no stancher friends in Europe than the Czechs. But they've become disillusioned with us—and the time to win them back is running out. . . .

Prague, Czechoslovakia.

I have known Kocian (as he shall be called here) since the early '30's, when I was a young lawyer in Prague. If I remember correctly, we met at a lecture about America. Both of us were crazy about America and wanted to go there; Kocian's chances were then admittedly better. He was a clerk in a large firm that exported to the United States. They'd promised to send him there. He spoke good English. Like many Czechs and Slovaks, he had relatives in the States, and liked to brag about them. That wasn't unusual; we were very America-conscious. President Masaryk's wife had been from America. Prague had a Hoover Street, a Y.M.C.A. and a statue of President Wilson in front of the largest ("Wilson") railroad station.

Geographically, Czechoslovakia was in Central Europe, but in every other respect it belonged to the West. Our history, traditions, education and civilization were Western. We learned French and English in school, not Russian.

(Continued on Page 93)

Party bosses Klement Gottwald, who died suddenly in 1953, and his successor as president, Antonin Zapotocky.

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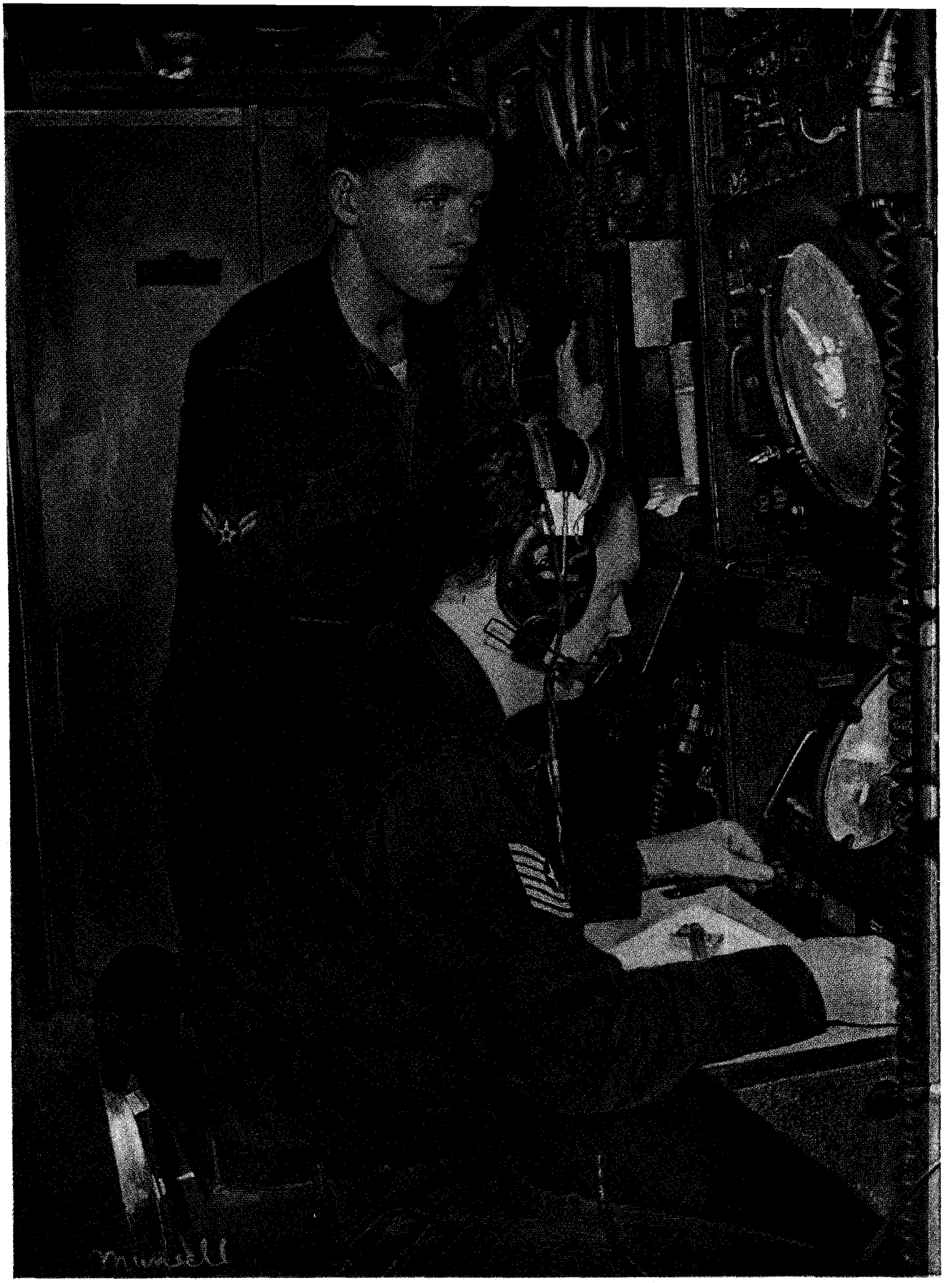
He peered frantically at the blurred radar scope. Just one slip—and he would have a dead pilot on his conscience.

Panic on Runway 6

By FRANK HARVEY



The lost pilot's voice tore at his eardrums. "I'm out of fuel!"

It was ten o'clock at night at McGuire Air Force Base, in New Jersey, and they were all sitting around the kitchen table making Joe's mind up for him. They had been doing it for three hours, and now they just about had it done.

"If you pass up this chance," Ruth said, "you'll be sorry the rest of your life. We won't get a break like this again, Joe."

Sgt. Joe Hiltebrandt said, "The thing is, I don't know the first thing about used cars."

"Oh, for heaven's sake! Nobody expects you to! The point is, Dick says we can make eight thousand dollars the first year. How much do you make running that crazy radar set out at the air base?"

Joe didn't answer that question. He'd been married to Ruth for almost twelve years and she knew very well what a master sergeant in the Air Force made. It wasn't $8000 a year.

"One more thing," Ruth said, "while we're on the subject. How long did you stay over in England on that last so-called three-month tour of temporary duty?"

"Now look, hon," Joe said. "They got my orders fouled up."

"How long?"

"All right," Joe said. "So it was fifteen months."

"Did the Air Force send me over to join you—the way they promised?"

"There were no quarters available."

Ruth gave a short laugh. "There never are, darling. Not for sergeants. For generals and bird colonels, but not for poor, broken-down, old ——"

"Hey!" Dick Cavanaugh cut in. "Ruthie, baby! Let the guy up. We're trying to wangle him out of the Air Force, not into a divorce court!"

Dick Cavanaugh winked at Joe across the table. Dick was Ruth's brother. He was a big, easygoing guy with huge hands and deep-set eyes who looked, Ruth said, like Boris Karloff as a young man. She was really sold on Dick. So were lots of other people, without quite realizing why. Dick was the kind of guy who'd buy you a beer or play a few holes of golf with you, and he wouldn't say much, but later, when you got around to selling your car or getting another one, you found yourself looking in on Dick Cavanaugh. And once you had looked in on Dick, you had yourself a piece of transportation. It was no accident that he operated one of the largest automobile agencies on the East Coast.

Dick Cavanaugh said, "I got it figured, Joe. You and Ruth can take out eight thousand the first year—maybe more—and it's just the start. I picked up this big used-car deal to round out my business, and it's got me snowed." Dick grinned at his sister. "Good men like the sergeant here are hard to find—and I'd like to keep the good news in the family if we can."

"Please, Joe," Ruth said. "You'll like it when you get into it. I know you will."

"Sure," Joe said.

But he wasn't sure he'd like the used-car business when he got into it. As a matter of fact, he was pretty (Continued on Page 84)

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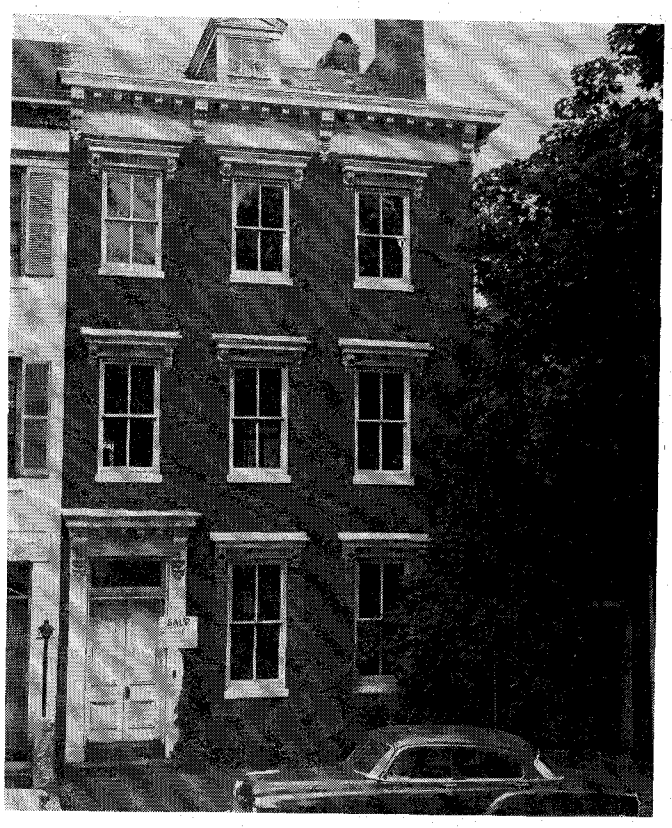
We Remodeled Our House . . . and How!

For seven months, the author battled with the painters, plasterers and plumbers who were converting her dilapidated dwelling into "a little palace." It got so her friends were afraid to ask, "How's the house coming?"

By SELWA ROOSEVELT



"It's a steal," gloated the author's husband on purchasing this Washington, D.C., house for $36,000.

"Roosevelts' Folly" our friends called it—and rightly so, I'm afraid. You see, my husband and I live in Georgetown, one of the oldest, most historic parts of Washington. Fancying ourselves adventurous types, we decided to buy a 100-year-old house, tear it apart and put it together again in proper shape for twentieth-century living.

It's not a bad idea really—if you love the house, know just exactly what you want to do with it, foresee the cost, have a bottomless pit of money, plus time and a nervous system immune to shock.

Alas, our only qualification was the first. We had lived in Georgetown for more than two years and, in the beginning, we were perfectly content with our little Victorian row house. But then a malady peculiar to these few square blocks near the Potomac hit us. Georgetown fever, it's called, and the symptoms are easy to recognize. Victims feel a burning desire to own one of the old Federal-type houses; they haunt real-estate agents in the frantic hope of latching onto a bargain; they fall, finally, into a senseless blabber about wanting to "express themselves" by remodeling a house.

And so, one Sunday, we found it! We were strolling along N Street—one of Georgetown's oldest—when we came upon an ancient brick ruin festooned with "For Sale" signs. We later learned these signs had been seen there, off and on, for years—with no takers. We found out the reasons for the no takers too. But when we saw this red-brick, Federal-type, four-story structure, it seemed the answer to our dreams.

Our long-suffering real-estate agent, Mrs. Howard McPeck, who could find solid virtues in the city dump, looked pale when we told her this was the house. She, poor dear, had been showing us Georgetown houses for over a year. Most of them had already been done over and were jewels. Each time she showed us one, we either didn't like the garden, the floor plan or the street. Or, as I so clearly remember saying to her, "Why, Mrs. McPeck, it would cost at least five thousand dollars to get this house into shape." Little did I know that, in a few short months, five thousand would begin to look like pin money.

My husband, Archie, says that only the male of the species has the power of decision. If it were left to women, he maintains, the unqualified "yes" or "no" would disappear from our vocabulary. Asserting this aggressively male characteristic, he made up his mind to buy the house the day we saw it. And he did not appreciate my pointing out that we both had demanding full-time (Continued on Page 44)

The dining room during restoration (left) and afterward (right). The Roosevelts were unable to move in until four months after the date originally set by their contractor. "He didn't deliberately deceive us," says Selwa. "He just didn't have the heart to tell us the awful truth."

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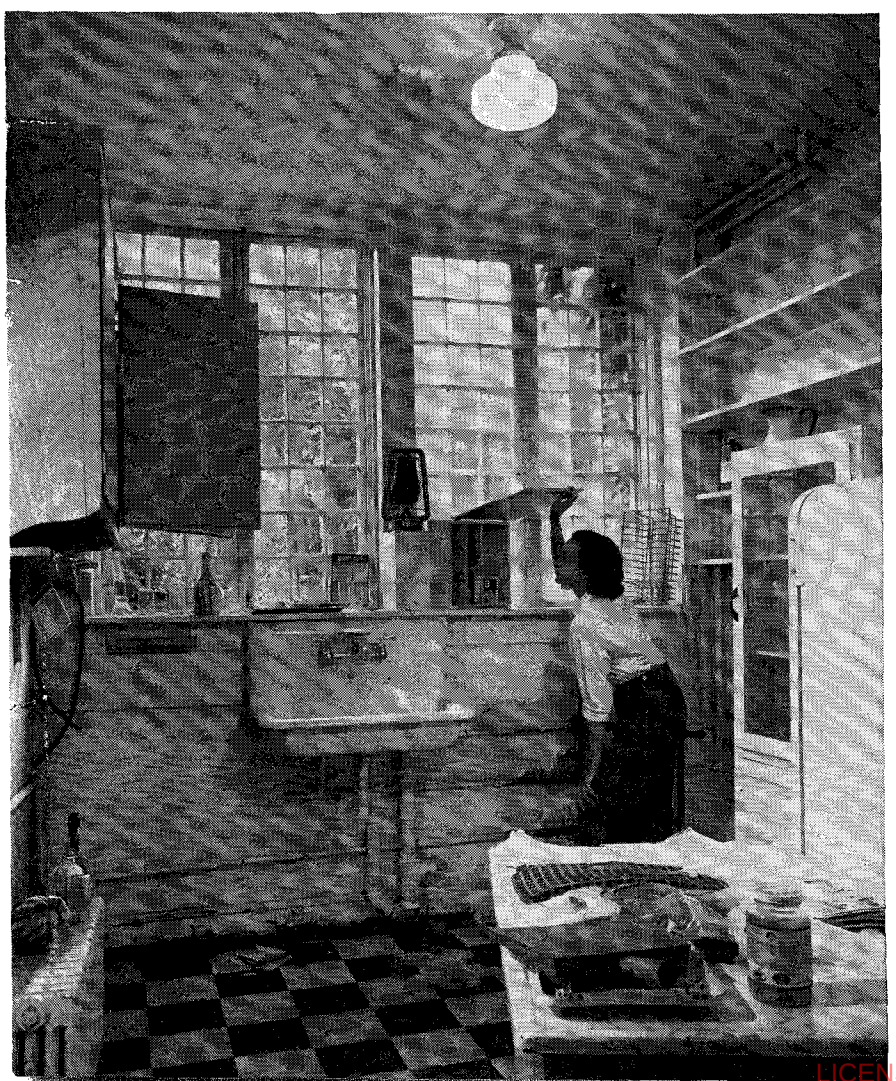
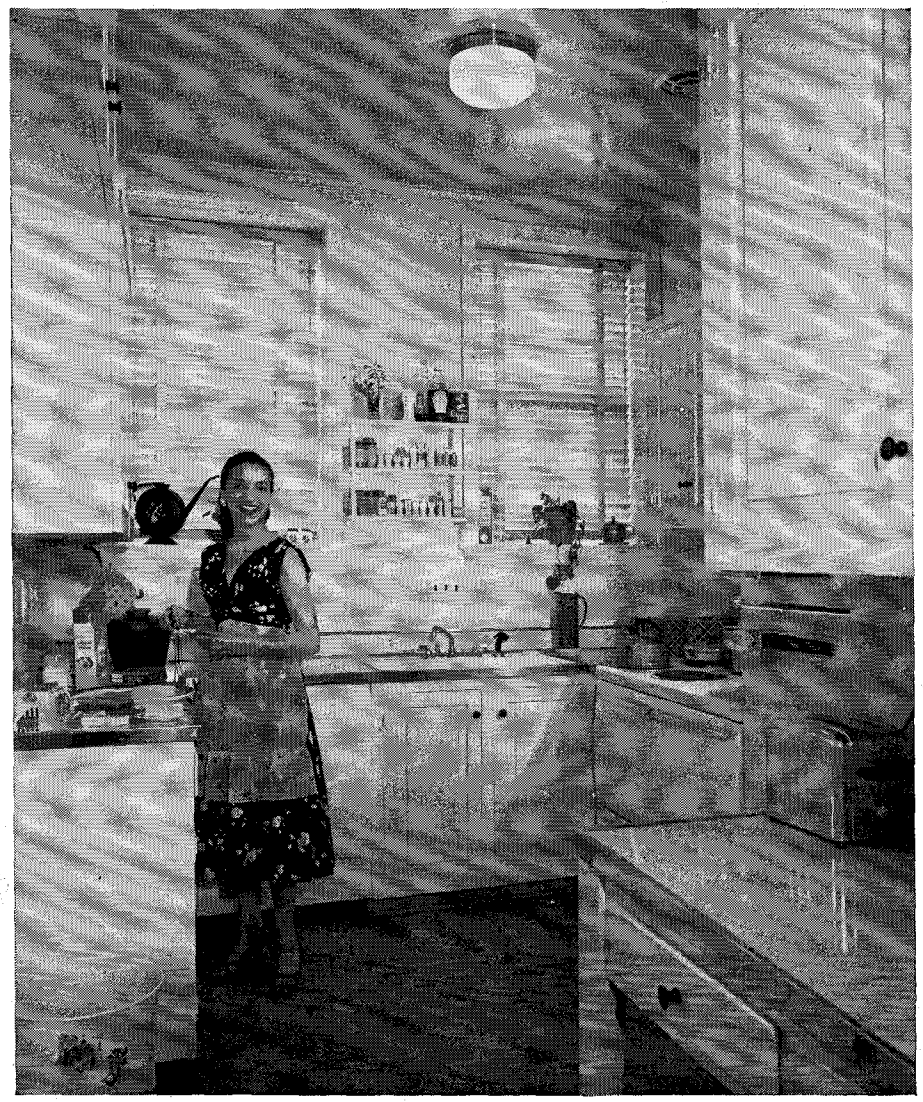
Above, the author and her husband make plans for the library. At right, the result. One charming feature of the old house: it had six fireplaces. The only hitch was that none of them worked.

Below, the kitchen they bought. At right, the kitchen they built. "We acquired a cavalier attitude about money. Nothing seemed expensive—a hundred more here or there, it was all just figures." But the remodeling bill totaled $10,000 more than they had figured on spending.





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Law of the Lash

By PRENTISS COMBS

To challenge El Sátiro was to die . . .

Padraic Conmaire was a man with his feet on a road. And a man must follow a road chosen to its end. Boggy or dry, rocky or smooth, level or steep, nor can a man turn from it. He may change his name, his clothes and the place he lives, but the road has a chancy and frightening way to it of appearing beneath a man's feet, no matter what path or highway he walks.

Padraic Conmaire was out of Ballyshannon. A sweet, blond lance of a man, his hair a deep gold and his eyes sea-washed green. He sprang from kings and his smooth face was given the strengthening arch of a high nose, thin and sensitive as a prophet's. He was a maker of songs, and all his songs were of Deirdre, pale and golden, loved and loving, named well for an ancient princess. She was the light of Ballyshannon and all the world to Padraic Conmaire and the lodestone that drew him ever back from the reaches of the land, and he coursing and questing, seeking a kingdom for himself and his queen.

Padraic caught the lash, and with a sudden rending twist he spun El Sátiro from his saddle.

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But the face of Ireland lay under the great gray cloak of the bad times and many there were with the deep daft that settles on a man, and he with small ones starving slow before his eyes, and his woman thrusting an empty breast to a small sick face. Every eye in Erin wept, and finally, in all the land, there was no place left to look.

So Padraic whispered a great tale into the lovely ear of Deirdre, "It's to America, then. Three months there and your two fair hands overflowing with the gold I'll send. A short year, no more, and it'll be Squire Padraic Conmaire, plug hat and fine clothes, riding his acres on a blooded horse, and his beautiful wife, Deirdre, clad in jewels, velvet gowns and the mantle of her own man's true love."

It was a thundering tale. Deirdre believed, and worse, so did he. America was not like the tales told. It was a kick here and a curse there and the rough side of every man's tongue for the Irish. Padraic Conmaire was only one of the many had left the sad land. The weak stayed in cities. But the proud and the driven went west to lay the shining tracks across the mountains and plains. It was the railroad. Hard and tearing work for small pay, but a man had to make a start. The black fit fell on many, and many died, but there were always more.

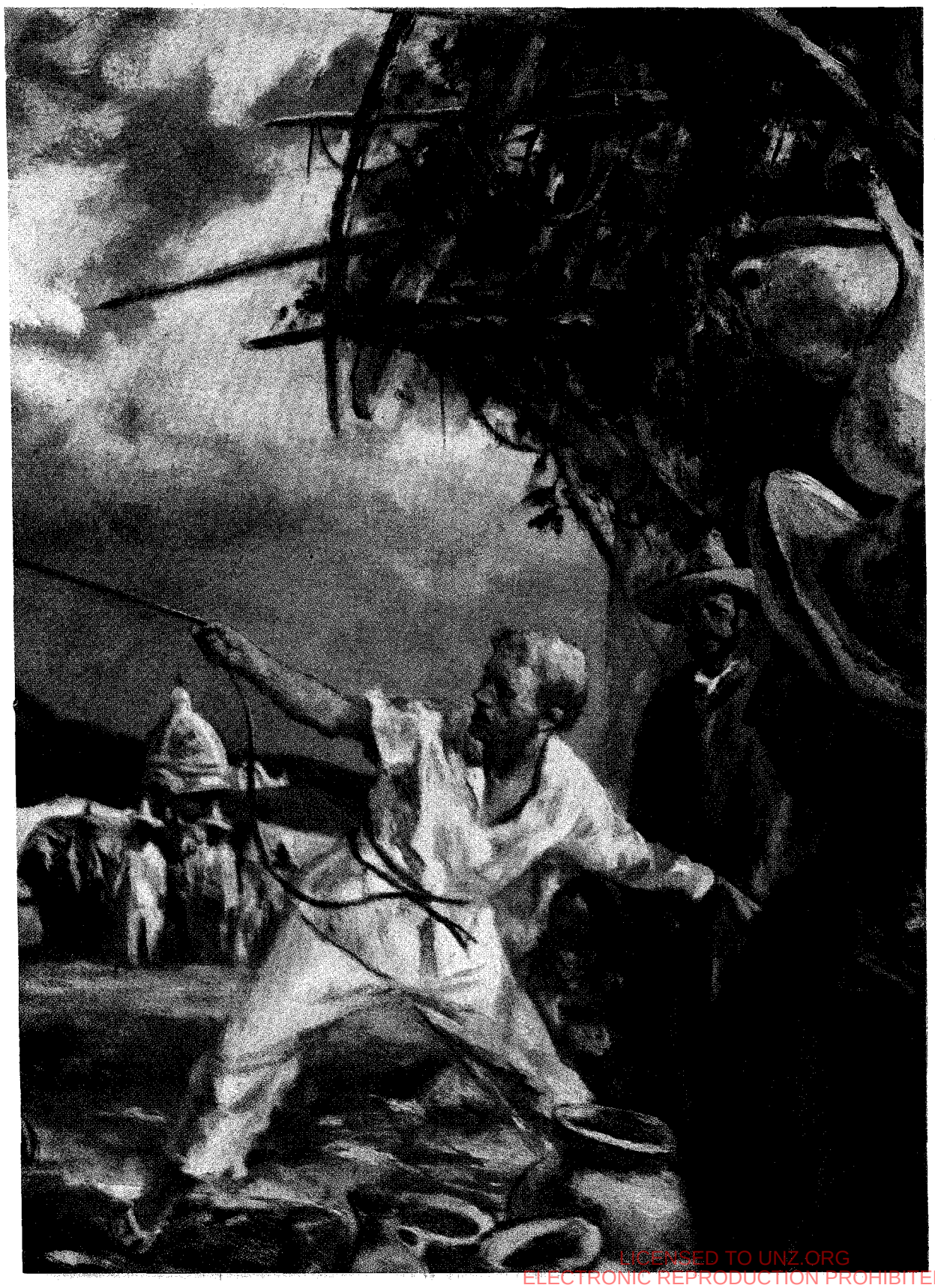
Now Padraic was a proud man. Could a proud one write to tell his queen that gold didn't lie in the streets? Could he say it would be a year before he had one cent to call his own? He could not. He could no more than clutch his emptiness to himself and work.

On payday there was wild drinking at the way station, and Padraic wet his throat, no more. But there was a huge hulk of a Sligo man with the forward curve to his neck and shoulders like a fighting bull. He fleered his pig eyes at Padraic and gave him the bad word.

"I'll take a fall out of you," he said, "and you not running."

Padraic laughed. It was a fine day, with Deirdre's money in his pocket.

Illustrated by Ben Stahl



"Ah, you killer," he smiled, "and most of your dead home drinking their victory while you pick yourself up."

"So, that's the way it is," the Sligo man said, stripping his shirt.

"Now, let's see the way of it," Padraic answered reasonably, and off with his own shirt. He stripped clean, with bosses of muscle defining lean and ropy under his golden skin.

The Sligo man was big and quick, and Padraic's back marked the sod more than once. But he rose quickly, smiling palely, and he was skilled. In the end, Padraic fetched him a terrible clout and then closed his eyes in quick fear to see the big man's skull slap one of the rails.

So Deirdre's money went to pay the Sligo man's hospital bills, back at the city. The small bit left, Padraic spent in dark drinking.

Just before the next quarter and payday, a work train came. The last to get off was Michael Noolan, of Ballyshannon. A sad man, ever sour-rinded and thin, his tongue bitter with the acid of his sadness. He was stake thin and his eyes were deep pools of something bad.

"Michael Noolan," Padraic shouted to him in his ringing voice, "you've brought me word?"

"Aye, Padraic Conmaire, I've a word." He said it thinly, his eyes fixed on Padraic.

And as Padraic came near, Noolan's blue eyes filled and spilled, and the sound came from him, torn and thin, like the cries of the crones at the wakes, and he said the word, and with the word put the curse on Padraic Conmaire as surely as if he'd been an old warlock.

"Deirdre!" came the word and all the meaning in it.

"Ah, my heart, not dead?" cried Padraic.

"Killed," said Michael Noolan, flatly and remotely, patting the curse. And Padraic had never before dreamed that little Michael Noolan had loved Gold Deirdre. When he went on, Padraic knew that Michael had held her as she died and that Michael was having a triumph.

"Who?" asked Padraic, the madness rising in him.

"The slayers were three, Padraic. Sorrow was one, hunger was the other, and the last was proud Padraic Conmaire. Never a penny, proud Paddy. Never a scratch from a pen and never a penny."

Padraic's face froze to stone. Seeing it, Michael Noolan turned with a sour smile and spat upon the ground. He'd waited long for the day.

Padraic wheeled and started to walk. He walked to rail's end and on to the last of the ties, turning then on his empty road, across the vastness of the plain. By dusk he was no more than a small moving thing almost over the rim of the burning land. He walked on into the night at the same steady pace. By sundown of the next day he was down clawing at the dirt, with his tongue too big for his mouth.

Next, there was the sweetness of water in his mouth, a hand gentle beneath his head and a voice crooning in a strange tongue. Padraic looked up into a face with great sad black eyes and a huge scar running over a ruined nose. He was dark as a Spanish tinker. In a half circle about him were eight or ten horsemen dressed crazily in big hats and much silver. Heading them on a great black stud was a man with the mark of power

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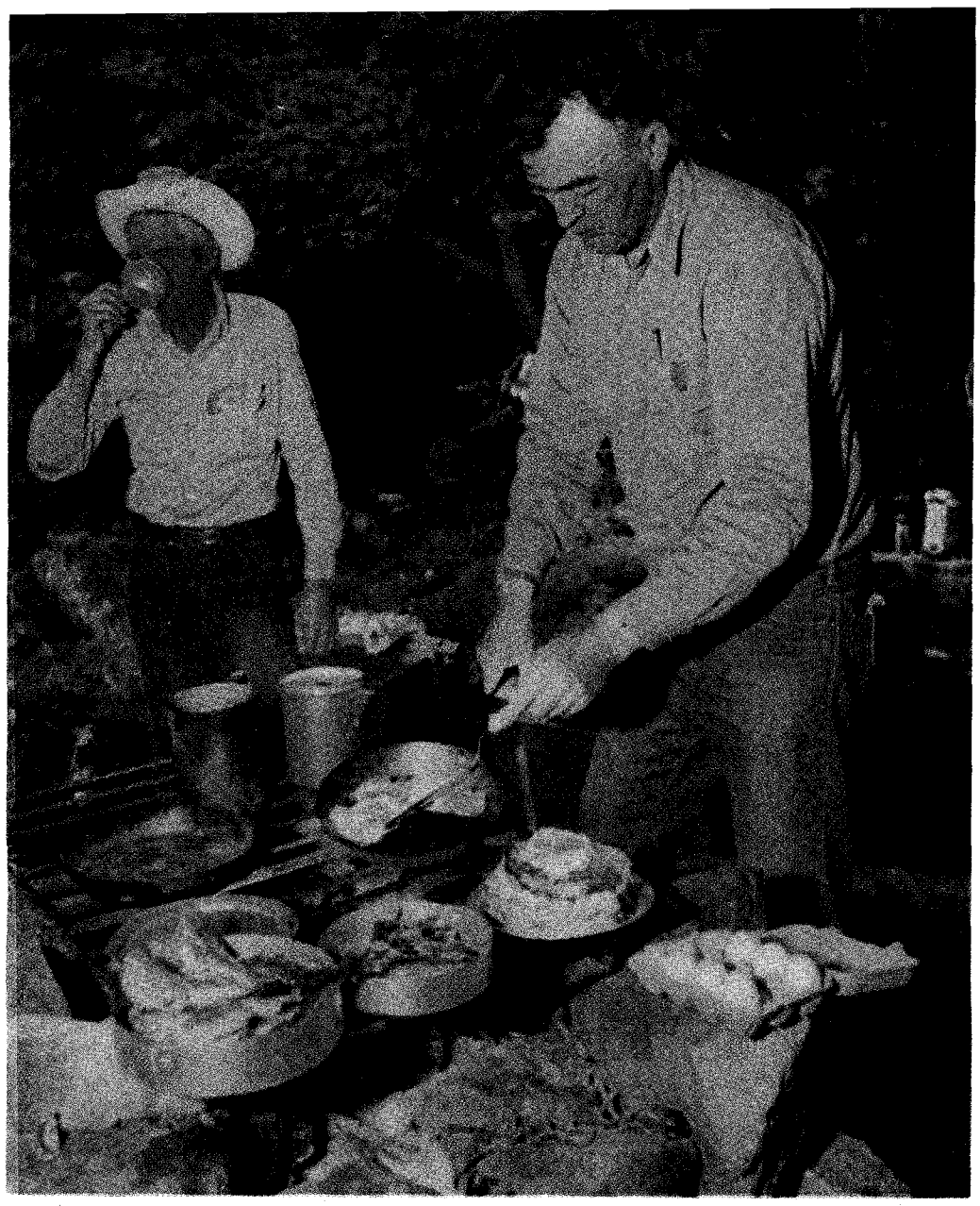


On the trail to Lake Solitude, Forest Ranger Iver Love fixes a breakfast feast of eggs, hot cakes, bacon and freshly caught brook trout. At left: Curt LaFollette.

The Trek to Solitude

By PAUL SCHUBERT

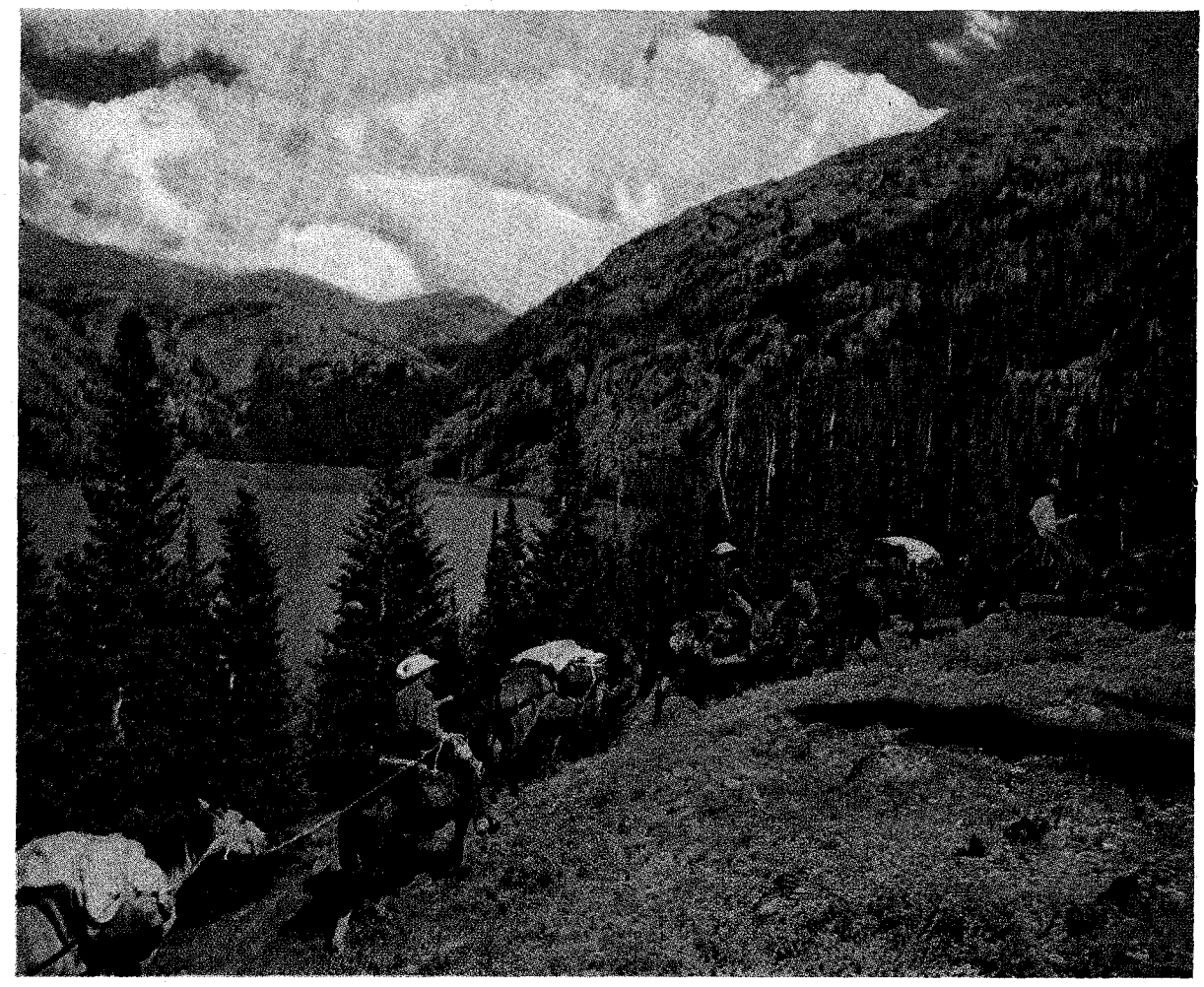
High in the Wyoming wilderness is one of the most breath-taking spots in America. Only a few hardy sportsmen ever visit it, however. Here's why.

The horses strained up the narrow trail. The dry, high mountain air was pungent with sun-baked pine, spiced with wet moss and grass where a tiny rivulet of snow-melt furrowed downward. All morning we had been climbing toward the timber line, and now the highest peaks of the Bighorns rose just above us in breath-taking faces of rocky sheer. Then we emerged onto a clear knoll, and suddenly the lake was before us.

"That's her," said Iver Love, the forest ranger. "There, gentlemen, is Solitude. What do you think of her?"

Legendary Lake Solitude lies in a rock pocket more than a mile long, fed by lofty cascades and waterfalls; it is fabulously blue and clear. The lake is in the Cloud Peak Wilderness Area of the Bighorn National Forest in Northern Wyoming. There are no motor roads, no jeep trails leading to it; it is remote beyond normal hiking range.

The Cloud Peak Wilderness Area is one of our country's last few recreation reserves—92,000 acres of America as it was in the beginning—thoughtfully provided with Forest Service garbage pits, toilets and camp sites. This year perhaps 300 people will make the arduous pack trip during the short summer season when it is possible to get to Lake Soli-



Anyone who wants to reach Solitude (above) has to do it the hard way, either by foot—a long, rugged hike—or by packing in with horses. There are no roads leading to the lake.

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The prow of a shiplike cliff provides a spectacular view of Wyoming's vast Wilderness Area, a virgin preserve still practically untouched by civilization.

tude at all. Snow and ice bar visiting humans from October to June.

One day last spring I met Iver Love on the street in Greybull, Wyoming. Iver is forest ranger in charge of the Paint Rock District, 267 square miles of the Bighorn National Forest, winter HQ in Greybull, summer HQ at Shell Ranger Station up in the Bighorns.

"Is Lake Solitude in your district, Iver?" I asked.

"It is. In the Wilderness Area."

"When do you go up and inspect the area?"

"End of July."

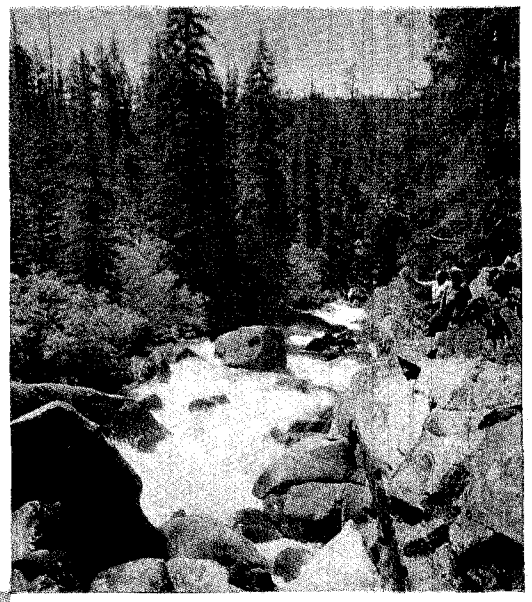
So our trip to Solitude was born. By the time we got on our horses at Paint Rock Guard Station on July twenty-fifth, the party had expanded to include Pat Coffey, Saturday Evening Post photographer; and Curt LaFollette, fire guard in the Bighorn National Forest—Curt acted as our horse wrangler and packer, besides being Iver's aide.

There were seven horses. Perhaps I ought to introduce them. Being animals, they were more at home in the Wilderness Area than any of us humans. They were brought in from the corral and tied to trees near the guard station for saddling and packing. There was a blue-roan mare with a wild eye—when you took her halter rope she made a snoring sound and blew her nostrils in alarm. Curt LaFollette was going to ride the blue—didn't trust any of the rest of us on her back. The best horse—Curt's own—was to go to Pat Coffey because of Pat's predilection for knotting the reins and using both hands to take pictures from horseback.

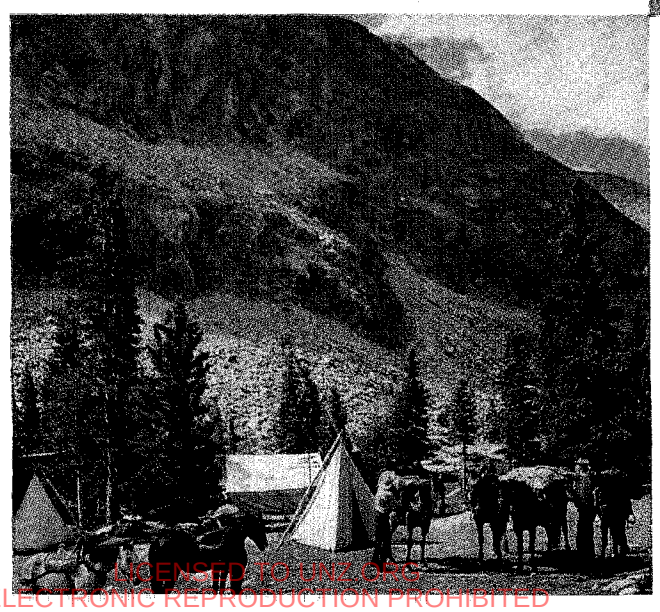
There were three black horses; any one of them apparently eager to lead revolt, especially the big pack horse that began dancing away from my bedroll. Another mare, a sorrel, was called Babe, and a docile-looking buckskin went by the

(Continued on Page 87)

Photographs by Pat Coffey



Paint Rock Creek, one of the seldom-seen streams of this remote country, cascades through its rocky gorge.



The author's party packs up after an overnight stop near Cliff Lake at one of the few permanent camps along the Solitude Trail.

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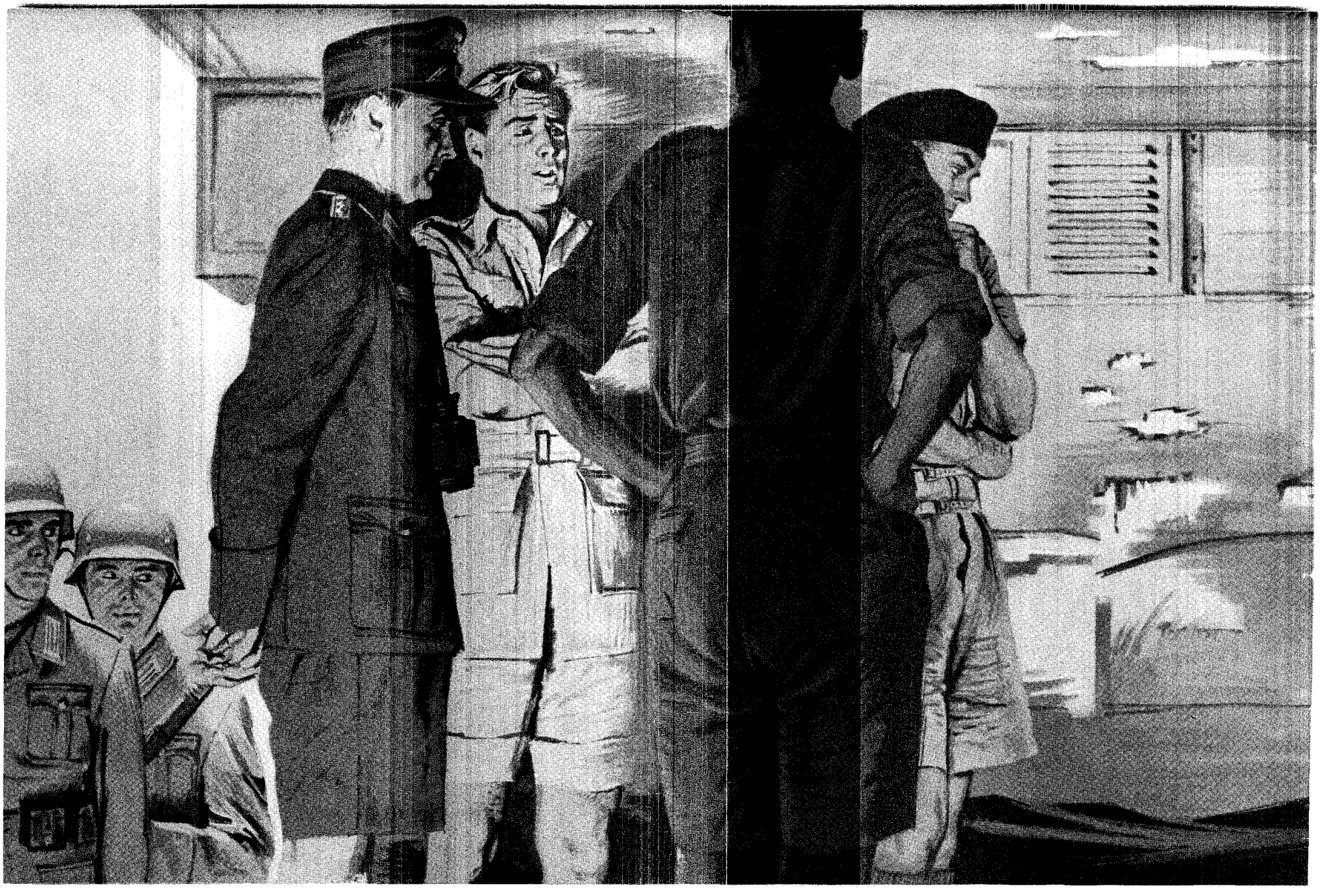

Zimmerman's voice was quite impersonal. "The captain says that he bitterly regrets this accident. The Afrika Korps do not shoot women."

ESCAPE IN THE DESERT

Were they being released—or was this an enemy trap?

By CHRISTOPHER LANDON

When they had successfully breached the mine field, they looked back with relief over the yellow Libyan sand. But Anson knew they still were boxed in by the enemy. "Let's leave the celebration until there's something to celebrate," he advised.

There were five of them in the British ambulance—Capt. George Anson, Sgt. Maj. Tom Pugh, Captain Zimmerman, and the two nursing sisters, Diana Murdoch and Denise Norton. A German bombing during the evacuation of Tobruk had caused Sister Denise to flee. When Anson and Tom Pugh found her, the last hospital ship had pulled out of the harbor. Zimmerman, a South African, joined the party shortly thereafter. He claimed to have been separated from his unit, and offered to share his cigarettes and gin in exchange for a lift. Anson agreed. After two years of fighting in Africa, liquor had become a necessity to Anson. But Pugh still respected the captain and tried to protect him from his weakness.

Anson had planned the escape through the mine field. Then he was to navigate his party across the desert to Alexandria. But no sooner was the ambulance clear of the mine field than Anson sighted a number of German tanks, waiting to go into the attack. Pugh, who was driving, tried to outdistance the tanks, but it was obvious that the ambulance was going to be cut off. Then came a sound like the cracking of giant whips all around them. The enemy fire was coming straight at them.

II

"Shall I ——"

"No!" shouted Anson. "Keep going!"

Then another noise came—a deeper, angrier sound. It went "Wacker-wacker-wacker-wack!" like a great stick being run along a paling. The body of the car jumped and shook, and Tom knew they had been hit, and he cried out to the captain that they must stop, but he knew that he would not heed him. Then the door to the back of the car pushed open and he saw the girl running out. He heard her crying, "Stop! Stop! For pity's sake!" and then, over his shoulder, he saw the red stickiness on her hands, and his heart turned over in terror. For the first and last time he overrode the captain. He threw the car out of gear and cut the ignition switch and coasted in a wide circle to face the oncoming trucks.

The captain did not say anything, and over the crunch of gravel against their tires as they slowed down, he heard the girl's voice again. "It's Denise! She went mad! She broke out of those straps! I tried to hold her down, but I couldn't! She was trying to climb up the

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Illustrated by Al Muenchen

side—and then the bullets came! She's been hit in the stomach!"

They had stopped now and the two trucks were fanning out to close in on each side of them. They were open and he could see the gray mushrooms of steel helmets and the yellow dust rolling away behind.

The girl said, "I'd better get back—and see if there's anything ——"

Zimmerman had jumped down, and when he spoke, there was a different tone in his voice—one of authority, "Do any of you speak German?"

"No." They said it one after the other.

"I do—well. I'll talk to them. Leave everything to me." He swung the bigger of his two packs onto his shoulder and started walking, slow and unconcerned, toward the leading truck, his hands high above his head.

Tom felt in his pocket. "Cigarette, sir?"

"Thanks." Just before they lit up, a puff of hot air brought the scent of crushed camel thorn toward them. With it—that unforgettable, bitter-sweet smell—came back to him all the times, the good and the bad, that they had spent together in the desert.

Perhaps the captain was thinking the same thing, for he said, "Sorry, Tom. I've made a mess of it—as usual."

"No."

They drew on their fags in silence, close, side by side, watching the distant group of figures, one towering up amid the mass of khaki and gray.

Anson said, "Where's that pack of his?"

"Captain Zimmerman's? He's got it on his shoulder."

"No. I mean the other one. It's got the gin in it, I know."

"It's on the floor here, sir. But don't ——"

"Give it to me."

When Tom handed it across, he ripped the flap open and pulled a bottle upright from among the medley of socks, shaving gear and cigarette cartons. He put it back on the floor without speaking, and then looked back toward the group by the truck, that was just breaking up and starting to move over toward them. Zimmerman, surrounded by the Afrika Korps.

"If we're going in the bag," he said, "I'm going to drink the whole of his gin now. If ——" He stopped suddenly and gripped Tom's arm. "Do you see the way they are holding their guns? They've dropped the muzzles. He may have pulled it off. It's possible."

They were close enough for them to see the faces now; and they were wary, but not hostile. Anson's voice went on, and it was quite different; it held a faraway, dreamlike quality.

"If he has —— I'll tell you something right now, Tom. It will be a sort of peace offering. Do you know the next drink I will have? A beer, Tom. A great, tall, ice-cold glass of beer in that little bar off Mahomet Ali Square in Alex—and I'll buy you one—all of you one—because I'm going to get you there."

Tom could not bear it. He said, "Shouldn't one of us go in—and see if we can help?"

"You go, Tom."

They were very close now, the Germans. He could hear the crunch of their boots on the gravel as he opened the door and slipped into the back.

She had been resentful when Anson had spoken to her like that—angry at being ordered to the back of the ambulance, although she knew it was just. Denise was conscious now, pulling at the straps, crying; between sobs, asking where they were and if they were all right.

Diana looked at her without enthusiasm. "We're outside Tobruk and we're going to Alexandria across the desert. It will be pretty tough, Denise. You had better start trying to pull yourself together."

"But I don't want to die ——"

The rest of her wail was cut short as Diana leaned over and smacked her face. "You can stop that," she said. "The men out there have risked their lives to take us through a minefield. You're not going to let them—or me—down."

Denise was better after that; just lying back, sobbing quietly, until the dull thunder of the bombs falling in the minefield acted just as they had done before. She had jerked up again, screaming as she clawed at the side of the ambulance. Diana had her by the knees, trying to bear her down, when the car started to jerk and sway, and then that noise started—that awful smacking noise—and Denise had jerked and gone limp on her as the red, dripping stain had spread over the shirt above the waistband. And suddenly the inside of the car was a dancing pattern of sunshine from the row of jagged holes that ran slanting across the side of the bunk.

After she had got her back on the bunk and run to the door and begged for the end of movement, so that the slaughter might stop, everything had become a numb concentration of routine. She had torn open the medical box, making pads from shell dressings, bandaging round the purple, bruised hole above the navel to the worse-torn mess behind. There was so little to satisfy those terrible demands and, as she worked, she knew that it was to be no use. But it was the job, and she went on with it without any thoughts outside that narrow space until Tom Pugh came through the door from the front and closed it behind him.

Denise was lying flat now, covered with a blanket; eyes open, still and silent. Tom stood looking down at her and recognition came into that pale face.

She said suddenly, quite normally, "I want a drink."

He had moved to the stack of water cans at the back of the car, was unscrewing a stopper, before Diana

(Continued on Page 73)

"Please call me Diana," she said. "The others do."

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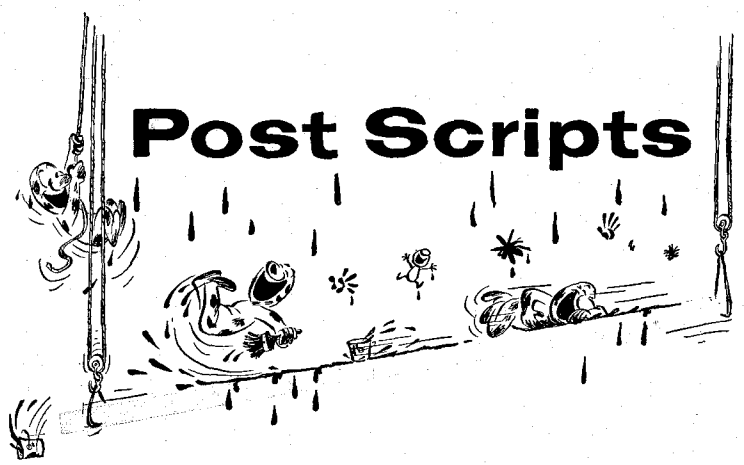


I Sure Wish You'd Told Me!

"You mean you painted the whole house yourself, inside and out? Three hundred dollars just for paint? Golly, I wish you'd told me! I've got this cousin in the paint business and he gets me fifty per cent off on everything, and ——"

"Say, that's a swell idea, taking pictures of the baby's christening. I wish you'd told me, and I'd have brought my camera! Of course, that box job of yours is O.K., but this one came from Germany—cost a mint, even over there—and honestly, the depth and detail—and she's all loaded with color film too!"

"So you finally left the old jalopy in the junkyard? Gee, if I'd had any idea —— Wasn't it an Ersatz Six, close-coupled two-door, '27? That's what I thought. Well, sir, this old codger down the street has sort of a sentimental attachment for the old Ersatz, and he was offering a cool ——"

"Went fishing on your vacation, did you? Stayed in a motel? On the Upper Quahatchee? Say, I wish you'd told me! This Texas oilman, friend of my uncle's, has a fishing lodge there—you know, huge fireplaces, powerboats, Indian guides, a swell cook—and he never uses it himself, but he likes to have people there just to keep the staff on their toes, and ——"

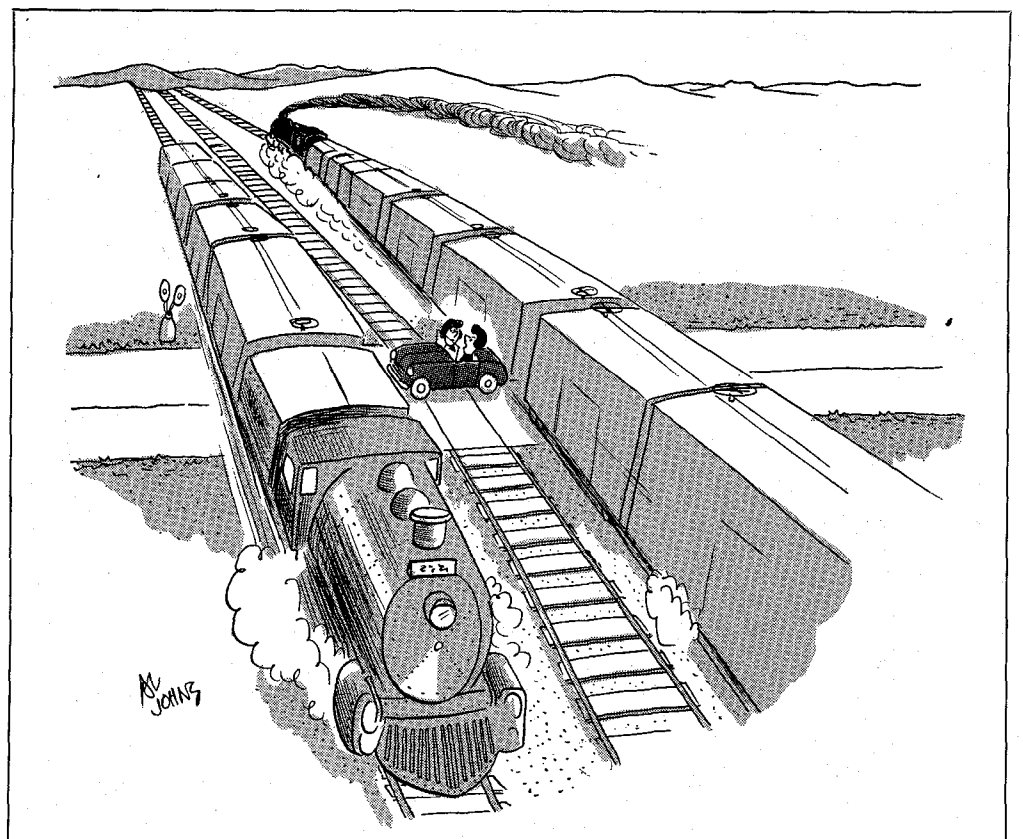
"You mean you bought the house? Gee, I wish you'd told me! I don't mean the old lady across the street is balmy or anything, but still, when she takes out that double-barreled shotgun and starts shooting up the dandelions ——"

"You're looking real chipper for a fellow that's just had an operation! Who was your —— Oh, Doc Snively. I sure wish you'd told me! Of course, maybe this friend of mine didn't have what you've got, but ——"

PAT MC QUESTEN

"I told you it wouldn't last."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I suppose they're making some crack about women drivers."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Fashion Models are Slender

The toniest
Are boniest.

FRANK LOCKWOOD

Success Stories

Stanley Stonebraker is the first to admit that, when he joined the staff of Wingate and Company four years ago as an office boy, he didn't dream that, in a very short time, he would be the firm's second vice-president. He laughs a little as he explains, "I'll never forget the morning that I was called into the president's office and told of my promotion. At first, I honestly thought that Uncle Fred was just pulling my leg; however ——"

Norwood Quigley, an up-and-coming young orchestra leader, has realized the ambition of all persons in his profession—being booked into the Swan Room of the beautiful Hotel Starlite. Norwood, who all along has chosen to make a name for himself in his own right, rather than to capitalize upon the reputation of his brother, Henry Quigley, the world-famous orchestra leader, recently told newspaper reporters, "I've lived in mortal fear of becoming known as the brother of Henry Quigley, the world-famous orchestra leader, and, believe me, I've done everything in my power to hide the fact that I happen to be the brother of Henry Quigley, the world-famous orchestra leader. After all, being the brother of Henry Quigley, the world-famous ——"

Kermit Purdy, an inventor, who has amassed a fortune of nearly ten million dollars through sales of his Snappenketch Mousetrap, reveals that things weren't always a bed of roses for him. "When I invented the trap nearly ten years ago," he states, "I knew that I had a good idea; however, there was the matter of financial backing for my invention, and, frankly, I was plenty worried. It wasn't until the last minute that mom and dad came through with the half million I needed, and ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

No Man of His Word

He always begins with, "Needless to say"—
Then goes on saying it, anyway.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

It Isn't the Heat, and it Isn't the Humidity, Either

Nature has equipped our body with a remarkable body-cooling mechanism which keeps our body cool. Except in hot weather. In hot weather this remarkable body-cooling mechanism doesn't seem to work.

However, there are a number of simple rules, published each year, which will help us to beat the heat, such as increasing salt intake, wearing loose clothing and holding your head under the faucet.

Not that I agree with all of them. For instance, one familiar rule is: DON'T SLEEP WITH AN ELECTRIC FAN DIRECTED AT YOUR BODY. On hot nights I sleep with two electric fans directed at my body and with my head sticking out of the window. So far, the only ill effect I've noticed is a little rain in my face.

But the rule, EAT PLENTY OF LETTUCE, is a good one. Nobody ever saw a hot rabbit. If you work in an open-pit mine or a blast furnace, especially, you should eat plenty of lettuce. I hate to tell you how much.

DRINK COOL LIQUIDS—NOT COLD. Personally, I drink plenty of ice-cold liquids and intend to keep on doing so. The danger seems to be that you will cool off your stomach. Well, that's what I'm after, a cool stomach.

Bathing is helpful, but not everyone can take a shower during a busy day. If you work in an office, try dipping a Turkish towel in ice water and wrapping it around your neck. This will give you a cool neck. A glass of cold water poured slowly over the head is refreshing too. It is wise to remove all the papers from your desk before doing this.

If your boss is away on a business trip or not looking, try lying on the floor with your shoelaces untied. Remember that muscular activity produces heat. Let's not have any muscular activity.

A little vinegar dabbed on the wrists and temples will have a cooling effect. Take a bottle of vinegar to the office and keep it in your desk drawer. And make sure it's vinegar.

AVOID TOO MUCH DIRECT SUNLIGHT. White reflects sunlight instead of absorbing it. If you are required to be out of doors a lot, it is a good idea to paint the top of your head white.

JOHN SWARTWOUT

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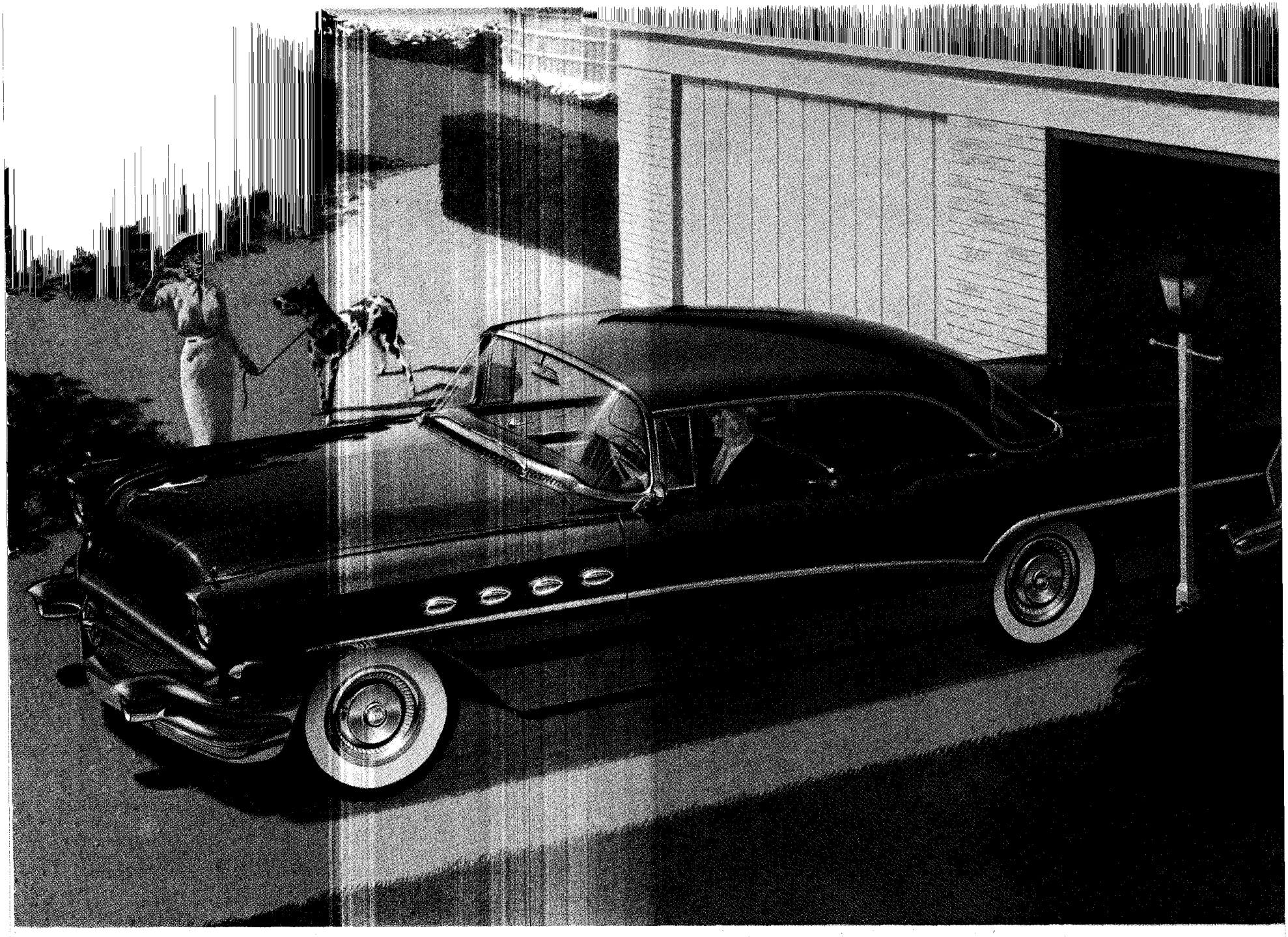

Best of Breed

FINE CARS, like fine horses, can be judged by bloodlines. On this score, of course, you'll find more than one car to choose from.

But there's something else that should enter into your buying, and it's a distinction that belongs, we believe, to one fine car alone.

Call it "best of breed"—or "distillation of excellence"—whatever its name, it shines forth in ROADMASTER.

For this custom-built Buick begins with the brilliant engineering advances that have brought such success to all Buicks—and then moves on to a greatness of its own.

That means you have modern luxury motoring here in a way no other fine car can match—*because no other fine car has the rich volume-production background Buick brings to* ROADMASTER.

Take ROADMASTER's quickness and smoothness of getaway as an example.

No other fine car in the world gives you such liquid and instantaneous motion at the top inch of pedal travel as you find with ROADMASTER's Variable Pitch Dynaflow—plus the ample gas savings this part-throttle range provides.

No other fine car in the world gives you the thrilling, soaring safety-surge of power you feel here when you floor the pedal and "switch the pitch."

Or take roominess—distinctive styling—luxury of ride—pure power. They are all here in their newest and most abundant Buick quality.

To be sure, there are fine cars that cost more—and there are men who will select these cars for that reason.

But for the man who likes his dollars to buy *all fine car* on a best-of-breed basis, the decision is going more and more to ROADMASTER.

May we suggest a sampling of this best of the best Buicks yet—at your Buick dealer's soon?

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Roadmaster

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Custom Built by Buick

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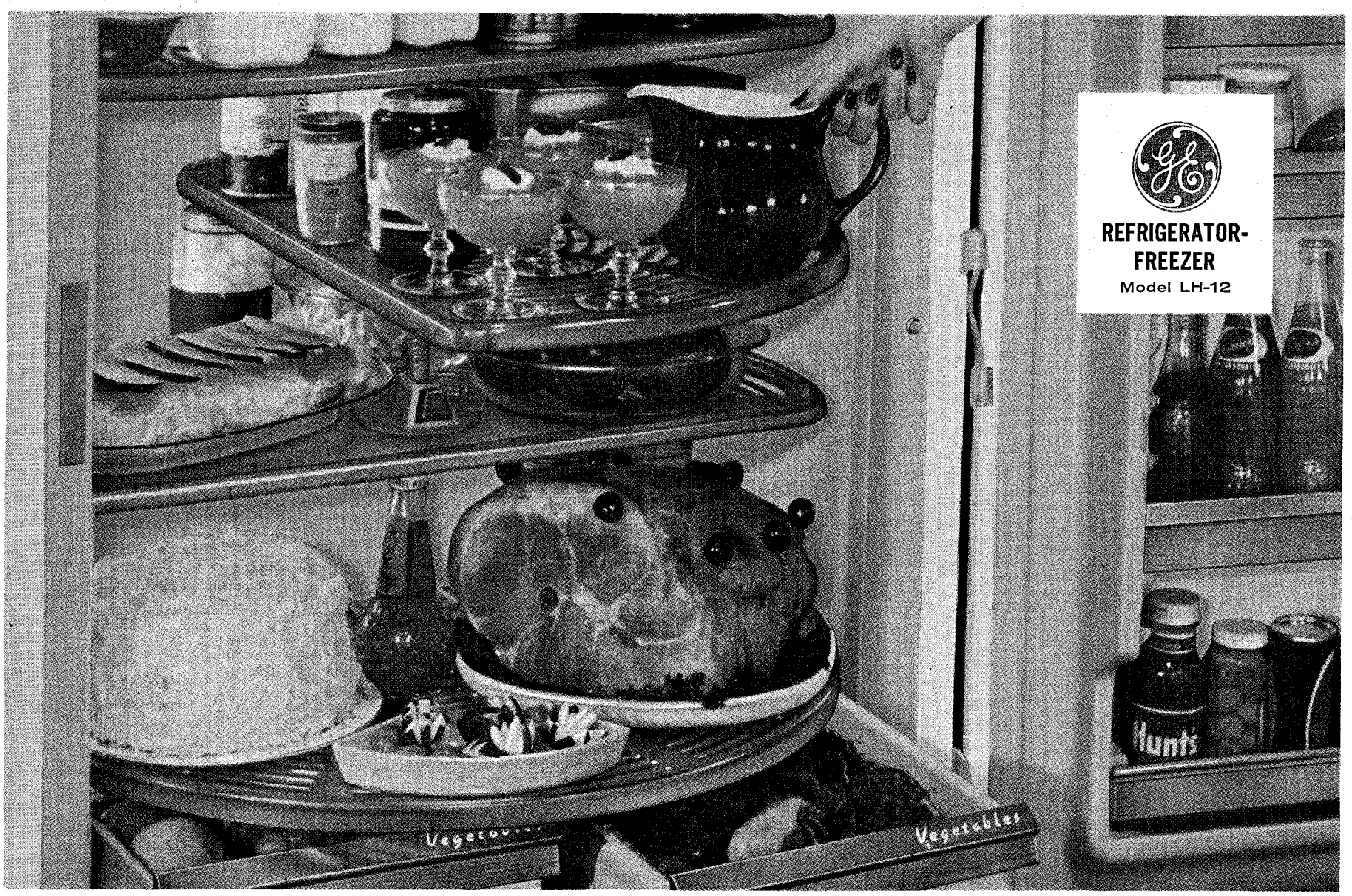
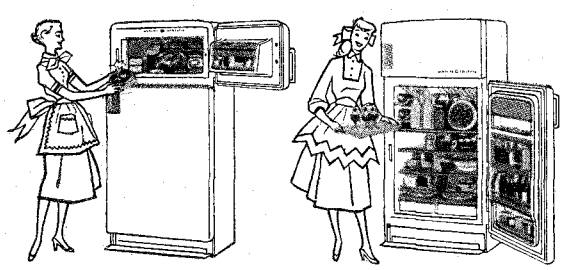


Available in G-E Mix-or-Match colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Cadet Blue, Petal Pink, Woodtone Brown—or White. With left- or right-hand doors.



TWO separate appliances in one cabinet!

The true, zero-degree freezer has its own separate door, and separate refrigerating system. Keeps as many as 89 packages of frozen foods up to a year.

The big refrigerator section has completely automatic defrosting. And there's room for more foods on the sturdy G-E Revolving Shelves!

New, big G-E with Revolving Shelves and Magnetic Safety Doors

Revolving Shelves put all foods at your fingertips. Magnetic Door closes surely, silently, *automatically*. Latchless, too! A child cannot be locked inside.

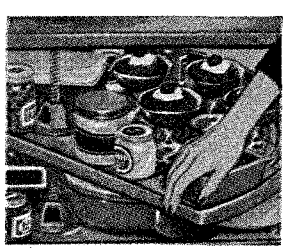
No other refrigerator, at a comparable price, can match this wonderful 12-cubic-foot General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer for worksaving conveniences and luxurious good looks.

Just look at all the features you can enjoy: General Electric Revolving Shelves, Magnetic Doors, automatic defrosting in the refrigerator section, automatic butter conditioner, adjustable and removable door shelves, separate zero-degree freezer that holds up to 77 pounds of frozen foods.

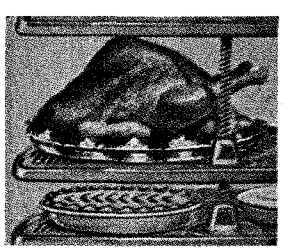
So safe, too! Children can't be locked inside because the latchless magnetic door can be opened easily from within.

See this big, economical Refrigerator-Freezer at your General Electric dealer's. Ask about the easy terms and generous trade-in allowance most General Electric dealers are offering.

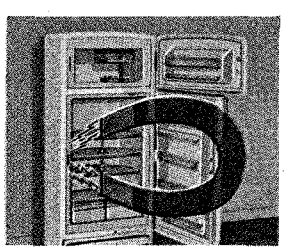
See your nearest General Electric dealer. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



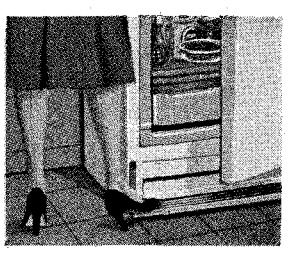
Revolving Shelves put all foods within easy reach. Just turn a shelf—food rides to the front.



Store Bulky Items without rearranging foods. Press button, turn shelf to adjust up or down.



Magnetic Safety Doors. G-E Alnico Magnets close doors automatically, silently. Provide more efficient seal.



Foot Pedal. A touch of your toe opens refrigerator door, leaving both your hands free to carry food.

So dependable! More than 3,500,000 G-E Refrigerators in use 10 years or longer!

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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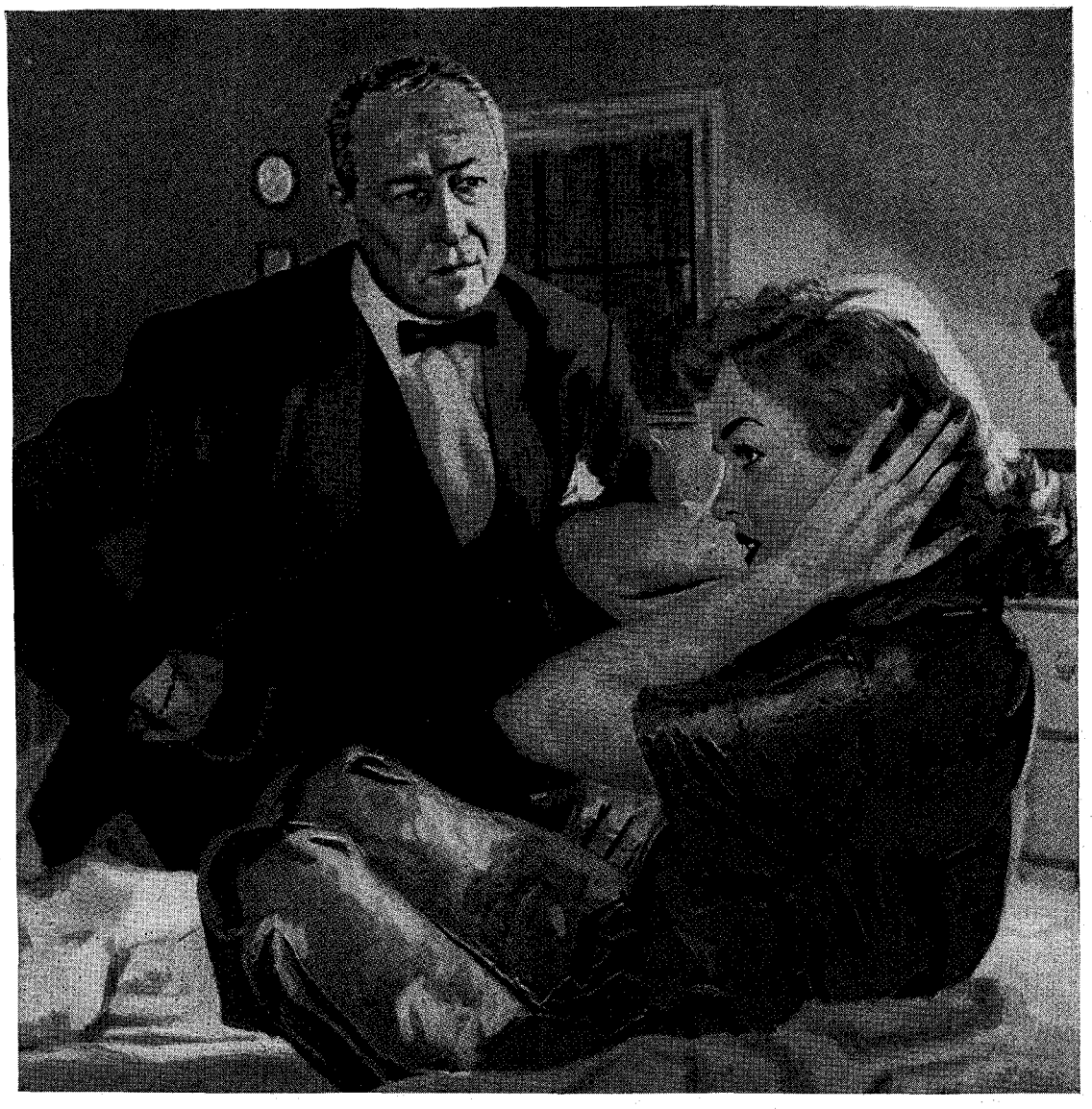
Reunion With Terror

Her best friend a communist agent? She would never believe it.

By MARTHA ALBRAND



"I know what you think!" Lisa cried. "But listen, for just one second listen to me! I think it's a frame-up!"

Crazy, Ward told himself. *Of course, I'm crazy.* Yet he couldn't erase from his mind the idea that he'd formed while in Holm's apartment that day: the idea that Dr. Franz Linden was a communist agent.

Linden was a prominent German politician who recently had been repatriated by the Reds after being kept prisoner for over a decade. The doctor had subsequently become head of a West German Security department.

George Holm was a member of Linden's staff. Holm was arrested after Linden produced evidence that Holm was working for the Reds.

Holm was a close friend of Linden's late wife, Tilly, and daughter, Lisa. Lisa was sure Holm was innocent. Since her father would not help Holm, Lisa approached Ward, whom she knew as Martin, a newspaper reporter. Unknown to Lisa, Ward was an American Intelligence agent.

Ward currently was trying to find out what had happened to Nemec, a high official in the Czech communist government who had been abducted shortly after fleeing to Western Germany. Nevertheless, Ward agreed to help Lisa. He, too, became convinced of Holm's innocence.

Over the objections of his superior, Colonel Harrison, Ward reopened Holm's case. It became clear that if, as Ward suspected, Holm was framed, only Linden could have done it. Had Linden possibly been brain-washed and become a communist? Was he using Holm as a dupe to cover up his own activities?

Actually, Doctor Linden was dead. His role was being played by his double, Kozlov, a Russian M.G.B. agent. When Kozlov learned that Ward was investigating Holm's case, he arranged to have the American killed. The murder attempt failed.

As tactfully as possible, Ward tried to reveal his suspicions to Lisa. She admitted that her father sometimes acted strangely, but could not bring herself to admit the possibility that he was a communist.

V

Lisa walked away from the Hofbräuhaus quickly and without looking where she was going. She was still too appalled by her conversation with Ward, whom she thought of as Martin, to think clearly. She felt wildly rebellious and sick at the same time. She had understood very well the deeper meaning of Ward's careful phrasing and, though she had pretended not to hear his last sentence, "It might not be his fault," her quick mind had grasped the insinuation that her father's mind might be sick.

Impossible, she thought, and shuddered. Impossible. And inside the pockets of her coat her hands formed fists. Not that, dear Lord, not that! There was no reason to believe anything Martin had said. He, himself, had admitted he had no basis for his suspicion—no basis whatsoever. But fear swept through her and she had to hold onto herself so as not to break into sobs. Blindly she stared at one of the showcases featuring the exquisite output of Bavaria's famous Nymphenburg porcelain factory. There was the matter of the ring, of course. Linden had given her the ring her mother had worn on the day of her death—the ring she had never taken off—asking her if she would not like to have it. She had been deeply touched, but hesitated to take it. "You are sure you wouldn't mind?" Shaking his head, he had said, "Not at all. Why should I?" And she had realized then that he had forgotten that the ring was Tilly's engagement ring, for which he had pawned most of his belongings. And there were other things that had startled her.

His interest in money. Since she had been able to grasp that money played a part in one's life, her grandfather had told her how horrified he had been at his son-in-law's lack of interest in anything that had to do with finance. Even the old family lawyer seemed to have been a little surprised at Linden's attitude, but had said to her later that one never knew where a man with Linden's fate behind him might anchor his security. "Wait till he has a job again, till he's back at work. He's still uprooted, lost, in a sense."

And he had been right, Lisa thought, walking on. Since her father had been appointed by the government as the head of Bavaria's Department of Security, a position vacated by the sudden and serious illness of the former chief, he had not once mentioned finances. One thing, though, she had not told anyone, and that was the question of color. Most of her mother's and her own dresses had been in every shade of blue because it had

(Continued on Page 56)

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We Remodeled Our House . . . and How!

(Continued from Page 32)

jobs—I as a society columnist for the Evening Star and he as a member of the State Department; that we knew nothing about construction; and that, perhaps, it would cost more to remodel than we were prepared to spend.

When my arguments failed, I brought in a battalion of experts. A contractor breezed through the house, waved his hand majestically and announced it would take a mere $12,000 to convert this slum to a palace. Archie could stand my shilly-shallying no longer. He had the contract written, signed it and thrust it in front of me to make it legal. Again I wavered. For three days that piece of paper haunted me, until, in a surge of desperation, I put my name to it. With unseemly speed the owner, who was asking $45,000, accepted our offer of $36,000—not even a quibble. This should have aroused our suspicions. But with tight lips Archie continued to insist, "It's a steal."

This was in July, in the midst of a Washington heat wave, and most of our friends thought the temperature had addled our brains. We brought them around for guided tours with a commentary which went somewhat like this:

ARCHIE: You enter through this vestibule, see? These next doors, which have to be replaced of course, take you into the main hall. Isn't it nice and large?

FRIEND: What's this sag in the floor just under the staircase?

ARCHIE: Oh, that's just where the house has settled. You know these old houses. At least they've done all the settling they're going to do. Now look at this room just off the hall. This will be the library.

FRIEND: Hey, Archie, did you notice this wall of the so-called library is all plywood? It's wet and rotted. Looks as if most of your plaster here is gone.

ARCHIE: Oh, well. Of course, we'll have to patch the plaster. Now look at this room. This will be the dining room. Just look back here, with all those wonderful windows and these French doors overlooking the garden. Can you imagine a more cheerful place to have breakfast?

FRIEND (*looking out at a collection of tin cans, old tires and broken glass covering some thirty-five by seventy-five feet and filled with weeds higher than the first floor of the house*): Well, it does have possibilities. Say, what's all that plastic stuff covering these windows?

ARCHIE: I guess the people who lived here before covered the panes with it to keep the rain and wind out. I suppose these windows will have to go.

FRIEND: Look at that cement ledge under the window. Water seems to be leaking in from outside. We'll have to come to dinner in a boat!

ARCHIE (*determined to ignore all wisecracks*): Now, just off the dining room here will be the kitchen. And just off here is the furnace room. Look at this old-fashioned oil burner. Still got years of life, though.

FRIEND: But, Archie, that's a converted coal furnace. Looks in bad shape to me.

ARCHIE: Never mind that. Now see, from the furnace room you go out to the garage. Isn't it wonderful having a garage in a crowded place like Georgetown?

FRIEND: I don't think it's big enough for the new models. Have you measured?

ARCHIE: Oh, well, there's no law that says you have to shut your garage door. Just wait until you see the drawing room.

(*Archie and friend go upstairs into large room which covers entire second floor, with double fireplaces and French doors leading out to a porch enclosed with small-paned windows. To one side is a back staircase going up to the bedroom floor. On the other side is an antiquated bathroom, circa 1900.*)

ARCHIE: Isn't this dramatic? Why, it's almost a ballroom.

FRIEND: It certainly is big enough. Have you got furniture to fill it? . . . Hey, Archie, what's this large hump in the center of the floor?

ARCHIE (*visibly annoyed by now*): Don't you understand? The house has settled on both ends, leaving a slight hump in the middle. Now look out here on the porch, which we will make into a solarium. We're going to tear out that bathroom and make it a bar, with a refrigerator and everything. We'll put a powder room out in the hall. We'll tear out that staircase and put in a large auxiliary coat closet for parties.

FRIEND: It certainly will be nice for parties. But will you have any money left to give them?

And so it went. The third floor, with three bedrooms, had not one closet. The bedroom overlooking the garden, which was to be ours, had a rickety porch around it and another turn-of-the-century bathroom. The front bedroom, for guests, had one huge radiator taking up an entire wall. A small room next to the guest room was earmarked for another bathroom. On the top floor where we planned to install my fourteen-year-old stepson were two little dormer bedrooms.

We failed to notice there were no radiators on the fourth floor and none in the master bedroom. But our next-door neighbor told us all. The previous occupant, she disclosed, had had to bring her children downstairs to sleep in the drawing room in winter because the top floors were so cold. "It's a nice cool house in the summer, though," she added.

All these calamities, plus our friends' derision, made no dent on Archie. I confess, though, that I found myself growing daily more depressed. I think it was the day when I learned that all six fireplaces were unworkable and fire hazards to boot that my attitude changed. Suddenly I was determined to show everybody that this could be a dream house and it was they who lacked imagination.

Armed only with determination and bravado, we mustered an army of contractors and their henchmen to decide who would have the dubious honor of performing this miracle. Thinking we were playing it smart, we decided to call in general contractors first, let them give us estimates for the complete job. Then, by way of checking on them, we called in individual plumbers, electricians, painters, plasterers, and so on, to compare their estimates with those of the big boys. We also had a big firm give us a price, as well as a young man just starting out. Sounds very logical, doesn't it?

But logic doesn't help much when you get the entire building industry of a city furious at you. For more than a month I had an army of men running in and out of the house. And each time I went through with a new contractor, I had changed my mind as to what I wanted done, so there was never any fair basis for comparison.

I learned that contractors are a gloomy lot. Especially when it comes to old houses. They tell you all the horrors they've experienced, and warn you they must take them into account when preparing their estimates. One cheerful type discovered that our chimney slanted dangerously. Another said the floors were sinking. Still another observed that the house was constructed of salmon brick. "Very inferior brick," he said. "Lots of it will have to be replaced."

In all these powwows I picked up a lot of subtle "housemanship"—or how to be one up on contractors. There are certain expressions which create an illusion of knowledge. For example, as you look over the plumbing, you should say, "Of course, these are all lead pipes and will have to be replaced." (You have learned this from the last plumber.) Then you casually mention twelve-light windows (that means six small panes above and below); or double-hung windows (just plain old windows that go up and down). You ought also to inquire knowingly as to where the stack should go—that's the main pipe that connects the plumbing to the sewer system. And, if you really want to make an impression, you might drop in such terms as "pointing up" the brick, "furring" the walls and fixing the downspouts, gutters and flashings. (I'm still not sure just which is which.)

After a week or two of frenzied activity, we sat back to wait for the estimates.

"Is it true that you raffled off your desk?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Nothing happened. No word from anyone. Apparently, they were so busy that our paltry thousands meant little to them. When the figures finally did come, as logic would have it, the most expensive and famous contractor gave the highest estimate, while the lowest came from the young, unproved builder. I was right back where I had started and a month had passed. After a second go-around of estimates and indecision, and still another month wasted, I had yet to find my man.

"For heaven's sake," my husband said. "You aren't going to marry the guy. Let's take the one who offers us the best deal!"

But he didn't understand. By now, I was convinced that choosing a contractor was really more difficult than choosing a husband. And then it happened. The heavens smiled one day and sent us Russell Eldridge—a well-known Georgetown builder, famous for his gruff manner and frank comments.

A huge man, with startling white hair and a booming voice, Russell Eldridge looked at the two of us after surveying the house and informed us we were a "passel of fools." I realized immediately that here was a man who could size up a situation accurately.

His first act was to tell us we shouldn't have bought the house; his second was to tell us we paid too much for it. His third was to take the job.

And so, with a cost-plus contract, Mr. Eldridge began work. Let me warn you! Never, but never, accept a contractor's word for when a job will be finished. We were told we might get in in three months. We actually moved in seven months later. It's not that Mr. Eldridge deliberately deceived us. Contractors, I learned, just don't have the heart to tell you the awful truth.

The first few days were a joy of destruction. Stairs were ripped out; floors torn up. The men buzzed along for several weeks, nailing two-by-fours all over the place, until one day I stopped by and found the place deserted.

Frantically, I telephoned Mr. Eldridge. The reason, it seems, was the district government. A zealous inspector had happened by, found them putting a lining in the fireplace without a proper permit, and ordered all workers off the job until such permit was granted.

It galled me that some bureaucrat I had never seen could throw my life into a turmoil. Instead of simply obeying the law, as Archie would have us do, I insisted on having a tearful scene with the inspector. This, of course, did no good. I later realized that the stringent building codes, especially for Georgetown, were designed to protect us.

There was another authority to be faced—the Fine Arts Commission. These illustrious citizens, dedicated to preserving the Georgetown tradition, will not allow so much as a window to be changed without their clearance. After the workers had torn out the two casement windows in the kitchen, the inspector happened by and ordered work stopped until the commission put its blessing on it. This meant that for three weeks a huge, gaping hole in the back of the house gave the elements free entry.

Now that I look back on this adventure, I realize that Mr. Eldridge was a diplomat extraordinary. During the seven months he had the misfortune to be associated with us, I must have telephoned him on an average of once daily. Never did he sound annoyed, impatient or tired. He answered my foolish questions as if they were intelligent. He humored me and pretended that my call was an essential part of the day's business.

Then one morning an unusual thing happened. (*Continued on Page 46*)

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(*Continued from Page 44*) Mr. Eldridge called me. I was in my office, just about to begin the day's work.

"Mrs. Roosevelt," he said, "the men started digging the footings for the walls in the garden and they've come across a cistern thirty-five feet deep, and empty. Looks as if it formerly supplied your house and the one next door, for the cistern is centered in the middle of the property line."

At lunchtime we went to the house. The laborers opened a manhole and inside was a huge circular cistern with cement walls. We looked into the impenetrable abyss and then dropped a brick. It seemed like hours before we heard a clunk.

Now this wasn't the first cistern ever found in Georgetown, and a friend of ours even found a graveyard in her back yard. But I didn't see why this had to happen to us—especially since much of the debris from the house had already been hauled away, and we had to have, at vast expense, rocks and dirt to fill the cavernous depths.

About this time I read an article which said that one of the greatest crises in a woman's life was redecorating a house. Up to that point I hadn't let my volatile Mediterranean temperament get the better of me. But reading I was in a crisis, I decided to live it to the hilt, and Archie had to bear the brunt of it. A peace-loving man, my husband finally decided the only way we could avoid open warfare was to stake out certain areas of control. He was to be responsible for the outside of the house, the garden and the bar—his pride and joy. I was to have the rest. But it didn't work. Jurisdictional disputes arose and there were whole days when we agreed it would be better not to speak.

As his jurisdiction was somewhat confined, Archie decided his time would be better spent in planning the garden. Of course, in midwinter it was impossible to plant anything, and what's more, the workmen were trampling all about.

However, since the garden was filled with strange wild growths, he set about cutting down the jungle. One day I invaded Archie's territory and found the wisteria, which the neighbors had told me was the finest in the area, leveled to the ground. All that remained was a scarred and bleeding stump.

"Murderer!" I cried, pointing an accusing finger at my spouse.

A tearful scene ensued and he went around with a guilty look until spring, when the wisteria forced itself out of the stump with such exuberance that soon the same neighbors who had bemoaned its passing muttered dire warnings that this parasitic plant would strangle our gutters, eat away our walls and gradually destroy the house.

I would warn any couples intent on remodeling an old house to be sure their marriage is as durable as our wisteria. You will find your wedded bliss subjected to stresses and strains the marriage counselors never dreamed of.

And that goes for your friends too. We discovered how quickly one can lose friends simply by boring them to death. During the "reconstruction period" we knew only one subject of conversation—the house. You know how annoying it is to ask someone how he feels and then listen to an hour-long clinical analysis. Well, our friends soon learned not to ask the obvious "How's the house coming along?" They knew we would tell them—and in excruciating detail.

The only friends I made during this entire period were two women who were involved in similar projects. When we spotted one another at parties, we would instantly rush to a corner and compare notes until dinner was announced. If we were seated anywhere near one another, we continued through dinner and after.

What friends we managed to retain were subjected to repeated tours of the house. We were most anxious that they see the intricate plumbing and wiring which left great holes in floors, walls and ceilings. Somehow, it seemed a shame that our life's blood was going into things people would never see, once the work was completed.

After showing off our exciting array of pipes and wires, it began to be embarrassing when friends remarked they could see no change since the last time they were herded through. Obviously they thought we had run short of cash in the middle of the job. Actually, things were at a standstill because for more than a month the plasterers obstinately refused to show up.

Whenever I queried anyone about the absent plasterers, there was always some mysterious excuse about the weather. When they finally did begin, in the coldest, dampest days of winter, I asked, "But what about the weather?" They looked at me with shocked surprise and said, "Weather? Weather? Why, that doesn't matter at all."

In the bitter cold they set to work, with no heat in the house except some fantastic contraptions breathing fire which they brought with them. As we came by for our daily inspection, we stumbled over piles of congealed plaster and assorted rubbish. There was an occasional scene when I found them gravely plastering over the electrical outlets we had gone to such trouble to install.

The worst crisis was over one lone medicine cabinet. I had planned to make the powder room look as little like a bathroom as possible. The last thing I wanted in it was a medicine cabinet.

"Every bathroom has a medicine cabinet!" the plasterers insisted and, ignoring my instructions, they left a large hole in one wall where a cabinet would fit. It took months to get it covered over.

Thanks to Mr. Eldridge, we solved the worst problem of all—the master bedroom. Dark and gloomy, cut off from the light by the original brick wall which divided it from a rickety porch, it was straight out of a Charles Addams cartoon, and I half expected an octopus to pop out from a murky cranny.

One day as I opened the door, I was half blinded by the light. To my horror, I saw that Mr. Eldridge had knocked out the wall and some of the roof in the process. And to my frenzied protestations he said proudly, "We'll plaster this porch area and you've almost doubled the size of the bedroom. Now you have a wonderful view of the city, and I'm bringing the garden right into your bedroom."

When this messiest period was over and the house swept out for the ninety-fifth time, we at last began to see flesh on the skeleton. Then began the period which nearly finished me.

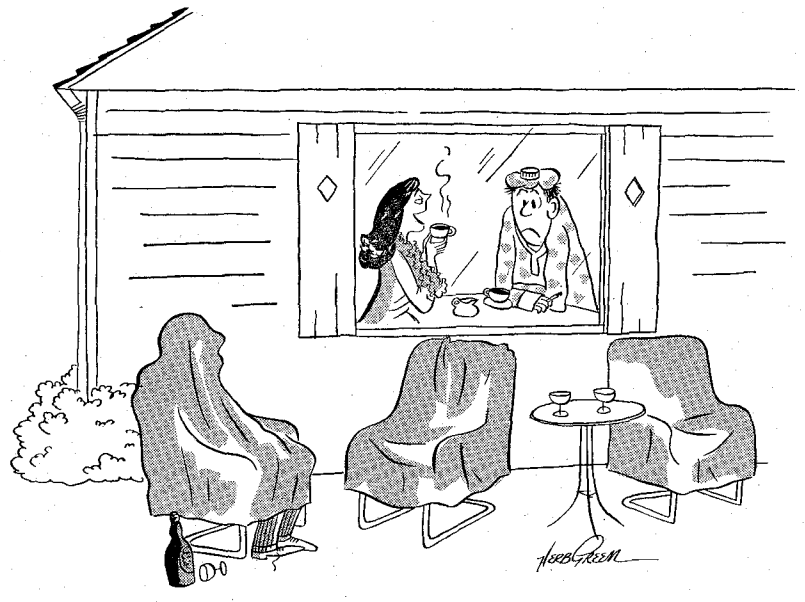
In his abrupt manner, Mr. Eldridge informed me one day that the carpenters would begin the next morning on the top floor and work down. He wanted me every day for decisions as to closets, moldings, mantels and trim. This meant saying "yes" or "no" hundreds of times. Every decision was irrevocable, and Happy Arch, as I began calling him, couldn't understand why it was such agony for me.

Somehow I managed to tell them about doors, valances and windows, and only changed my mind about three times on each item. But the problem of moldings was the worst. I broached the subject to Archie, and he asked, "What are they?" Now, however, he points with pride and makes his friends feel quite stupid as he talks knowingly about "four-inch crown," "dental" and other types of moldings.

Having struggled with me for weeks, the carpenters had it easy compared with the painters. Mr. Eldridge sent me a genial couple named Stanley and Johnny. They were happy and eager as we began planning colors. Within two weeks Johnny was not speaking to me.

You see, I wanted a certain shade of pinkish-white for my walls. But they weren't to look either pink or white. The painters found my instructions somewhat baffling. We covered rooms with samples of everything that might be the right color. I wasted two weeks of their time and still couldn't make a decision. I even took Stanley with me to one of the plush embassies on Massachusetts Avenue where I thought I might find the right color. Imagine, if you can, a cordial but somewhat astonished ambassador receiving guests for lunch and at the same time escorting Stanley in his paint-bespattered overalls and me in my Bermuda shorts through the elegant surroundings.

Still unable to capture the elusive color, I fled to an interior decorator, saw the color in her sample book and shrieked with joy as I brought it to Stanley, only to discover it was the color he had originally mixed two weeks ago. But he smiled—a tired, wan smile he wore on his face like a mask. Every day for weeks thereafter he put that "funny pink"—as he insisted on calling it—on three quarters of the walls.



"I thought some of our guests would never leave."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

While they painted, I selected wallpaper. This was another effort which left some people speechless and almost brought Mr. Eldridge and me to harsh words. In the dining room I decided I wanted an Early-Victorian atmosphere—a whim which led me to select a paper with huge blue birds and great baskets of red flowers. Even the paper hangers hated it, but there it was, delivered and paid for, and up it went. They were halfway through when I walked in, took one look and screamed at them to stop.

"Look, lady, isn't this the paper you picked out?" said the irascible Johnny, who was speaking again, but only just.

"Yes, but it's terrible," I said through my tears, and then tried my one little deal in this entire business. I became convinced in my mind that the paper was defective. (It was only my mind that was.) I refused to pay for it. Mr. Eldridge finally had to get a representative from the manufacturer to put in writing that the paper was guaranteed perfect before I would accept it. But I still changed it, and so paid for papering the room twice.

By this time we had acquired such a cavalier attitude about money that nothing seemed expensive—a hundred more here or there—it was all just figures.

Then still more decisions—light fixtures, linoleum, hardware, and finally sanding the floors. The floors were the original ones, but covered with layers of black paint. Mr. Eldridge had predicted they would look awful. For once, he was wrong and cheerfully admitted it. After being scraped, sanded and waxed, the wide pine boards gave off a rich glow which only 100-year-old wood can have.

Now the decisions were all behind me and I was feeling happy and carefree. All that remained was moving. All, that is, except the day of reckoning. The bill. We had estimated the maximum we should spend was $16,000. You can imagine our shock when we learned we had spent over $10,000 more than that! How? It's easy. At first I thought I must have misjudged Mr. Eldridge's character. But he sat down in the midst of my hysterics and slowly explained every last penny. We had spent it all right and, what's more, we'll probably be paying the rest of our lives.

After absorbing this bitterest of all pills, my husband came home one evening and blithely announced that he had just been assigned to two months of temporary duty abroad. Wasn't it sad, he added, that I would have to move alone? But I fooled him. I spent the months he was away putting the final touches to the house. The day after he returned, exhausted from his trip to the Near East and Asia, we moved.

So here we are in our little palace. And despite the headaches and heartaches, it really has everything we wanted. The library, lined with books, looks as if we had lived there always. The dining room, with the south wall almost completely glass, gives the illusion of being indoors and out at the same time. The drawing room is large and spacious, with a solarium outside, and Archie's modern, well-equipped bar. The once-dark master bedroom is light and cheerful; we can at last have guests in comfort, and my young stepson can mess his top-floor quarters all he wants. The garden, with its new walls and brick terrace, is a bit bare, but wonder of wonders, it's green!

Our skeptical friends now agree it's a dream, but a few die-hards have ventured the opinion that perhaps we could have built a new house for less money, and less wear and tear on our nervous systems.

I doubt it, but even so, it's hard to translate for someone else the joy of taking something decaying and dying, and breathing new life into it, making it proud and beautiful once more. THE END

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Leading designers agree that THE FLIGHT-SWEEP is the car style trend of the future!

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"This is the direction all *car design should ultimately go."*
Ted Jones, *boat designer, Slo-Mo-Shun, Miss Thriftway and "X-100"*

"The Flight-Sweep is the freshest approach yet in the evolution of car design."
Edward F. Burton, *Chief Engineer, Douglas DC-8 Jet Transport*

"The Flight-Sweep looks like motion. It's eager, vital with a feeling of the future."
Anne Fogarty, *fashion designer*

All over America there is increasing acceptance of THE FLIGHT-SWEEP, the exclusive design of the 1956 cars of Chrysler Corporation. People agree that the long, low aerodynamic lines from headlight to upswept tail make this the design that others must follow in the years to come.

Leading designers in many fields, such as those above, back up this judgment. These experts find THE FLIGHT-SWEEP appealing in its expression of modern living . . . youthful, dynamic. And it has a generous touch of the future!

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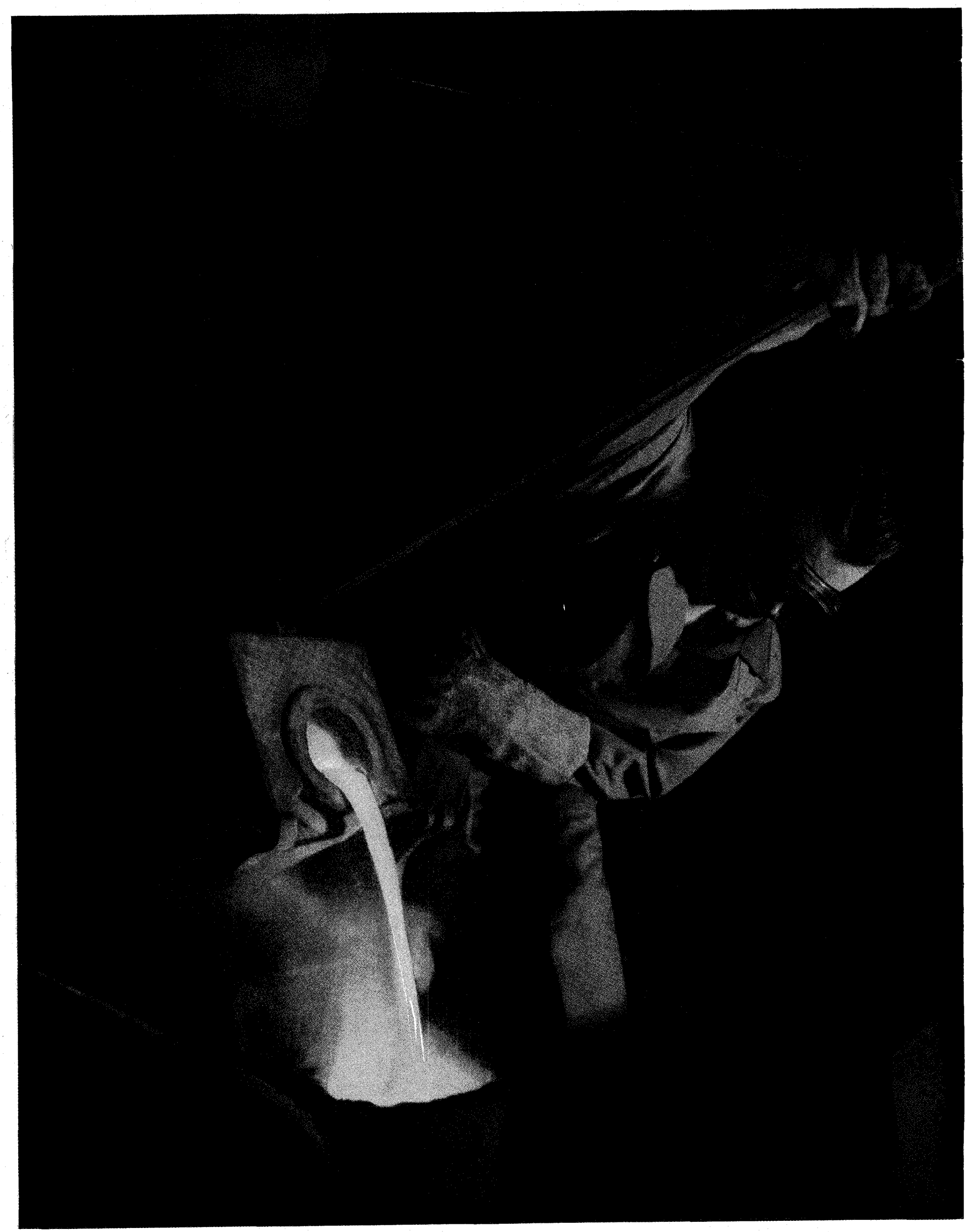

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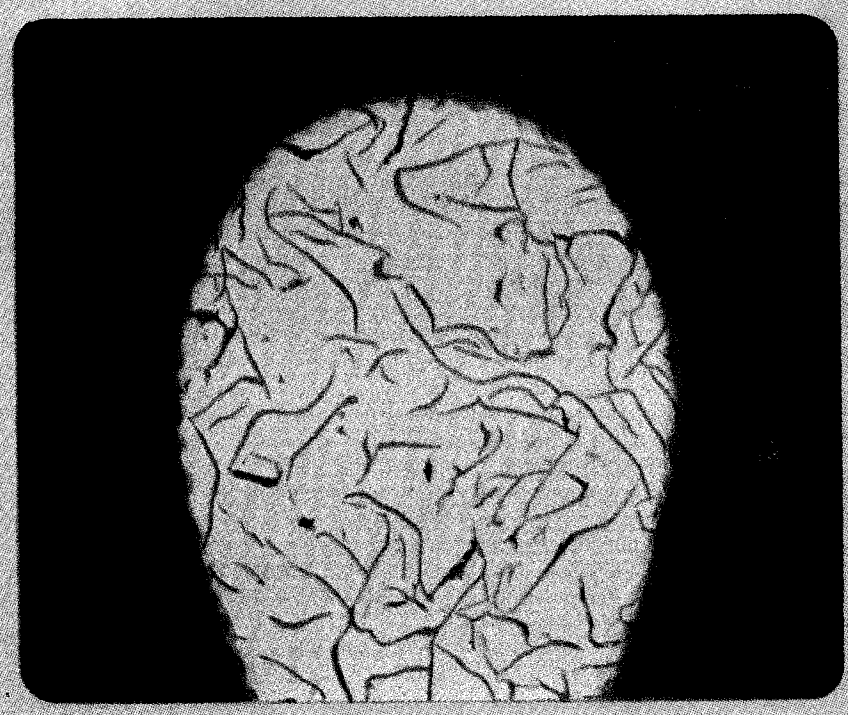
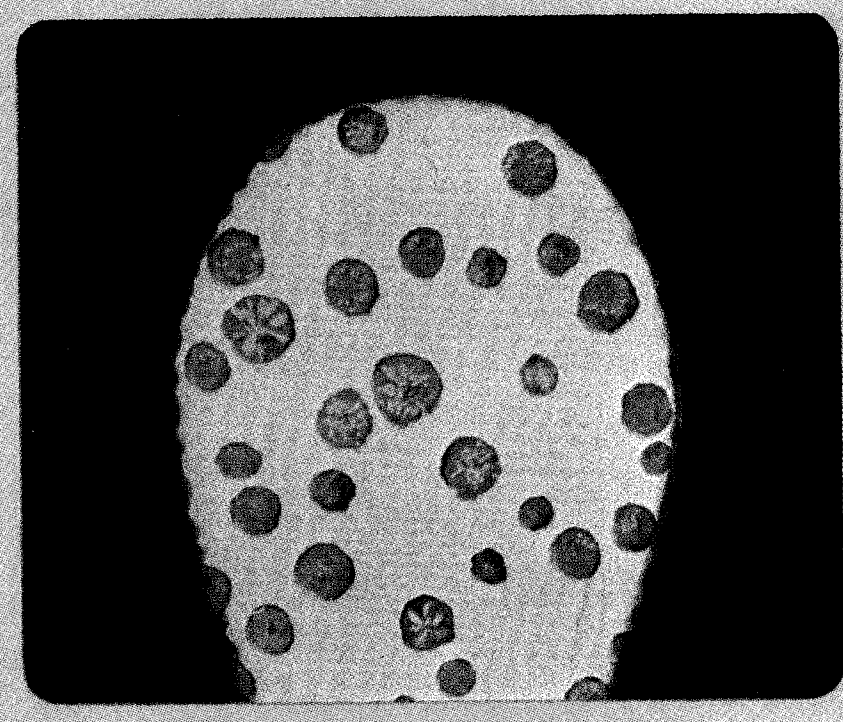


Ordinary cast iron magnified 200 times by the microscope. To research specialists the ribbons of graphite flakes, distributed through the iron like a network of invisible cracks or voids, explain why ordinary cast iron will break if it receives an extremely sharp jolt.



New Allis-Chalmers iron has a completely different structure—with tiny "balls" of graphite entirely surrounded by iron. This new iron has greater strength and shock-absorbing ability, yet it is just as easy to cast and machine as ordinary cast iron.

The Fingerprints of Metals

reveal a new cast iron that bends —*a contribution of Allis-Chalmers basic research*

Here are two different metals under the spotlight of the research microscope. They tell Allis-Chalmers scientists more about *metals* than fingerprints can tell the FBI about *people* . . . not only identify them, but actually reveal some of their history.

Photomicrographs like these are typical of the tools Allis-Chalmers research specialists used to develop a new kind of cast iron—as strong and flexible as steel, yet as easy to cast and machine as ordinary cast iron. Equally important, this new metal can be produced economically. As a result, it is already serving many users of Allis-Chalmers products to good advantage.

The "cast iron that bends" is a good example of how Allis-Chalmers basic research works for you. The idea for a new kind of *metal* came before its use in any *product*. In similar ways, the benefits of Allis-Chalmers research have been applied in fields as different from one another as electrical insulation and ore processing . . . products as different from one another as tractors and turbines.

Exploring new frontiers has been a major factor in the growth of Allis-Chalmers. The company's scientists and engineers are constantly pioneering . . . seeking and finding new ways to prove that America's future holds even greater opportunities than the past.

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Let's Stop This Narcotics Hysteria!

(Continued from Page 19)

For drug addiction is neither menace nor mortal sin, but a health problem—indeed, a minor health problem when compared with such killers as alcoholism, heart disease and cancer.

I make that statement with deep conviction. My work has included the psychiatric examination and general treatment of several thousand addicts. I know their habit is a viciously enslaving one, and we should not relax for a moment our efforts to stop its spread and ultimately to stamp it out completely. But our enforcement agencies seem to have forgotten that the addict is a sick person who needs medical help rather than longer jail sentences or the electric chair. He needs help which the present Narcotics Bureau regulations make it very difficult for doctors to give him. Moreover, no distinction has been made, in the punishment of violators, between the non-addicted peddler who perpetuates the illicit traffic solely for his own profit and the addict who sells small amounts to keep himself supplied with a drug on which he has become physically and psychologically dependent.

The Council of the American Psychiatric Association, in a public statement issued after the Senate passed its bill, declared that this and a companion measure introduced in the House, "represent backward steps in attacking this national problem." The association, after listing some of the points I have just made, concludes by remarking that "additional legislation concerning drug addiction should be directed to making further medical progress possible, rather than discouraging it. The legislative proposals now under consideration would undermine the progress that has been made and impede further progress. Thus, they are not in the public interest."

I was launched in this field of medicine in 1923, when the United States Public Health Service assigned me to study drug addiction at what is now the National Institute of Public Health. In 1935 I opened the service's hospital for treatment of addicts at Lexington, Kentucky. Three years later I became Chief of the Division of Mental Hygiene, overseeing administration of the Lexington hospital and a similar institution at Fort Worth, Texas. And after retiring from the service in 1944, I continued to be active in psychiatry. So I know a great deal about addiction, and how perverse our attitude toward it has become.

Most addiction arises from misuse of marijuana, cocaine, alcohol, opium or opium's important preparations and derivatives—eating opium, smoking opium, laudanum, morphine and heroin. Alcohol is a yardstick with which to measure the harm done by other drugs. There are 4,500,000 alcoholics in this country, and about 700,000 of them are compulsive drinkers who are on "skid road" or headed for it—gripped like opium addicts by psychological forces they cannot control.

Until recent times, millions of people in Asia and Africa were habitual users of opium. Dr. C. S. Mei, a physician and Chinese Government official, told me in 1937 that there were about 15,000,000 opium smokers in China. He was interested in the anti-opium campaign because the slavish habit was lowering users' diligence and industry. But he remarked that opium smoking had little or no effect on health and no effect whatsoever on crime.

Addiction is far less common among Western peoples, chiefly because of our preference for alcohol. At the highest point of drug addiction in the United States, 1890–99, when all kinds of opiates could be bought as freely as candy or potatoes, there was only one opium addict for every 300 of the population. Today we have about 60,000 addicts in the United States—that is, about one in 2800 of the population. About 50,000 of them are addicted to opiates, mostly heroin, about 5000 to opiumlike synthetic drugs, and about 5000 to marijuana. Cocaine, once widely used, has practically disappeared from the scene.

Lawmakers may feel that addicts as well as sellers deserve death, but few doctors would agree. I have in mind particularly a report issued in June, 1955, by a group of prominent New York physicians, appointed by The New York Academy of Medicine to study the addiction problem. The gist of their report is that drug addiction is not a crime, but an illness, and that the emphasis should be placed on rehabilitation of addicts, instead of on punishment.

This committee deplores the fact that addicts are forced into crime by unwise suppressive methods. It recommends that, under controlled conditions, certain morphine and heroin addicts be given the drug they need while being prepared for treatment. For certain incurable cases, the committee advocates giving the needed opiate indefinitely at specially regulated clinics, although many physicians oppose using clinics in this way. My own proposal, which I shall go into later, would be to have such cases evaluated by doctors appointed for their competence in this field. The New York committee also recommends counseling services for patients after withdrawal treatment, to help them resist the temptation to return to the drug when stress situations arise.

A key fact to bear in mind is that the man addicted to an opiate becomes dependent on frequent regular doses to maintain normal body functions and comfort. If the drug is abruptly withheld he becomes intensely ill. In rare cases he may even collapse and die.

I once saw a woman who had come here from abroad, where she had been taking eight grains of morphine daily. Cut off from her supply, she got into an American hospital where suppression of the "drug menace" was more important than the relief of pain. She died in two days, due to sudden stoppage of the drug. There was nothing in the law to forbid giving this woman morphine to relieve her suffering, but propaganda about drugs had clouded the judgment of someone in authority.

The effect of opiates on the general health of addicts is not definitely known. There is a lack of positive evidence that a regularly maintained opium habit shortens life, but it probably does so, especially when large doses of morphine or heroin are used. The few reports that indicate harm are based on death statistics of groups of addicts, mostly opium smokers, many of whom started using the drug to ease already existing illness. Addicts in American jails undoubtedly have a high death rate. Some are repeatedly ill due to many periods of forced abstinence. Others, unable to buy enough food after paying for needed drugs, arrive at the prison gates half starved and a prey to infections.

In the 1920's the average American addict was taking six grains of morphine or heroin daily. It was impossible to find harmful effects among those who got their dose regularly. I have known a healthy, alert eighty-one-year-old woman who had taken three grains of morphine daily for sixty-five years. The well-fed opiate addict who regularly gets sustaining doses is not emaciated or pale, nor does he have pin-point pupils, as is popularly supposed. He cannot be recognized as an addict on sight.

Cocaine is another story. It is fortunate that cocaine addiction is seldom seen nowadays, for excessive use of this drug causes emaciation, anxiety, convulsions and insanity. Neither cocaine nor marijuana has the merit of making some neurotic people more efficient, as is the case with opiates. And the use of marijuana or cocaine can be discontinued abruptly without bringing on uncomfortable or dangerous withdrawal symptoms. When cocaine is suddenly denied a large user, he simply goes into a deep and very prolonged sleep. Therefore there is no reason why any cocaine or marijuana user should be allowed to have his drug, even for a short time.

While cocaine causes anxiety, opium relieves it. In fact, opium is such a soothing drug that it makes the addict less likely to commit a crime while under its influence. Addicts do commit crimes, of course, since most of them are emotionally unstable people to begin with. Among these are psychopaths who were criminals before becoming addicts, and continue to be. Then many respectable people who become addicts will steal, forge prescriptions, pass bad checks and commit other petty crimes to support their habit. Most crimes of drug addicts are in this class. They are law-induced crimes.

One of my earlier studies showed that heroin, like other opiates, repressed aggressive criminal impulses. In the words of heroin addicts, "You have no guts, it brings out the yellow in you, and a man can slap you in the face and you won't resent it; but you do things there are no risks in."

In contrast, alcohol is the direct cause of many crimes. Ralph S. Banay, reporting in 1942 on a survey of Sing Sing prisoners during the period 1935–40, showed that 107 of 651 prisoners convicted of homicide had been intoxicated when they committed their crimes; so were 114 of 508 prisoners convicted of sex offenses.

Opiates do not, in my opinion, impair motor control or critical judgment. Consequently, there are no traffic accidents due to opium addiction. But alcohol and driving don't mix, as everyone knows. In Los Angeles, one of the cities said to be imperiled by juvenile drug addiction, 400 persons seventeen years of age or under were arrested in 1954 for drunken driving. Such offenses seldom make headlines, but the arrest of a few teen-agers caught experimenting with a narcotic is featured as evidence of a deadly peril.

Insanity caused by opium addiction is extremely rare and almost always of short duration. Yet hospitals treating mental diseases in this country have more than 18,000 admissions for alcoholic insanity each year, and thousands more for serious chronic alcoholism. Among several thousand insane people whom I have seen, there were only two whose psychosis was due to opium. After many withdrawal treatments, they had developed hypomania. In a few months both patients resumed the use of morphine and recovered their mental balance. Only disaster could result from attempts to rid such patients of their addiction. Without the necessary opiate, they become troublesome derelicts or inmates of mental institutions.

In an earlier period, opiates could be bought (*Continued on Page 54*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Before Mary and Tom were married, she promised to raise their children in his faith. Years later, after they were divorced, she changed the children's religion to her own. Tom sued to make her keep her promise.

"Mary made a sacred contract when she had the children baptized in my faith, and she has no right to break it," Tom contended. "Moreover, the children are too young to know what she is doing."

"As I have charge of the children," Mary replied, "it is better that we go to the same church instead of different ones. And what is better for them is far more important in their lives than any promise to my ex-husband."

If you were the judge, would you make Mary keep her promise?

• •

Mary had her way. The court said parents are obligated "to determine what is best for their children, including the right to change their minds about which religion is right. When separated, the parent having custody should exercise this right." Otherwise, the court added, there might be a religious conflict in the children's minds which would be bad for them.

Based upon a 1953 New Jersey decision.

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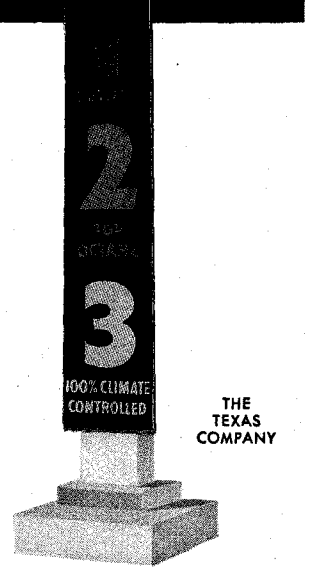

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AERIAL REFUELING gives multi-jet bombers global range. Here the Boeing B-52, world's most advanced bomber, is refueled by its tanker partner, the KC-135. Jet engines in both are Pratt & Whitney J-57s. Medium bomber overhead is a Boeing B-47, with General Electric J-47 engines.

How Can America Continue to Have Air Force Aircraft Second to None

The availability of nuclear weapons carried by long-range aircraft makes it possible for an aggressor to strike suddenly and with devastating results. But in the hands of peace loving nations, these weapons are a strong deterrent to war.

Today the U. S. Air Force, Navy, Marines, and the Army have aircraft second to none. But this leadership—so hard to gain—can easily be lost. Vigorous programs of aviation research, development, and production must be maintained if America is to continue to have aircraft second to none.

The enormous strides made in U. S. military aircraft in the past few years are illustrated by Air Force aircraft, a few of which are shown here. Today, virtually all first-line U. S. combat aircraft are jet powered and are twice as fast as their World War II predecessors. But the demands of the future are so great that tomorrow's aircraft must fly even faster and higher. If America is to remain free, United States military air power must continue to advance, through uninterrupted programs of research, development, and production.

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How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

The many and exacting missions assigned to the Air Force place a greater burden than ever on research and development. Primarily, the Air Force must be ready to conduct global strategic air operations, to keep control of the air, to support ground forces, and to maintain a strong air defense.

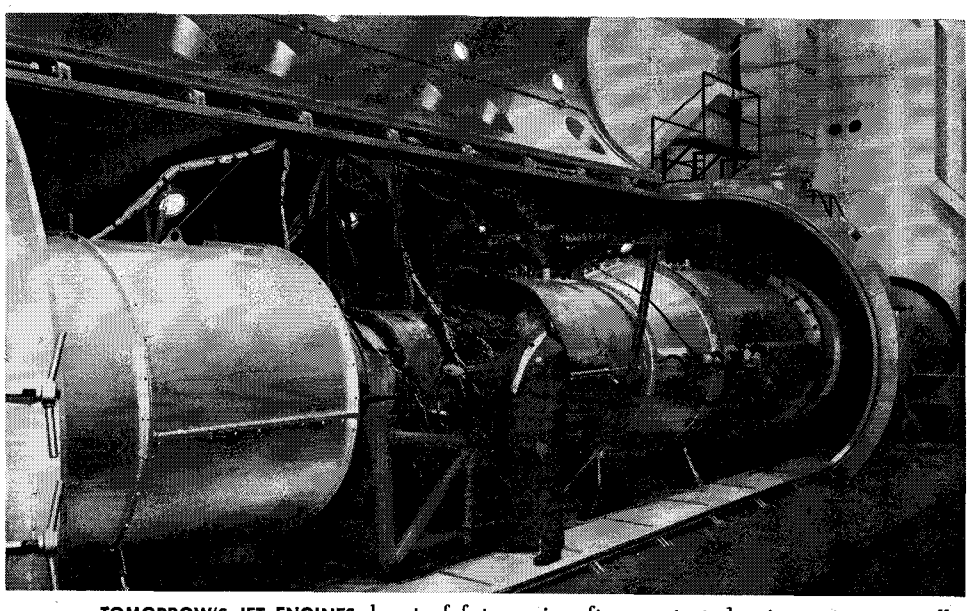
To help the Air Force carry out its global mission, many years of research and development have been spent in creating fighters, bombers, support aircraft, and guided missiles of the highest possible performance. An example is the B-52 *Stratofortress*, world's fastest and most advanced bomber. It flies at more than 600 mph, faster than most jet fighters in Korean combat. Built by Boeing, the B-52 is powered by eight Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57 turbojet engines. Years of intensive work, involving literally tens of millions of man-hours, were spent on the design and development of the giant airframe, its engines and its complex equipment before the first experimental B-52 took to the air. Today, B-52s are flying in the Strategic Air Command—paying off the long years of research and development.

How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

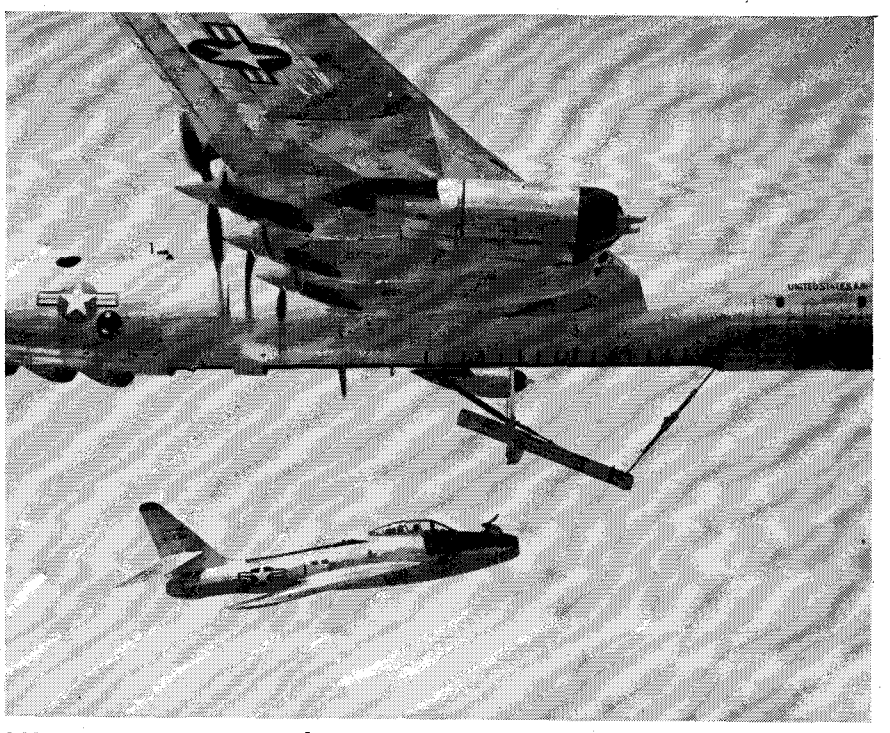
Aircraft and equipment for tomorrow's Air Force are today on drawing boards, at flight test centers, and in engine test cells. Some of tomorrow's combat aircraft will fly at twice the speed of sound. Some may fly without pilots. Even atomic aircraft engines are being developed.

Current experiments point to the future. Today, for example, research aircraft fly at speeds nearing 2000-mph—Bell's X-1A reached 1650 mph in 1953—and to altitudes approaching 20 miles. These and scores of other research projects are giving America's science and industry the vast amount of information needed to design and build more highly advanced aircraft.

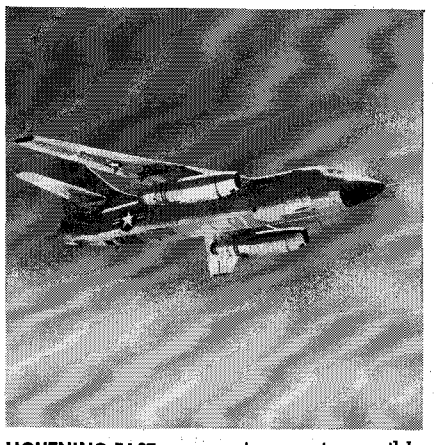
Only by such continuous and uninterrupted programs of research, development and production can America continue to have Air Force aircraft second to none.



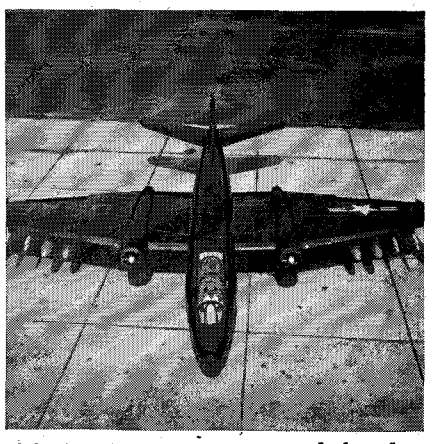
TOMORROW'S JET ENGINES, heart of future aircraft, operate today in engine test cells. Millions of man-hours already lie behind them in the continuous engineering struggle to give airplanes higher, faster, and more efficient performance. Pratt & Whitney Aircraft is flight testing the advanced J-75 jet engine, and developing other aircraft propulsion projects, using even atomic power.



BOMBER CARRIES FIGHTER on long-range missions. Huge Convair RB-36 can launch and recover Republic F-84F. Extreme 10,000-mile range of the multi-engined bomber plus 650-mph speed of jet fighter gives great versatility, especially useful for photo survey.

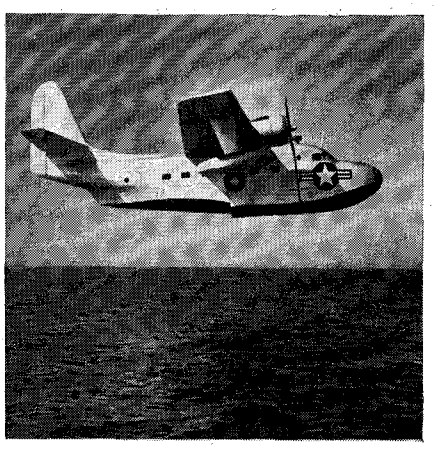


LIGHTNING-FAST reconnaissance is possible with the 600-700 mph speed of the RB-66 light bomber, made by Douglas. Carrying latest photo equipment, the RB-66 has twin Allison J-71 turbojets.



FLYING AT VERY HIGH SPEEDS and altitudes, highly maneuverable Martin B-57 tactical bomber specializes as a night intruder. Current model flies with two Wright J-65 jet engines.

SAVING LIVES in war and peace, the helicopter has earned the affectionate nickname "Guardian Angel." Sikorsky H-19s are the standby of the Air Rescue Service. They have rescued over 10,000 people.



SEARCH AND RESCUE teams of the Air Force rely on amphibian Grumman SA-16s. Hundreds of rescues have been made possible by development of the SA-16, which can land and take-off from the open sea.

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(*Continued from Page 50*) anywhere in America without restriction, and many people became addicted. Still, they worked about as well as other people and gave no one trouble. Only the physicians were concerned. They saw that the cocaine user and sixty-grains-a-day morphine addict were injuring their health. More important, they saw thousands of unhappy opium eaters, opium smokers and laudanum, morphine and heroin users seeking relief from slavery, and often failing to get it.

Distressed by the evil, physicians advocated laws to prohibit the sale of opiates without prescription. By 1912 every state except one had laws regulating in some way the prescribing or sale of opiates and cocaine. As a result, the number of addicts fell from one in 300 of the population during the decade 1890–99, to one in 325 during the next decade. And after 1909 a ban on smoking opium caused a further decline in addiction.

Until 1915, however, addicts who needed opiates to continue their work in comfort could get their supplies legally without much trouble or expense. Then the Harrison Act became effective. This important Federal law had both good and bad effects. Unable to get opiates, hundreds of addicts were cured by deprivation. These were mostly normal or near-normal people who were not seriously gripped by the psychological forces which hinder treatment of neurotic addicts and drunkards.

The bad effect came through unwise enforcement of the law. Physicians thought they could still prescribe opiates to addicts who really needed them for the preservation of health or to support the artificial emotional stability which enabled so many addicts to earn their livings. However, physicians prescribing for such people wound up in the penitentiary. Inability to get opiates brought illness to many hard-working citizens, and illness cost them their jobs. Some of them committed petty crimes to procure narcotics.

To remedy the situation, narcotic clinics were established throughout the country, where addicts could get needed drugs. Practically all of these clinics were forced to close by 1923. They had not been well run, but the chief reason for closing them was that addiction had become a crime, by legal definition.

The arrests of physicians, some of which were justifiable, and the sending of hundreds of addicts to prison, brought about a perversion of common sense unequaled in American history. Uncritical observers concluded that opium caused crime. The sight of so many law-abiding citizens applying to the clinics for help, instead of arousing public sympathy, was interpreted as evidence of moral deterioration, calling for increased penalties. The stereotype of the "heroin maniac" was born.

The number of addicts continued to decline. In 1924 the United States Public Health Service reported there were only 110,000 of them. By 1925, however, propaganda had led people to believe that there were 4,000,000 addicts in the country, and our fancied heroin menace was in full swing.

An ex-congressman appeared before the Senate Committee on Printing in 1924 to urge publication of 50,000,000 copies of an article entitled The Peril of Narcotics—A Warning to The People of America. He wanted a copy in every home.

Among other strange things, the article warned parents not to allow their children to eat away from home. If they did, it was said, some other child—a heroin maniac—might inject the drug into an innocent-looking titbit; whereupon the child eating it might instantly become an addict and join in a campaign to promote heroin addiction among other children. A Public Health Service physician persuaded the committee that this was nonsense, but propaganda about the heroin menace continued.

It was said that thousands of school children in New York were heroin addicts. An investigation was made, and in 1927 Dr. Carlton Simon, Deputy Police Commissioner in charge of the Narcotics Bureau, stated that a thorough survey had failed to reveal one case of heroin addiction among 1,000,000 New York City school children.

When American physicians advocated laws regulating narcotics, they had in mind the kind of laws in force in most Western European countries. What our physicians did not foresee was that they would be bound by police interpretations of the regulations; and that doctors who did not accept police views might be tricked into giving an opiate to an informer, who pretended to need it for pain or disease. Conviction meant that the physician went to prison.

Europeans regulate narcotics, as we do, but they are not alarmed by addiction, as we so obviously are. They have never lost sight of the fact that, as a great English physician wrote in the seventeenth century, "Opium soothes, alcohol maddens."

An English doctor is free to prescribe narcotic drugs, exercising his professional discretion, when it is found, after prolonged attempts at cure of addiction, that the opiate cannot safely be discontinued or when it is demonstrated that the patient can lead a useful, normal life when a certain minimum dose is given regularly, but is incapacitated when the drug is entirely stopped.

Under this system England's addiction problem is far milder than ours. There, and in Western Europe, too, the addicted old men, the dying women and the neurotic workmen who need an opiate to keep going are allowed to have it. No one in those countries advocates sending such people to prison, and no one feels that in doing so they would be breaking up nests of sin and crime.

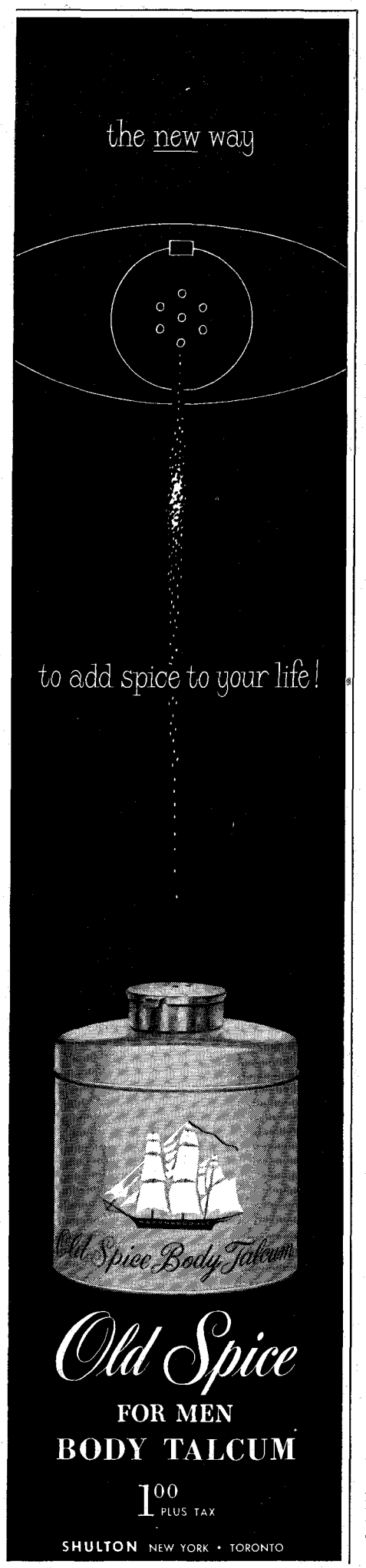
In 1954 England controlled the illegal-narcotic traffic with the conviction of only 214 persons, 74 for opiate violations, 140 for violations involving marijuana. In the same year 12,346 persons were convicted in the United States for similar offenses. Allowing for differences in population, we had about fourteen times more convictions than the English. Prison sentences meted out here ran into thousands of years—a fact that zealots boast about. In England light sentences sufficed to discourage illegal traffic—twenty-eight days to twelve months for opiate offenses, one day to three years for marijuana violations.

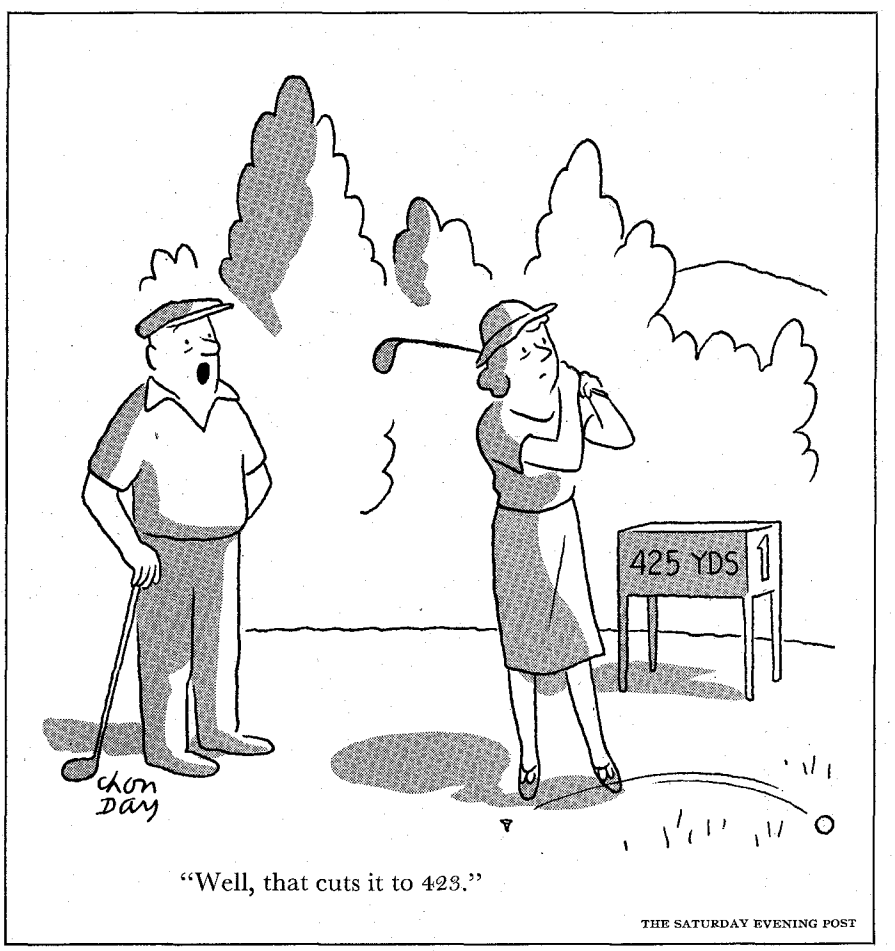
England's sensible, effective policy is in sharp contrast with what goes on in the United States. I became well acquainted at the hospital in Lexington with a paralyzed, bedridden man who had been sentenced to four years for a narcotic violation. Just how he could be a menace to society was never clear to me. In Europe he would have been allowed to live out his last days in comfort. Only in the United States must addicts suffer and die or deteriorate in prison.

After World War II, it was found that some teen-agers in a few large American cities were becoming addicted to heroin and marijuana. Although the addiction was not widespread—it was found mostly among deprived classes in neighborhood gangs—there was a loud outcry. A statewide survey conducted by Pennsylvania officials, reported in the January, 1952, issue of Pennsylvania Health, disclosed no positive case of teen-age addiction in Pennsylvania schools. The "upsurge" was a myth; there are actually fewer teen-age addicts in the United States now than there were in the '20's.

Marijuana has been used as an intoxicant for about 3000 years that we know of, mostly in Asia and North Africa. Like alcohol, marijuana in large doses releases impulses to irresponsible action. In 1938, much talk about the addiction of school children to marijuana, and of crime due to the drug, led the mayor of New York City to ask the New York Academy of Medicine for advice. On recommendation of the academy, a committee was formed to make a thorough survey.

The committee report showed considerable marijuana addiction among certain groups in New York. It was shown that marijuana had effects on behavior which might lead to acts of violence, but no association between marijuana and crimes of violence was found in New York. Further, the committee reported that there was no organized traffic in marijuana among New York school children. This valuable scientific paper was severely criticized by "drug-menace" ex-





"Well, that cuts it to 423."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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tremists. Yet there have been four other studies in this country and two in Mexico which failed to show a connection between marijuana and crime.

Unreflecting and sometimes unscrupulous people—and newspapers too—have contributed to the hysteria about drug addiction. News items reporting the seizure of "dope" frequently exaggerate the contraband's value. One "$3,000,000 seizure" of heroin which made headlines was actually only enough to last seven six-grains-a-day addicts for a year. To justify the $3,000,000 figure, heroin would have to bring $196 a grain.

One citizens' advisory committee on narcotics, reporting to the state's attorney general, placed the value of a pound of heroin in the illegal market at from $768,000 to $1,228,000. This would be from $100 to $160 a grain, and would place addicts with six-grain habits in daily-expense brackets of $600 to $960. The absurdity of such spending by starving, out-at-elbows addicts is self-evident. Some addicts do spend from five to ten dollars a day on the habit, but few can afford it; hence the sickness and stealing.

Distorted news has prepared the public to support extreme measures to suppress imagined evils. When legislators undertook last spring to do something about the so-called drug menace, Federal law provided two years in prison for a first-time narcotic-law offender. The minimum for a second offense was five years, and for a third, ten years, with no probation or suspension of sentence for repeaters. The Narcotic Control Act of 1956 proposed increasing penalties for heroin trafficking to a minimum of five years for the first offense, ten years for the second offense, life imprisonment or death for the third offense.

What happens under such laws? In one case, under the old law, a man was given ten years for possessing three narcotic tablets. Another man was given ten years for forging three narcotic prescriptions—no sale was involved. And another ten-year sentence was imposed on a man for selling two marijuana cigarettes, which are just about equal in intoxicating effect to two drinks of whisky. Extremists have gone on to demand the death penalty. They would do away with suspended sentences, time off for good behavior, the necessity for a warrant before search. They want wire tapping legalized in suspected narcotic cases, and they would make the securing of bond more difficult.

Existing measures and those which are advocated defy common sense and violate sound principles of justice and penology. There is nothing about the nature of drug addicts to justify such penalties. They only make it difficult to rehabilitate offenders who could be helped by a sound approach which would take into account both the offense and the psychological disorders of the offender.

Drug addiction is an important problem which demands the attention of health and enforcement officials. However, the most essential need now is to cure the United States of its hysteria, so that the problem can be dealt with rationally. A major move in the right direction would be to stop the false propaganda about the nature of drug addiction and present it for what it is—a health problem which needs some police measures for adequate control. Our approach so far has produced tragedy, disease and crime.

The opinion of informed physicians should take precedence over that of law-enforcement officers, who, in this country, are too often carried away by enthusiasm for putting people in prison, and who deceive themselves as well as the public about the nature and seriousness of drug addiction.

We need an increase in treatment facilities and recognition that some opium addicts, having reached the stage they have, should be given opiates for their own welfare and for the public welfare too.

Mandatory minimum sentences should be abolished, so that judges and probation and parole officers can do what in their judgment is best for the rehabilitation of offenders.

Medical opinion should have controlling force in a revamped policy. This is not to say that every physician should be authorized to prescribe opiates to addicts without restrictions. Some would be dishonest, others would be indifferent to consequences. Neither should the old type of clinic be re-established. A workable solution would be to have the medical societies or health departments appoint competent physicians to decide which patients should be carried on an opiate while being prepared for treatment and which ones should be given opiates indefinitely. Physicians would report individual cases to local medical groups for decision. And that decision should never be subject to revision by a nonmedical prosecuting agency.

The details of a scheme of operation should be worked out by a committee of physicians and law-enforcement officers, with the physicians predominant in authority. The various states could make a start by revising their laws to conform to actual health and penological needs. The medical profession could help by giving legislators facts on which to take action.

It should be stressed that it is easy to cure psychologically normal addicts who have no painful disease. Even the mildly neurotic addict is fairly easy to cure. Severe withdrawal symptoms pass within five days, although for several months there are minor physical changes that the patient may not feel or even know about, but which increase the likelihood of his relapse. The reason for the apparently large relapse rate among addicts is that a difficult group remains to be dealt with after the cured cases have been dismissed. The most difficult cases, perhaps, are neurotic addicts who suffer from migraine or asthma. Neurotics who have a painful disease are liable to have a psychic return of pain when their drug is withdrawn. When several treatments fail, such persons should be allowed to have the drug they need.

Thomas Jefferson, distressed over the ravages of alcohol, once said that a great many people spent most of their time talking politics, avoiding work and drinking whisky. One wonders what he would say today if some muddled citizen warned him that opiates were rotting the moral fiber of our people. I suspect that he would advise his informant to take care, in walking down the street, lest he stumble over one of our 4,500,000 alcoholics and break a leg. THE END

Meadows and Mesas

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

I make no argument,
meadows are
Full-fair and soft, as out of
fairyland,
Beset with butterfly or hazy
star
And carelessly attired,
never planned;
I merely say that mesas tie
the hills
Together by the twist of
fibril steel;
Wear on their daggers and
their prickly quills
The precious grace of
petals, smooth and real.
The scaffolding of life,
without illusion,
The mesas have no leaves
or twigs to waste;
What lives, must guard its
life against intrusion;
What weakens, dies, and is,
by sands, displaced.
Meadows are a vision and
a mood;
Mesas, an essential
attitude.

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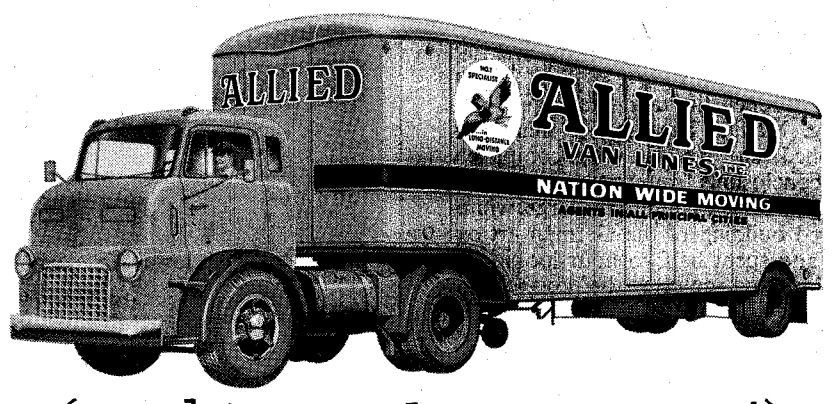

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Reunion With Terror (Continued from Page 43)

been her father's favorite color, but on one occasion recently he had declared—quite vehemently, too—that he hated blue and that, of all shades, he liked yellow best. That, too, one could push out of one's mind as a new association formed during the years he had been away. Anyhow, what did it all have to do with what had been said? She must not allow her mind to linger, even for a moment, on the possibility that papa's mind was sick and he didn't know what he was doing.

Resolutely she went into a telephone booth and called up the lawyer Ward had mentioned. His office didn't answer, but she reached him at his home and made an appointment with him for the next day. Then she called the dealer from whom, in the past years, her mother had bought stamps for her husband's collection, apologized for being late and told him she was on her way. It was when she left the booth that she saw the man whom she had noticed first near the prison. He was standing on the opposite corner, looking up something in a notebook. Lisa hesitated for a second, then went on.

For the next five minutes it didn't look as if she were being followed, but when she reached the Marienplatz, she saw him again, milling with the crowd that always gathered here to watch the fantastic *Glockenspiel* in the tower of the New Rathaus, the *Schäfflers*, dancing their dance of joy that the plague that had ravaged Munich early in the seventeenth century was over.

Lisa cut into a side street, went up to the apartment of the dealer, bought the *drei Groschen* stamp her mother had been trying to get for a couple of years. When she left the house, she saw the man, opposite it, leaning in an entrance.

Her throat went dry. So Martin had been right, after all. She was being followed. But why should anybody follow her? And who could have ordered her followed? She hailed a taxi and, as the car drove quickly away, she told herself, with a feeling of panic, that, if it was really true and the man was trailing her, he had seen her before—seen not only her but Martin come out of the prison in which Holm was being held. And, if it was her father—and who else could have ordered this man to watch her?—then he knew where she had gone and whom she had seen.

She stopped the taxi. Maybe she was wrong. Maybe, because her mind was poisoned, she was drawing completely false conclusions from something merely accidental. She went into the large, white-pillared building of the German art exhibit and spent half an hour looking at paintings and sculpture, before she went into the restaurant on the ground floor, and there she saw him again, buying post cards depicting the museum's treasures.

She went home and straight up to her room, telling the maid she didn't want any luncheon and not to disturb her. She drew the curtains and threw herself on the bed, burying her head in the pillow. And immediately, as she closed her eyes, she saw in her mind the nasty gash on Martin's forehead. "I ran into a lamppost," he had said, determined not to tell her where he had got hurt. She was sure now that, because he had been seen at Stadelheim, he had lost his reporter's job.

She should never have gone to him, thought Lisa. She didn't know why he had got into a fight, nor with whom. And it occurred to her only now that he had brushed off all questions about what he had done or intended to do to help clear Holm by saying vaguely that he'd do his best. But she had nobody else to turn to, she said to herself; nobody. And if he went on in his search for the truth, he was doing it on his own now and no longer because she had begged him to help. He had understood that, when she said a lawyer would serve Holm's interests best, or he would not have mentioned the name of the man she had called. *Oh, but let him go on*, she thought. Then, once more, her mind wandered and she thought of her father again.

How little she knew of him from first-hand knowledge. Maybe most children couldn't remember their earliest childhood. There were only two things she was truly able to recall, and one was the way it had felt when he had lifted her up. Whenever he'd come home she had run to meet him, and he would bend down, hands turned palms outward, and on those hands she would lie, completely stiff, and gradually he would raise her up farther and farther, until he was holding her high above his head, where, stretched out, she would lie trembling with enchantment. "Their circus act," mamma had called it. And the other was the last Christmas he had spent with them, when he had given her the doll. Her first doll with real hair, and eyes that opened and closed. Even mamma had not known about this present. It was in the chest opposite her bed, the one toy that had never been thrown away, but kept like a relic. Each Christmas the doll would get a new dress and sit under the tree. And now it was almost Christmas again. There was no need for the doll. Papa was home, but mamma ——

Lisa rose, opened the drawer and fetched the doll and took it back with her to bed as she had done for so many years, when other children had bragged about their fathers and she had been in need of reassurance. Reassurance? Lisa smiled. If only the doll could give it to her now.

There was a knock on the door and her father came in. "In the dark?" he said. "I hear you're not feeling well."

"Just a headache." Lisa switched on the light.

Tenderness, Kozlov told himself, was what was expected of him. But if he had ever had the ability to feel tenderness, it had been killed in his early youth.

Clumsily he sat down on Lisa's bed, and then he saw the doll and for a second his mind went blank, then was filled with the ghastly sound of screams, of fire crackling, of thundering horses, of exploding shots and the thin, cruel clang of metal. Kozlov, like Holm, had had a sister who had been mercilessly murdered during the revolution, when he was a boy. And Annushka had owned a doll like the one he was staring at now, with real hair, and eyes that opened and closed and were the same blue color as hers. He could still see their heads, not so very different in size, Annushka's and the doll's, lying severed by the same blow, with the saber on the kitchen floor. Now, as then, he seized the doll that had failed to protect his sister and hurled it against the wall. And only when he heard the noise of its breaking did his presence of mind return.

Lisa was looking at him, her face white. How could he possibly have let himself go, allowed memory to overwhelm him? Immediately he became Franz Linden again. "I'm sorry," he said simply. "I did not mean to break your doll."

She had an odd way of being silent when something disturbed her. She was silent now, her eyes strangely narrowed. Maybe she wasn't aware of this habit of narrowing her eyes whenever she was thinking some special thought. She had had that expression quite often lately, even before Holm's arrest. He could tell that she would not be content unless he gave her an explanation.

"That doll," he said, "I remember now. It was your favorite. There was a little girl in the concentration camp whose only treasure was a doll like that. I couldn't look at her without thinking of you."

Her eyes straightened out and she nodded. What was she doing, she asked herself. She had got the doll out—only she hadn't realized it then—on purpose. She was testing him, testing his memory, testing his reactions. But who was she to judge his sanity when experts had tested him for a whole week in a hospital and declared him fit for the most difficult job?

"Harvey, you remember Virginia Lloyd?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

With utter surprise, she heard herself phrasing a question she had never meant to ask, "Papa, I am being watched. Why did you order a man to follow me?"

Augustus Mueller, he thought. The blockhead. He would make himself conspicuous. He had to be called off anyhow, now, since he was no longer needed.

He looked at Lisa. How astute of her to notice that she was being trailed—something most innocent persons, according to his experience, would have failed to observe—and how stupid of her to tell him. Or was he mistaken and did she still trust him completely?

"Pigeon," he said, "now don't get upset all over again. But you acted so—well, after Holm's arrest I thought you were so desperate, you might do something silly."

"Silly?" said Lisa. "In what way? What do you mean?"

Kozlov spoke with his gentlest voice. "You think I'm hard because I am simply doing my duty. But I understand only too well how difficult all this must be for you. You loved Holm, right or wrong, and you'd planned for a future together. And now, when you had to realize there was no future—young girls, young hearts, sometimes they can think of only one way out—suicide."

How wrong could one be, she thought. She must be wrong, after all. He had been worrying about her. Because she worried him, he had gone to the trouble of engaging a detective, and she ——

She held out her hand. "No, papa," she said. "Don't ever be afraid of anything like that. I'm not the type to kill myself. Besides, I am not that desperate. I told you, I'm convinced of his innocence, and the trial will prove it."

There it was again, the thing he couldn't understand, her belief, when the facts should prove to her how misled she was. Instead of feeling the least bit embarrassed about having loved a criminal like Holm, she was blithely unashamed of her association with him. Kozlov had no doubt that she would proudly offer herself as a character witness if he didn't prevent it. Not that he was afraid of it. No judge, no jury would attach much value to what she had to say. It would be dismissed as the testimony of a young girl in love. Holm's case was too cleverly planned to be shaken by anything. And now, with Ward dead, there wasn't even the threat of a new investigation. Nor would anybody suspect that Ward had been murdered. For the public, an unimportant young reporter by the name of Martin had ceased to live. For American Intelligence, even if Ward had voiced his doubt of Holm's guilt, there remained only the fact that one of their best men had died accidentally. They would wait for the result of the trial, and with Ward out of the way, even if they investigated, so what? They would find nothing. People who had no personal interest in a matter that was officially closed never succeeded in unearthing anything. Still, he thought it might be wiser to see to it that the trial would come up soon, so that the proof of Holm's guilt was made final by law.

"No, not desperate," said Lisa, as if she had been pondering his words. "Only at a complete loss why you didn't stand up for Holm, why you didn't give him a chance. Won't you change your mind?"

Anger surged up in him. "I told you what I think. He is ——"

She put her hands to her ears in a childish gesture. Oh, no, she thought, not again, the same words, the same phrasing like words coming out of a machine one couldn't stop.

"I know, I know!" she cried. "I know what you think! I know what you have to think! But (*Continued on Page 58*)

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(*Continued from Page 56*) listen, for just one second listen to me!" She knew she was provoking him, but the need to provoke him was stronger than a small voice in her mind that cautioned her. "I think it's a frame-up!"

Frame-up, Kozlov thought; of course, that was what Holm would say, as he had said it in his office when he had been brought in. Frame-up. They all said it when they had no other explanation, and every judge and jury knew it. Yes. Holm would say it. But that Lisa said it, a word so incongruous on the lips of a girl hardly twenty-one. Ward had seen Holm. Was this, then, what Holm had told Ward or was it an opinion Ward had voiced to Lisa?

With surprise, Lisa noticed that she had managed to stop her father from going through the whole list of accusations against Holm. She held her breath. If only she could win his ear, all her doubts might disappear and for once she would be able to feel sure again. He was not saying anything, just sitting there, his head held a little sideways, as though he were listening to someone she couldn't see, lost in thought. Had this idea of Holm's being framed really never occurred to him? Had what he regarded as his duty so blinded him that imagination had been canceled out? And where—where did he see his duty?

Martin, she thought—and now she was desperate, desperate because she realized she would never be able to dismiss all of what Martin had said in the Hofbräuhaus. However that might be, she told herself, she could not make an enemy of papa. She must win his confidence; he must believe that he could trust her. And, she reflected, he would know anyhow, from the detective, that she had seen Martin at the prison, and today at the Bräuhaus. Martin knew as well as she that they had been seen together. So she was not breaking her word.

"I talked about Holm to a friend of mine." She stopped. Why hadn't her father mentioned that he knew about him? Had the detective, alerted only to watch that no harm came to her, omitted telling of her meeting a young man? Or had her father not brought it up because there had been no time?

"Did you?"

"I told you I would raise heaven and hell to help Holm."

"I remember. So who is your friend?"

"A young reporter," she said. "He thinks ——" Now she was lying, and hoped she sounded casual. "A friend of Holm's. He shares my opinion. We had a glass of beer together this morning."

"This morning?" he interrupted her.

"About an hour ago. Two, rather."

She was trying to sound him out, Kozlov realized. She was much smarter than he had thought. She knew that they had been seen together and now acted the trusting daughter. It couldn't be true. Ward was eliminated. Eliminations were carried out with the greatest precision. Nothing could have gone wrong or he would have heard. Or did she know he was dead? Had she gone to his apartment? Was that why she had gone straight upstairs and pretended to have a headache?

The maid was knocking at the door. "Sorry, Herr Doktor, but your private telephone has been ringing and ringing for the last twenty minutes."

"I'm coming," he said, and turned to Lisa. "How interesting. We'll talk about it later."

The door slammed after him. Lisa rose from her bed. Slowly she picked up the doll. As long as he talked, she thought, there was at least a chance—a small chance ——

Downstairs in his room, Kozlov picked up the receiver to hear Augustus Mueller's voice, apologizing that he was late with his report.

"Yes, yes," said Kozlov. "Go on."

"I take it your worries are over, Herr Doktor," Augustus Mueller said. "This time she came straight to the rendezvous. Yes, the same young man she met in front of the Stadelheim prison. Yes, the very same young man."

Kozlov found it quite difficult to play the relieved father. "Those young people," he said. "They quarrel, they make up. Well, Mueller, I think your job is finished. I'll send you my check tomorrow."

It was late afternoon when Ward arrived in Eisenstein. Last year, at exactly the same time, one week before Christmas, he had come up here, but, unlike today, only to rest. And he had driven up to the sport hotel in Brennes instead of staying in the valley below at the Consul.

Already a holiday crowd had taken most of the rooms and Ward was jovially chided for not having called to make a reservation before a place to sleep was found for him. As he was having a drink, he hesitated whether he should go over to the police to inquire about the man who had driven the truck that had killed Tilly Linden, ask Tanner of the border guards about him, or simply find the man himself and talk to him to form an impression uninfluenced by anything he might have heard. The name of the truck driver had come back to his precise memory. Otto Halse. And he could see him standing there as he had seen him that snowy dawn when he had given his name to the police, dumfounded, almost in a stupor, so nobody was blaming him. A big strong man with dark, sunburned skin and dark, wavy hair, and arms that seemed a bit out of proportion, they were so long.

The little sawmill for which he worked would, of course, be closed on Sunday. And while Ward was hesitating, the captain of the police walked in, looking surprisingly older and insignificant without his trim uniform, and already carrying his guitar for later in the evening, when he was to play at a charity concert.

He pounded Ward on the shoulder, ordered beer for the two of them, and said, "Haven't seen you for ages. Why didn't you come up before, Martin? Last time you were here was that morning the prisoners came through, wasn't it? Say, that Linden—quite an important guy."

Ward let him rattle on. It was not true that he hadn't been up here before now. While the tunnel for Nemec's escape had been dug beneath the border line into the dilapidated, deserted house behind the Iron Curtain, he had lived with the men digging it, in a tent, in the large area that had been closed for road repair and heavily guarded.

"Well, let's see what's happened since," the captain said, took the guitar from its case and started softly strumming. "One of the ski lifts had to be repaired, and a guest almost killed himself falling into the empty swimming pool. Two skiers nearly got dragged over into Czechoslovakia; just wandering around harmlessly they were, when the Czechs came up. They get fresher every day."

Ward smiled to himself. The first time he had made contact with one of his agents, he had allowed himself to be dragged away at a given spot and rescued by appointment later.

"And at Hof we had some shooting, I hear. An American patrol and the Germans and the Russians and Czechs, and nobody knows why. Everybody was just looking at the raked border strip. Yes, and remember the driver who ran over Doctor Linden's wife, God rest her soul. He died yesterday."

The news came not entirely as a surprise. When the sudden suspicion that Tilly Linden had been murdered had flashed through his mind, Ward had told himself that Otto Halse might have met with death and, with all traces erased, he might discover nothing. Still, it was a shock to find he was too late.

"Did he? What did he die of? Another accident?"

"You could almost call it that. Died in his sleep, sitting in the car, of carbon-monoxide poisoning. Some say he did it purposely, suicide; that he wasn't quite himself after he killed the woman; but his wife doesn't believe it. Nor does the doctor think so. Leaves four kids. What man with four kids would kill himself?"

Three questions formed in Ward's mind simultaneously. Died in his sleep, as he had almost died, inhaling a poisonous gas? Why, if the driver was murdered, had he been murdered only yesterday and not shortly after Tilly Linden's death? Had one lately feared that he might turn out to be unreliable or had he been killed because he knew something that had happened in the meantime?

"Might make quite a little story," he said. "Where do I find his wife?" . . .

The house in which Otto Halse's widow lived lay just below the Brennes Pass. The roads up to the mountain that divided the valley of Eisenstein from the Lamer Winkel were kept clear by snowplows for buses and cars, even in deepest winter, and were therefore easy to travel. But even when Ward stopped to turn to his left, he found that the path to the house offered little difficulty. Salt and ash had thawed the ice, and in the glare of his headlights he could see the imprint of heavy wheels. He decided to walk.

He was about thirty yards from the house when he heard a dog bark and the next moment an enormous Alsatian barred his way. It didn't stop barking until the door of the house opened and a woman appeared on the front step, waving a flashlight into the dark.

"Who's there?"

Ward walked past the growling dog that followed, circling him. "I knew your husband," he said. "He used to drive me when he was still working as a cab driver, and he took particular trouble once or twice when it seemed impossible to get through. I just heard the sad news." He held out his hand.

Frau Halse didn't take it. She looked at him hard, obviously not knowing what to think. "Are you from here?"

"No," he told her. "Just a frequent guest in this neighborhood."

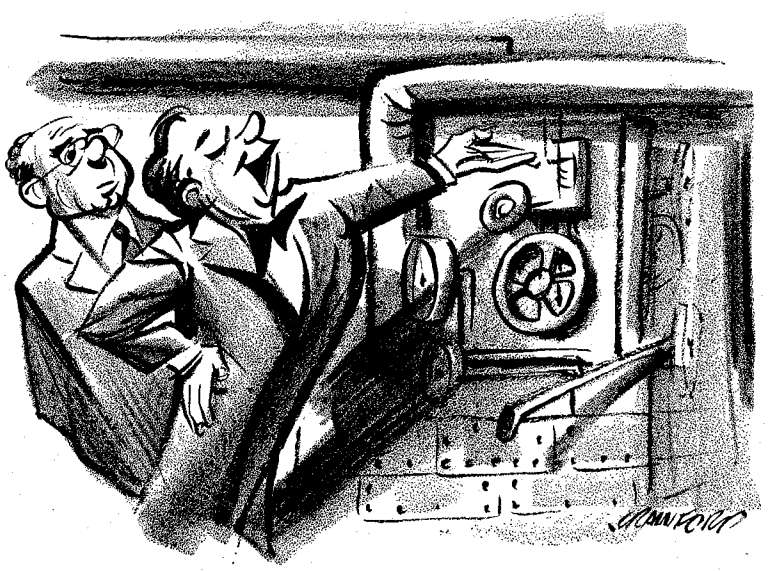
His answer seemed to satisfy her, for she called the dog and held it by the collar. "What do you want?"

"I really don't want anything. I just happened to be on my way to Brennes and, when I passed the fork, I thought of what I had heard in Eisenstein, and I remembered you had four children."

"Yes," she said, "and a fifth on the way, and no breadwinner and no savings."

"Look," he said, "as long as we're talking about it—perhaps it would help. I mean, would you like me to take up a collection? The hotels are full. People are happy and a little sentimental around this time and, I should think, willing to do a little for a woman in your situation."

"Takes a stranger to think of that," she said, her voice bitter. "We've lived



The Perfect Squelch

The old Scots engineer was being conducted around an English marine-engineering plant by a brash, self-confident young Londoner, who never missed a chance of forcing home on the old man the great strides that the trade had made during the past twenty years or so.

"Of course," said the young man, "in your day, you didn't require a university degree to practice engineering, or a genuinely scientific training to work in a workshop. In fact, I'm told you didn't even know how to work to thousandths of an inch. Your generation never worked to such precisions as thousandths of an inch, did it?"

"No, mon," said the old Scot thoughtfully. "We just had to make it exactly right."

Renson Olwell

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here almost eight years and you'd think we'd belong after such a time. But we don't. People here don't take to foreigners. First I thought it's just that we're strangers, refugees from the East Zone, now I know better. They don't like anyone whose grandparents weren't born here." She opened the door to the kitchen. "Sit down," she said. "The kids are asleep. I was just having a cup of coffee by myself."

Now, for the first time, he could see her clearly. She was a rather large woman, like her husband, dark-haired with sunburned skin, but he could not tell her age. Her face was hard, used up by work.

"They came about eight years ago," the captain of the police had told Ward. "Kept to themselves. The man took any job he could get—drove cabs, worked in the glass factory, shoveled snow, ran errands, cut wood, whatever came his way, until he found a job in the sawmill, the one that was broke when you came here first and then was bought by somebody from Berlin, name of Bauer. Nobody cares for him, either, because he bought some acreage up-mountain, and what does he do? Cuts down the trees there. All of them. And nothing to be done about it. But we like our trees here. Most of us are poor, but none of us would think of ruining the woods."

The kitchen looked untidy, and Frau Halse, as if suddenly aware of it, took a corner of her apron to wipe off a chair. Then, quickly, she cleared the table of dirty dishes, an eyeless Teddy bear, a leather-bound, open stamp album, a rag doll and a bird cage, already covered for the night.

"Otto was a good man," she said. "But around here they are Catholics and we're not even religious. Who can believe in a God who deals out such misery? After what we've gone through, you don't have faith in anything but in what you can do yourself." She poured some coffee from a battered, blue-enamel pot. "Sure, the minister was here, and the priest came by. But I don't talk their language, and what they had to offer don't put food in our stomachs."

Ward glanced at the icebox, that looked new, and at the stove, which was the latest model. Frau Halse caught his glance and shrugged. "Otto was crazy about modern equipment. They'll have to go."

Ward pulled out a fifty-mark note and pushed it across the table. "But didn't Otto have a good job lately?"

He watched her get up and put the money into an empty can marked "Flour." "Good? Steady, I'd call it. His boss isn't somebody who's easy with money. Was rich once, I understand, but lost everything. Now, when things are picking up for him, he's got a holy fear of being poor again, and he's more demanding than any man Otto ever worked for. 'Do this, Otto; do that, Otto. Drive me here, drive me there.' Always on the go. That's how it happened. If Otto hadn't been so dog-tired ——"

Ward said casually, "I've been told that after the accident at the border a month or so ago, he was a changed man, depressed, I hear. Drinking hard."

"Nonsense!" his wife answered hotly. "It was no fault of his that he ran over the lady. She just ran bang in front of the truck. The road was icy. What could he do? No. Whoever says he was depressed? Nobody knew him well enough, anyhow, to say a thing like that. And he's always been one for the liquor, but only after a job was finished. Like Saturday morning. I heard the car come in and thought, well, there he is, back from Berlin already, and then I must have turned over, because when I woke, he wasn't there. First I thought he'd already left for work. It was almost noon before I went to the shed for a shovel and saw the truck standing there, and Bauer's car."

Berlin, thought Ward. East Berlin? The Iron Curtain? "When did he go to Berlin?"

"Now wait a moment," she said, stirring her coffee vigorously, trying to remember. "Oh, sure. Thursday. Bauer called up from Munich, Thursday morning, and told him to get the car ready for a long trip. And he came in and said, 'Mother, anything you want from Berlin?' That's how I know. But when I asked him when he'd be back, he said he couldn't tell. The boss didn't say."

"And he was back already on Saturday?"

"Yes. There he was, sitting in Bauer's car, slumped over the wheel. Something must have gone wrong with the motor because the hood was up and some tools were lying around. I figure that, tired as he must have been, he remembered he wanted to fix something and closed the doors so's it wouldn't be too cold, and started messing around, and then, when he got the motor started, he must have fallen asleep."

"His boss knows, of course?"

"No," she said. "He isn't here too often. Stays in Munich, Hamburg, Berlin. How do I know? Always away on business. Even the secretary hasn't got his telephone number. He calls in when he wants something. The foreman runs the place."

"But surely," said Ward, "he'll do something for you and the family when he hears that Otto ——"

A mirthless laugh left her lips. "Do something? That little miser? When he's here he takes the cheapest room in a hotel, as if he couldn't pay for a better one. If you ask me, he's stashing away his money somewhere or putting it into some new business. Don't they say small people are stingy? And he sure is a tiny man. Looks stingy too. Like a squirrel hoarding his food."

"Well, then I'm really glad I came." Ward rose. "I'm going right up to the hotel now and see what I can do."

Tears suddenly jumped to her eyes. "Odd," she said, "that there are still people who think of others."

At the door he turned. "I nearly forgot. I left my car at the fork because something's wrong with the carburetor. Any tools around I can borrow?"

"The shed's to your left," she said. "Help yourself to whatever you want. And don't bother to bring them back. You can return them when you come back tomorrow with the money you promised to raise."

Ward crossed over to the shed, trying to keep his mind in check, that was spinning wildly about the fact that had startled him in the bar of the Consul. Dead of carbon monoxide; and ahead of all logical reflections the words, "Berlin, Thursday," were ringing in his ears.

When he opened the door, he saw it at once, like a thing in a nightmare come true, the brown Volkswagen bus in which Nemec had been driven out of his reach, behind the Iron Curtain. The German post at Helmstedt had described the getaway car exactly like the one before which he now stood. There were not many cars, not that many Volkswagen buses passing Helmstedt at eight-thirty in the morning. At eight-thirty on Friday morning.

Thursday morning, Frau Halse had said, Otto's boss, Bauer, had called to have her husband get the car ready for a long trip. In the night from Thursday to Friday, Nemec had been kidnaped and had been taken behind the Iron Curtain into East Berlin. Nemec, who had left Dr. Franz Linden's house at ten o'clock

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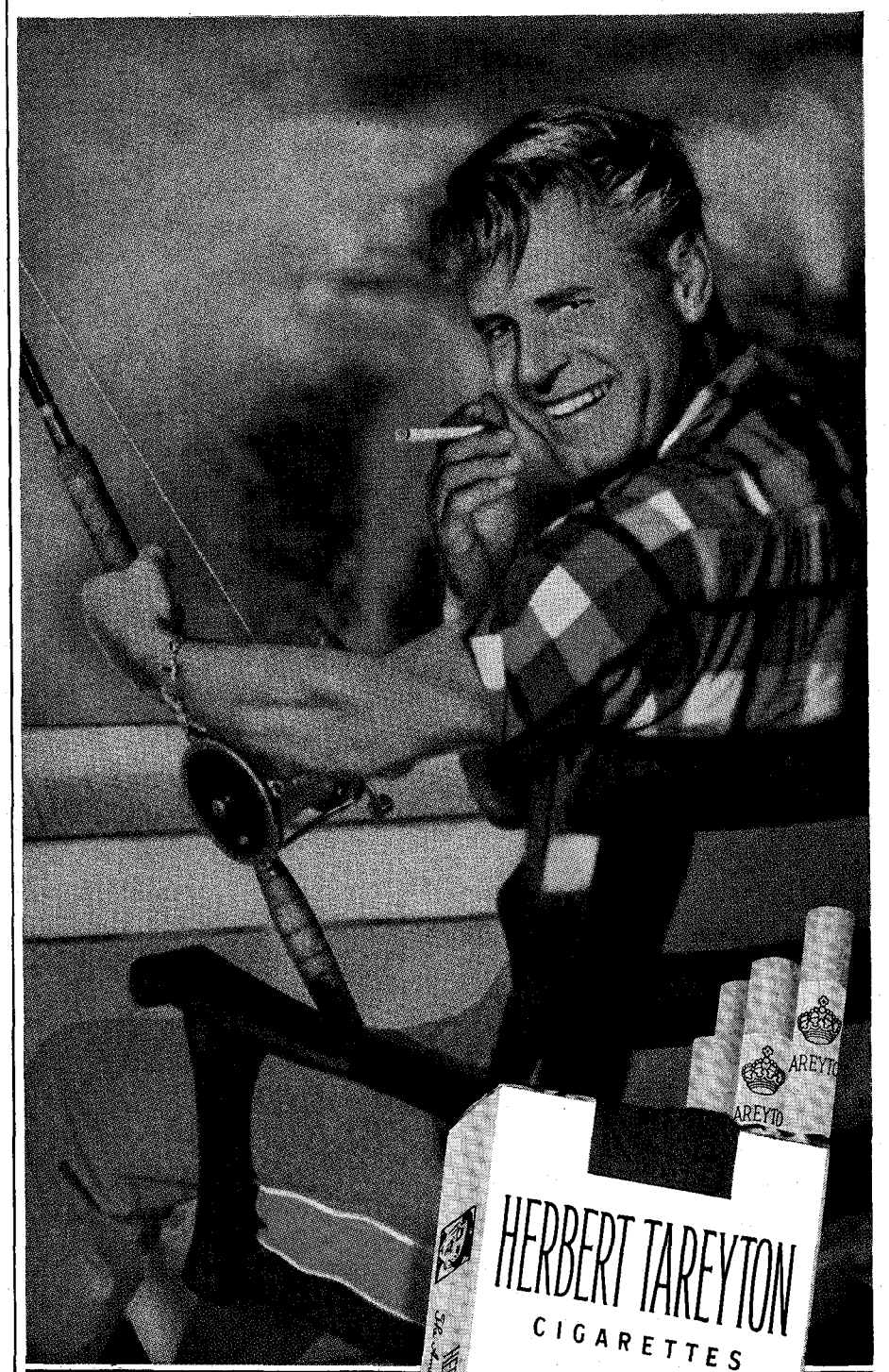

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sharp. Yes, it was possible to drive from Munich to Helmstedt in that time. Ward walked around the car, looked at the license plate. Of course it was not the same. But how easy to change it according to one's purpose.

He sat down on a pile of discarded tires and stared at the car that had held Nemec and in which Otto Halse had been murdered. Yes, murdered. The similarity of the attempt on his own life spoke for that. Strange that people, once they had found a method that worked successfully, stuck by that method, forgetting entirely that repetition might give them away.

Why had Otto Halse been murdered? Why, if he was no longer to be trusted, had he not simply been kept behind the Iron Curtain? It would have been so much simpler than allowing him to come back to Eisenstein. Ward's mind jumped—jumped back to the day Tilly Linden had died. There had to be a reason, and the only reason he could think of was that, if Otto Halse had disappeared, dead or alive, in the East Zone, suspicion might have been aroused that the very man who had run over Tilly Linden might not have done it accidentally, which, in turn, might lead to an investigation—an investigation that might reveal that Halse was working under orders of Russian Intelligence. And Tilly Linden's death was important only as far as it concerned Linden.

Linden? Had Halse been eliminated because Linden knew that he, Ward, was not content with the solution of Nemec's case and feared an investigation of Halse? Had Linden had Otto Halse killed and then, afraid that the death of this man might not suffice, but might arouse Ward's suspicion, had decided to render him harmless too?

Ward closed his eyes, and when he opened them again his mind was a complete blank for a moment and he could think of nothing but how stupid it was to run the risk that the getaway car might be discovered, when it could so easily have been left behind the Iron Curtain. Linden was no stupid man. Also, he told himself, Linden might not know that the car had been driven back—the car of Otto's boss, Bauer's car. Bauer, as well as Otto, might not know that Linden was involved at all. But why wasn't Bauer afraid that his car might be found? That he might be suspected of playing a part in Nemec's abduction?

Without knowing it, Ward climbed into the driver's seat where Otto Halse had been found dead next to an empty wine bottle. He pushed a cigarette between his lips. He struck a match. He never lighted the cigarette. He let the little flame go out, hardly noticing that it had singed his fingers. A tiny man, Frau Halse had said, describing Bauer, her husband's boss. A tiny man. And a tiny man fitting Nemec's description had been spotted by the Helmstedt post, sitting in the getaway car. Could it be possible that Nemec had not been this tiny man? Could it be possible that Bauer had impersonated the professor?

Ward got out of the Volkswagen bus. He closed the door to the shed and went back to where he had left his car. He had always wondered why the abductors had taken the risk of having their car, with Nemec inside, stopped at Helmstedt or at any other point. And, if he was right, all this meant that Nemec had never been brought to East Berlin at all. It meant that someone had ingeniously invented a false lead that would stop all inquiries, all investigations; that would make Nemec's case look hopeless. Invented a false lead, evading all added risk of discovery, because whoever it was wanted to interrogate Nemec himself. Only someone who had definite knowledge that Nemec had escaped from Czechoslovakia and was in Munich, and who had the power of an organization behind him, could have done it. Linden. Dr. Franz Linden. It also meant, Ward told himself, that Nemec, if he was still alive, could be found. Nemec, he thought, Nemec.

It was not quite four days. Four days might not be sufficient to break down the little professor and make him talk. He had a weak heart, and they would be careful because Nemec, dead, was of no use to them: And he, Kenneth Ward, was going to find him.

That night Ward hardly slept. The thoughts running through his mind kept him awake and excited, but, toward morning, after a long conversation in his head with Harrison, depression settled over him. Hard as he tried to believe in his theories, he could no longer escape the probability that they might be all wrong.

The brown Volkswagen bus in Otto Halse's shed might not be the car that was used to transport Nemec behind the Iron Curtain. Otto Halse might really have died an accidental death. Otto's boss, Bauer, could be just one of the thousands of small men who had no idea of Nemec's abduction and nothing whatsoever to do with Russian espionage. Tilly Linden's death could just as well have happened without the intention of murder and, as far as his own gas-filled room was concerned, maybe Harrison was right and he, lost in thought, mentally and physically exhausted, had left the jets open on his several trips to the stove to make tea.

He forced himself, contrary to his plans of the night before, to stay on in Eisenstein. He spoke to Sepp Tanner, to the captain of the police, to the doctor and the minister and to Bauer's secretary. All of them confirmed what Otto Halse's widow had said about the feeling in the neighborhood toward them and Bauer. And the secretary, a thin, blond, efficient girl, originally from Berlin, shrugged when he asked her where he could possibly reach Bauer. "That's what I'd like to know," she said. "He's rarely here, but then, there's not much to do anyhow."

Ward could not tell whether she was not letting herself become involved in a conversation out of loyalty or fear of losing her job. He made a mental note to check her background; then went to Frau Halse to deliver the money he had been able to raise at the hotel, and finally decided to use the rest of the morning to ski.

Because he was unable to concentrate on the speed of his body, he fell twice, and it was after the second tumble, when he sat down on a boulder to massage his leg, that he suddenly thought of Holm.

Holm was innocent. This was not theorizing derived from wishful thinking. This was a conviction even Harrison could not shake. Even if he had never heard Lisa talk about him, instinct alone would have made Ward doubt Holm's guilt, would have made him trust the young man. And if he couldn't trust his instinct, he thought, then he should quit his job and learn a trade that didn't include dealing with people. Maybe, through Linden's witnesses, the agents Picco and Herman, he might find some trace that would eventually clear Holm and produce the man who had known of Nemec's presence in Munich.

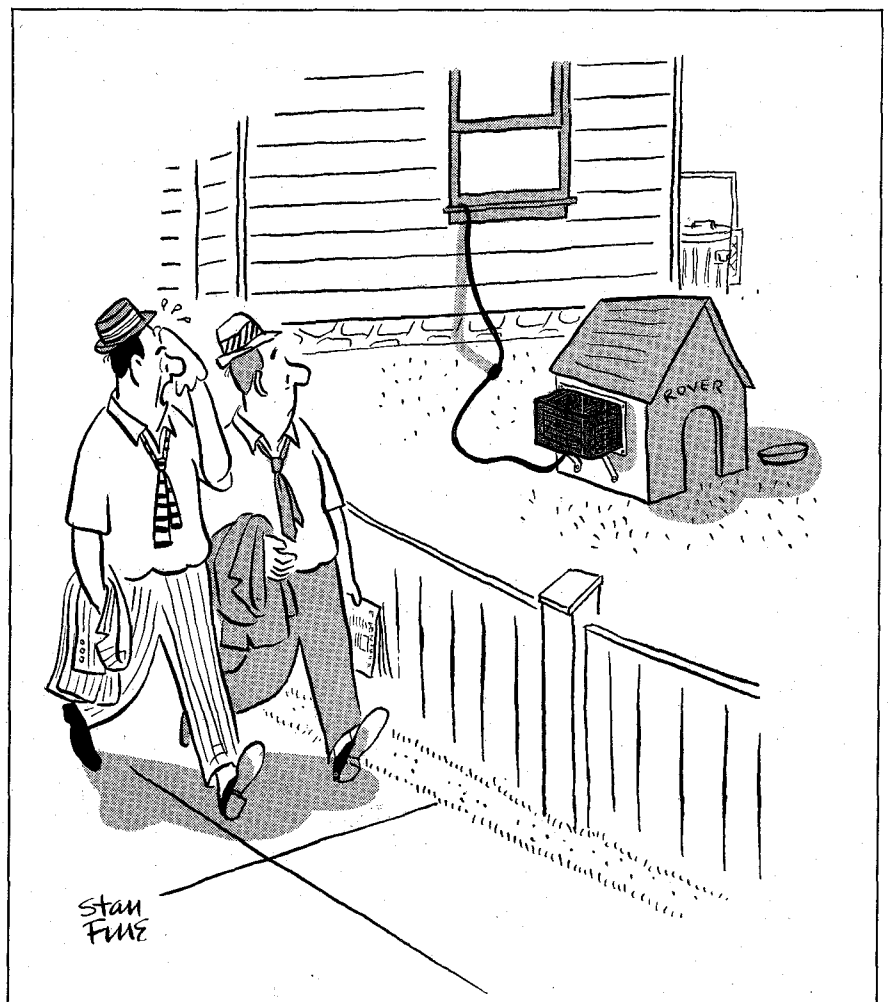
He got back to Munich when it was already dark and, having dismissed most of the facts and theories that had first startled him as merely accidental, he forgot about his own safety and drove straight to Schwabing. Because the snow lay high, having been swept from the sidewalk onto the street, he could not park in front of the house he lived in and drove past it, looking for a spot to leave the car, when he saw, out of the corner of his eyes, the front door of his house being opened. A small figure stepped out onto the empty, poorly lit street.

At first Ward thought it was the boy who ran errands for him, come to fetch some copy; then, by the way he walked, he recognized that it was not a child, but an adult. A very small man. "A tiny man," Otto Halse's widow had described her husband's boss, of whose whereabouts nobody seemed to be sure. Ward was out of the car and running, his footsteps on the hard pavement the only sound in the night. The figure in front of him, though, did not turn around nor did the man seem aware that someone was approaching him rapidly. He walked on steadily, unhurried, and then, a few yards before Ward reached him, he was gone, swallowed by the earth as if he had never existed.

For ten minutes Ward searched, unable to believe that the man could have escaped him, gone with such lightning speed that he had missed even seeing him turn into the entrance of a house. Next to him was a ruined building, and the only explanation he could think of was that the man had disappeared into it, but he knew he might be risking his life if he searched among the rubble.

Almost an hour passed, in which he waited for the man to reappear, before he gave up. He went back to his car, made certain nobody had tampered with motor or brakes, and once more drove slowly through the street.

His own house was still dark, a sign that his landlady had not yet returned. Ward went to sleep in the room he had taken before leaving Munich at a small hotel near the main station. He was very calm. Now one more thing was certain—he had not forgotten to turn off the gas in his room, and he had little doubt left that the man who had tried to kill him had killed Otto Halse, using the same device, to make the two murders appear as an accident. And it was this man he had to find—the tiny man who had just sneaked out of his house.



"Fenwick sure thinks a lot of that mutt."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Isn't she awful?" Lisa pointed to the statue of Bavaria, a monstrously ugly woman with a lion at her knee and a staircase leading from her feet to her head, which overlooked the Theresien-Wiese. "What a pity she survived the war, when so many lovely things went."

She was talking lightly, conversationally, as if afraid a more intimate tone might lead to things she didn't want to hear. Ward stared at the empty niches of the Ruhmeshalle behind the monument, which had been erected to commemorate famous Germans. He had been afraid she might not come at all. Early in the morning, at a time when he felt certain Linden had left for his office, he had had flowers delivered to her home, a large bunch of long-stemmed yellow chrysanthemums with a note saying, "Please meet me, noon, at Christl." No signature, but Christl was a small café near the Munich News, and half an hour before the appointed time he had been in the neighborhood, had watched her arrive without being followed, then sent in a child with another note, asking her to take a taxi to the Bavaria statue. The taxi had not been trailed, either, and now she was sitting next to him in a car he had hired.

It had not seemed difficult to say what he wanted when he had been imagining their meeting, but now he was at a loss for the right opening. He could not tell her about his suspicion that her mother had been brutally murdered. Never, he thought, turning to look at her pale, controlled face, must she know about that. Neither did he want to mention the attempt on his life. But time was running out.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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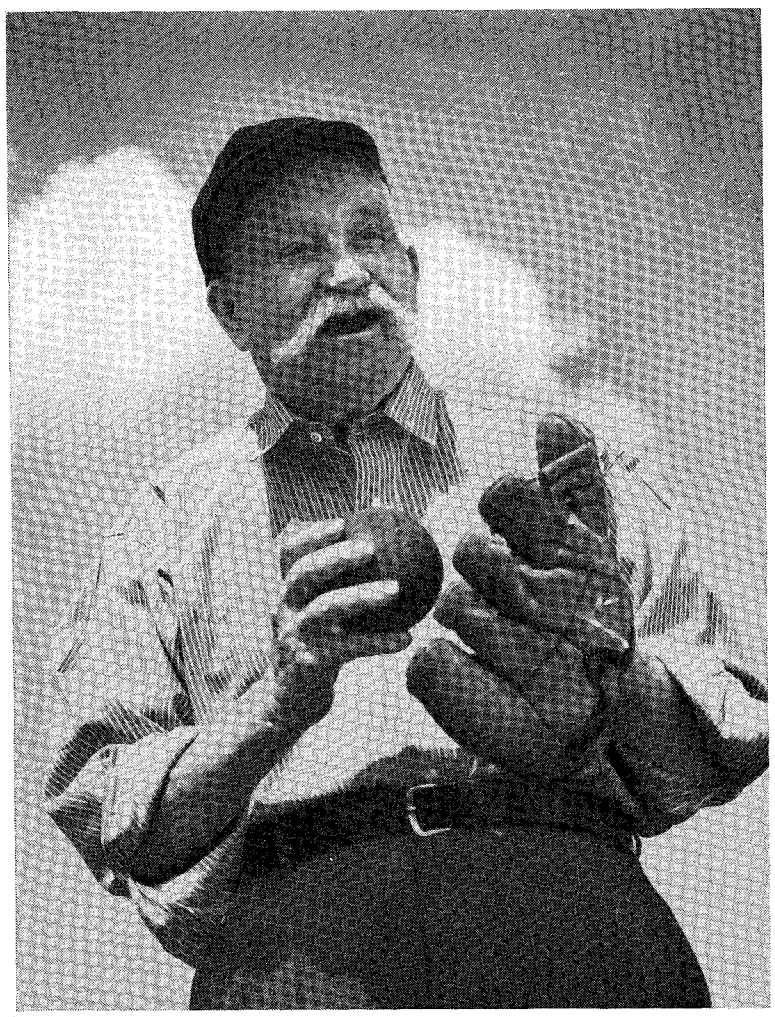

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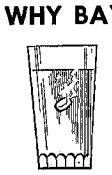

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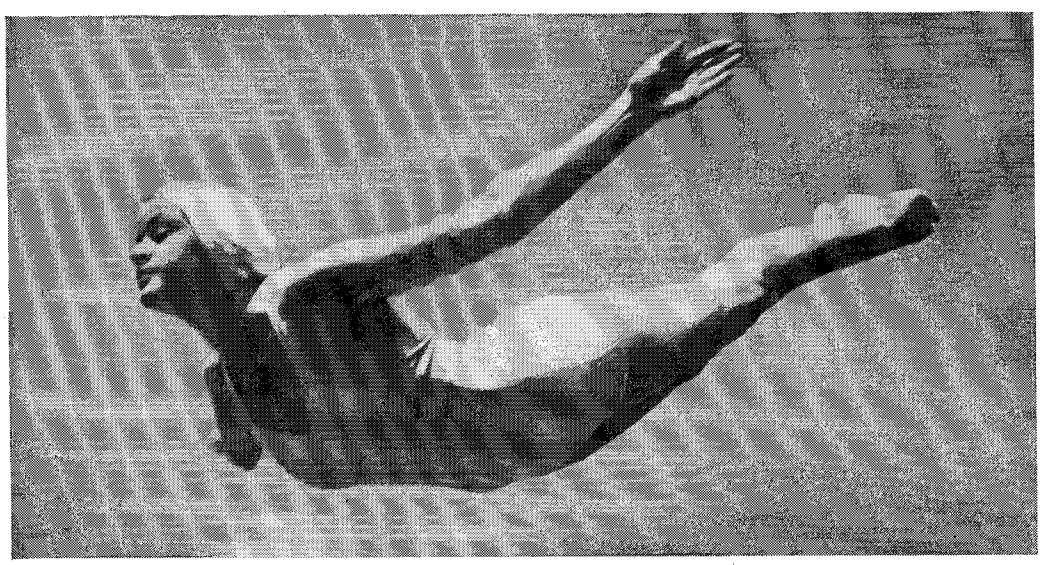

ACHING BACK? FEEL BETTER FAST—You can't be in top form when an aching back or muscular pain is troubling you. But that's something Bayer Aspirin will fix *in a hurry!* And remember, in addition to giving you the *fast* relief you *want*, Bayer Aspirin gives you the *safe* relief you *need!*

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This is the story of an actual family insured by The Travelers; to safeguard its privacy, different names and pictures have been used.

HOW DO YOUR LIVING STANDARDS COMPARE WITH THE HARRINGTONS'?

The Bill Harringtons have an income of $6,900 a year. Maybe that's more than you earn. Maybe it's less. But the important thing is, there's a Travelers insurance program within everybody's means. It can help eliminate worries about accidents, sickness, fire, theft. It can also help build true American Family Independence by paying off the mortgage if you die, or providing for college and retirement years.

You may know a family like the Harringtons.

Three years ago, they arranged a mortgage to buy a four-room, $8,500 house. With a later loan, handyman Bill has added a room, a garage, a large patio to their house—and many dollars to its value. In the garage: a new 1956 sedan.

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HOW THE HARRINGTONS USE THEIR MONEY
(monthly average, after taxes)

Food	$130.00
Clothing	23.00
Housing	113.00
Insurance	47.00
Savings	13.00
Automobile & Travel	77.00
Household & Contributions	42.00
Medical	42.00
Recreation	39.00
Total	$526.00

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INSURANCE COMPANIES, HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including
Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

AMERICAN FAMILY INDEPENDENCE · THROUGH THE TRAVELERS ·

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The Doctor Was a Dame (Continued from Page 26)

hadn't said yes to his offer, but she hadn't said no either.

Once more at her window, Alice noticed a pickup truck pull in at Doctor Carver's place and saw a man she recognized vaguely as one Shorty Bulow hop out and dash into the building. In a moment he came back out, got into his machine and tooled across the street to Alice's office. Alice took her feet down.

"You the lady doctor?" Shorty asked.

"I am the lady doctor."

"Got a case in the truck for you. Doc Carver's out on a measle case."

"I see."

"You doctor men, too, don't you?"

"I doctor anything I can get hold of. Can he come in?"

"He's kind of bunged up. Horse throwed him."

"I'll help you," Alice said, and went out with him.

In back, stretched on bales of alfalfa, lay a man with his hat over his face. He lifted it slightly and peeked out. When he saw Alice, he sat up, smiling.

"How do you do?" he said.

"I'm Doctor Rafferty. Can I help you down?"

"This is real thoughtful of you, doctor, but I can still solo. You stand over yonder, so I don't get your little white dress all dirty."

He smiled widely at her; then slid down over the ends of the bales. He stood on one foot, towering over his companions, an unfatted, lantern-jawed individual with bright blue eyes, white teeth and the most amiable of expressions.

"Found him lyin' 'longside the road," Shorty said. "Just lyin' there, smilin'." . . .

In her office, Alice said, "Up on the table, please. Just lie back. Now, what happened to you?"

"Horse throwed him, I said," Shorty said. "I met her shufflin' down the road earlier. Old beat-up sorrel."

"You certainly are a nice man," the tall man said, sitting up and slapping Shorty on the shoulder. "Write your name down on a piece of paper, will you? I want to do something to show you how grateful I am."

"It ain't a thing in the world," Shorty said. "Shorty Bulow; everybody knows me."

The tall man beamed. "I'm Fred O'Grady. I'll be stopping by your place with a little something, Shorty."

"It ain't a thing in the world, Fred."

"It is too. You've been a Samar——"

"Look," Alice said, "you're hurt. Lie down."

Fred's face fell. "I'm sorry, doc, I didn't realize you had your tools out. I know how anxious you people are to start cutting." He lay down. When his back hit the table, a small puff of dust came out.

"Guess I'll be shovin', Fred. I'm already late pickin' up my tick dip," Shorty said. "Sure hope you're gonna be O.K."

When Shorty had gone, Fred gazed at the ceiling. "Old Shorty! Picks me up and brings me all the way in! There's real——"

Shorty stuck his head back in. "Doc, I forgot."

"Forgot what?"

"The mare throwed him on account of a snake."

"So?"

"What I mean, he come down on the snake," said Shorty, blushing delicately, "hind end first."

"You mean he's been bitten by a snake too?"

Shorty slapped one of his hard little buttocks. "'Bout here. . . . Well, so long agin, Fred."

"Good-by, Shorty. I can't thank you enough for all ——"

"Slip down your trousers!" Doctor Rafferty cried. "Why didn't you tell me a snake bit you?" Fred did not move. "Mr. O'Grady, forget that I'm a woman. Think of me only as a physician. Now do as I say."

He grinned. "It's a small bite. You see, he wasn't really angry with me; he just lost his head."

"For the love of heaven," said Alice, "will you stop being so casual?"

Fred sat up wearing an expression of concern. He put his hand on her shoulder. "Doctor, if you want to drive that big needle into me or open something up, go ahead. The only thing is ——"

"Good Lord, now what?"

"That was a gopher snake I sat on."

Once more horizontal, Fred said, "I feel bad about that snake. I noticed he couldn't slither good afterwards. I figure I slipped one of his disks. Would that be logical, doctor?"

"I don't know," she said shortly. "I don't seem to know anything around here. Are you hurt at all?"

"My ankle's broken. It usually is."

She removed his shoe and sock—an Argyle with a hole—and examined his ankle. "It isn't broken," she said, "but you do have quite a sprain."

"A sprain? Well, isn't that nice of you? You're the first doctor I ever had who could find anything that cheap."

"Had a lot of sickness, have you?"

"Doctor, jolt me and I come apart like a house of matchsticks. I got bones of solid meringue. Once when I was driving a little airplane for the artillery some fellows shot off a cannon right at me and I got so frightened I drove into a Korean tree. Shattering experience. And last winter I came in with a load of Maine lobsters and couldn't get my wheels down. Slid into a real hard hangar. My body felt like a bag of marbles afterwards."

She was bandaging his ankle. "You seem a bit unlucky."

"Doc, I'm so unlucky I had to come out here to be alone. I didn't want it to spread." He sniffed cheerily. "You certainly smell better than other doctors."

"Thank you." She had finished wrapping. "This is going to be sore for a while. I suggest that you get a crutch."

He gazed in admiration at his bandaged ankle. "Is that the Mayo gift wrap? Very chic." He slid off the table and stood on one foot, his expression suddenly desolate. "Doc, this is awful. I'm broke, but unless something horrible happens, which always does, I'll pay up in four days."

Alice smiled. "I'll send you a bill."

"That'll be wonderful." He kissed her gently on the cheek. "I can't tell you how much I enjoyed being on your table."

Doctor Rafferty felt exhilarated. "Where'll I send the bill, Mr. O'Grady?"

"Rural Route One, Two Gun. Good-by, doctor."

After he had gone, Alice, still smiling, went back to tidy up. She found his Argyle sock and shoe, and dashed out after him. He was hopping down the street holding on to buildings.

"You forgot these, Mr. O'Grady."

"Why, bless your heart, you needn't have done that. Now you run on back and get out of this dust."

"Mr. O'Grady, how are you going to get home? Can your family pick you up?"

He smiled. "Don't you worry a thing about me. I'm batching it, but I'll be fine."

"Your horse is gone. Shorty's gone. You have no money. You can't walk. What'll you do?"

"I like you. What's your first name, doctor?"

"Alice. Look, I've got an old clunk of a car. I'll drive you home. You can't go hobbling around like this forever."

"Why, Alice, I can't let you do that! You've got your other patients to think of!"

"I have not." She slipped her shoulder under his arm. "This way."

Of the ten miles to his place, the last seven were over a dirt track across the range. They descended into a low valley, crossed a creek and drove upstream a half mile. The tracks ended at a small white house, almost treasonably neat for that country. Grass, green and lush for October, grew about it. There were three flower beds.

"The O'Grady boar's nest," he said. "Come on in."

Alice's eyes dwelt upon an enormous wire structure hard by the creek. "What's that, for goodness' sakes?"

"Rearing pen for my pheasants."

"Pheasants? Really? That I must see." She drove the coupé down and parked on the edge of the three-foot clay bank of the creek. They alighted.

Fred lifted his arm. "Under the wing, doctor," he grinned. "Helps keep the fuselage warm."

Alice slid under his arm and they walked to the huge pen, almost a quarter of an acre in extent, made of fine-mesh wire and roofed at a six-foot height. Inside were thickets of kale. The big birds were able to make short flights and sneak through cover almost as if free.

"I had eleven hundred," Fred said, "but I ate some."

He explained that he'd inherited the land from his father, and that after he and the lobsters had hit the hangar, he'd sold his share in an air-freight company and come out here to heal up and change his luck. "The cattle market's terrible, so I decided to give pheasants a whirl. The state fish-and-game people will pay a decent price for all the pheasants I can raise. They turn them loose for hunting. They'll be by for these in three days."

"Huh," Alice said, and felt a little blue about the birds.

"And over here's my water wheel." He pointed upstream to where the creek debouched onto the low valley. "Dad had the dam put in a long while, but I thought a water wheel'd be pleasant. Water's low now, but I'll turn her on for you."

He hobbled up to a small pump house, and presently the big wheel began to turn and water came barreling down the creek.

"Look!" Fred called, and pointed. Alice saw water begin to spray over Fred's lawn. "And over there!" A hundred yards away more water was flying around. "Garden!" he said. He shut off the pump, but let the wheel turn. He came back.

"Why, that's wonderful!" Alice said. "Did you do all that?"

"Gets kind of lonely out here and it gave me something to do. Besides that, it amuses the pheasants." He smiled. "Let's go up and have a cup of coffee."

So, while the water surged down the dry creek bed and gnawed away at the clay bank beneath Alice's car, Fred was hopping around his kitchen, getting out cold pheasant and making coffee. Alice watched him with agreeable sensations. For some reason, she kept wanting to hug him.

"Doc—I mean Alice," he said, sitting opposite her, "I just want to tell you what a pleasure it's been having my arm around your neck this afternoon." He smiled in an intimate fashion, and Doctor Rafferty tingled.

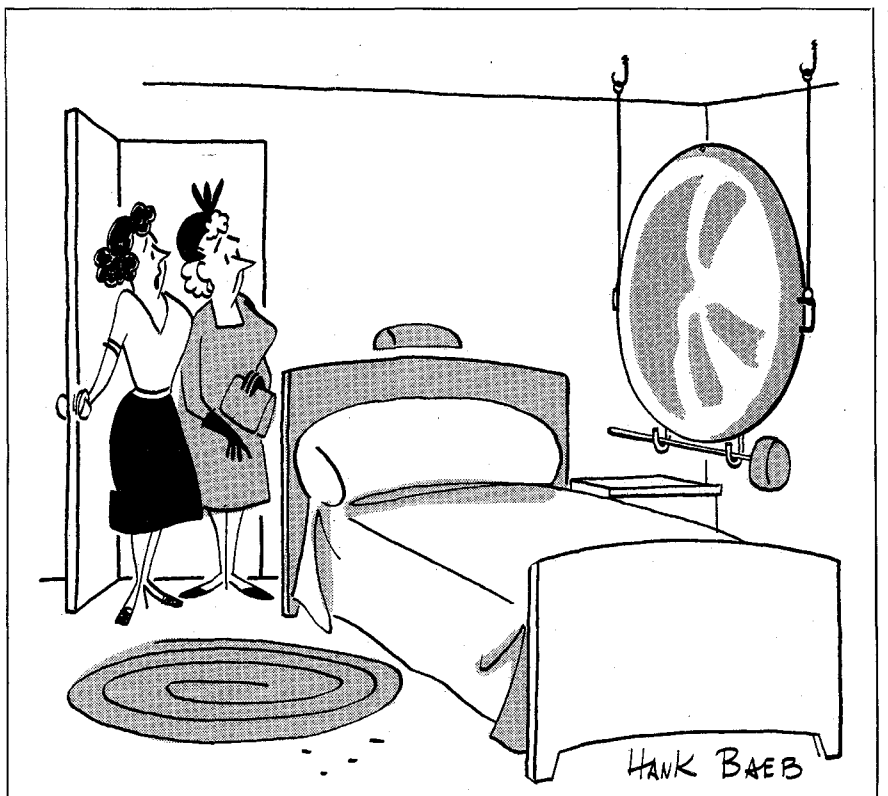
"As a matter of fact, Mr. O'Grady," Alice said softly, "I've grown rather fond of you. You're my only patient."

"No!" He took her hand. "Alice, that's impossible!"

"I really can't blame people for not coming to me. Look at the dump I work in." She went on to tell him the reason she was sticking it out was her promise to her father, Dr. John Rafferty, of Johns Hopkins, to spend a year in a small town. He thought it was the best thing that could happen to a young G.P. "That's how he started, and maybe he's right. All I know, I haven't anything to practice on. I can't compete with Doctor Carver."

Fred was so moved he placed his chair beside hers. "Besides smelling better than Doc Carver, you aren't as bowlegged." He kissed her on the cheek. "You certainly do taste tender, doctor."

"That's twice you've kissed me," Alice said, turning a faint and handsome pink. "You'd better stop, I imagine."



"Arthur spent his vacation at home, this year!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"That? A kiss? Why, I didn't even have the juice on." He took the blond physician's face between his two hands. "Now with this kind, you got to hold on to your hat."

For a short while afterward she could only regard him with warm and shining eyes. "I've got to run along. I feel funny."

"How about one for the road?"

"Well, I guess it wouldn't hurt, would it? One, I mean." And she closed her eyes and held on to her hat.

After an additional thirty seconds of smooching, Alice leaped to her feet. "What's going on around here, anyway?" she inquired excitedly. "Don't get up! Stay where you are! I'll send you the bill!" She ran out the door.

In her maidenly perturbation, Alice was picking them up and laying them down with no heed of her surroundings. "Mercy," she muttered, "necking my only patient!" She was clear down to the creek before she realized that her coupé had taken a peculiar position. She loosed a piercing cry, "My car! Judas priest, O'Grady, look at my car!"

Her coupé sat with its rear wheels on top of the bank and its front wheels in the creek. The weight of the car and the undercutting erosion of the water had made the clay bank cave in.

"Alice!" She saw him hopping down from the house. She ran to him.

"I should have known something like this would happen," he said. "It always does!"

"Don't be silly."

"It's not silly. I can louse up anybody just being in the vicinity."

"Now, now," Doctor Rafferty said.

"Look, I'm a Jonah. Always remember that and stand back." He hopped around, inspecting the mess. "I could pull you out with my tractor, but it's fractured." He eyed her. "Now there's a sample of how I operate: I was riding into town for a new camshaft when the horse threw me and I sat on the snake."

Alice smiled up at her dolorous patient. She gave him a little hug. "Don't feel so awful, O'Grady; we'll get it out. I'll call Oscar."

"Oscar?"

"Oscar Lodahl at the garage. He's a dealer. I'm sort of engaged to him." After she'd said that she could have torn out her tongue.

"Oh." He smiled. "You call Oscar and I'll turn off the water."

With an expression close to maternal tenderness, she watched him hop away, a thin, sprained man upon whom misfortune rode like Arcaro.

In a half hour Oscar arrived in a 1956 yellow-and-black hardtop, a bit annoyed at having been pulled away from business. His first words to Alice were, "How the devil could you do an idiotic thing like that?"

"It's a long story," Alice said quietly. "This is Mr. O'Grady. He's been hurt."

"How are you, Oscar?" Fred said, extending his left hand, his right being around Alice.

Oscar ignored the offering. "Do you have to fall all over Alice? Where's your crutch?"

Fred took his arm from Alice's shoulders. "Alice—I mean doc—tells me you're engaged. Isn't that fine?" He smiled affably.

"Yah." Oscar turned to the coupé. "All right, let's yank the heap out of there. Alice, you get in and ——" He was staring at the pen. "What are all those birds doing here?"

"Fred—I mean Mr. O'Grady—raises pheasants," Alice said. "And over there's his water wheel."

"Water wheel? Out here? Are you kidding?"

"All he has to do is turn it on and it waters his lawn and entertains his birds."

Oscar's pain was noticeable. "That's real precious. While he horses around with birds and water wheels, all this good bottom land goes to pot. Shrewd." He started lashing the bumper of his car to the coupé's. Alice glanced at Fred. His smile had gone.

It took only a few minutes to haul the car out of the creek; then it was time to go.

"Good-by, Fred," Alice said. "Watch that ankle." Then softly: "I think your water wheel's lovely."

O'Grady patted her hand. "Good-by, doctor." He smiled at Oscar. "So long. Thanks for coming to the rescue."

That evening Alice and Oscar dined with the Lathrops. Besides being Two Gun's banker, Joe Lathrop owned two ranches and the hotel. Alice liked him instantly. And in Mrs. Lathrop, a merry-eyed woman in her fifties, she found someone she could let her hair down with.

Barefoot Road

By Ruth DeLong Peterson

Brown is the road, swept smooth
with showers;
Brown are her bare feet, chubby
and brown,
And restless from waiting
through rainy hours.
Through her toes the soft mud
flows up and down.

Mirrored in puddles is liquid
blue sky
Bubbled with white; she laughs
aloud.
In shoe-prisoned years when
streets are dry,
She can remember she walked
on a cloud.

"I want to tell you how happy I am that you're practicing here," she told Alice. "I adore Doctor Carver, but he's killing himself with work. And frankly, he has the coldest hands on earth!"

It also developed during a chat in the kitchen that Mrs. Lathrop knew O'Grady. "At least I knew his father, Congressman O'Grady. A fine, strapping, enchanting man!" She sighed. "I remember before I was married, Kevin took me outside during a barn dance and kissed me a couple times." She closed her eyes. "Rrrrrrrr!"

"Margaret," said Alice, pulling up her chair, "I know exactly what you mean. Isn't that the funniest thing? This afternoon out at his ranch ——"

That kind of talk went on ominously for some time. The upshot was that Alice telephoned O'Grady the next day.

"This is Doctor Rafferty," she told him, aware of receivers lifting all down the line. "How's the ankle?"

"How are you, Alice—I mean doc? Ankle's grand."

"Do you have a crutch yet?"

"I looked for one this morning when I went out to see why my butane was all gone, but couldn't find one. But don't worry; I'll get one before I shovel the game feed." His voice grew louder, "And I'd like to tell all you splendid people on the line that there isn't a cleaner, sounder, nicer-smelling doctor in the state than Doc Rafferty, located in the old feed store on ——"

"Your butane's gone? Don't you have any heat for cooking?"

"My valve leaks, but it's nothing to trouble you. I've ——"

"And shoveling feed! Judas priest," cried Alice, "I'll be right out!"

Before she left, she dumped some of her tools from her black bag and put her hot plate in. She dropped in next door at the barber shop and told Earl Blackman she was going out on an emergency call to the O'Grady spread, in case she was wanted.

She found her patient carrying game feed in a pail from his granary to his birds, using a scoop shovel as a cane. When he saw her his face split wide open with pleasure. He dropped his pail and shovel, opened his arms to her, took a step forward and fell down.

With her help, he got to his feet, and this time they put their arms around each other for stability and because it felt so good.

"I brought my hot plate," Alice said emotionally. "Come on up to the house. I'll get some hot food into you."

She fried some pheasant, eggs and potatoes, and made coffee. While he fed she made his bed, swept the joint and darned his Argyle. When he had finished eating, she washed the dishes and rebandaged his ankle. Her chores done, she took a seat on his lap, using his good leg.

"Fred," she said softly, "I want to ask you something."

"Anything in this world, doc."

"Kiss me again like you did yesterday, will you? The kind where I hold on to my hat."

His face grew sober. "You've got to stop being so nice to me. On the level, Alice, I'm no good. I'm broke and brittle, and possibly I've lost a marble or two. I'm permanently unlucky. I'm ——"

"Who asked for a speech? For goodness' sake, stop yakking and do as you're told. Doctor's orders."

"I'm a loose and selfish man," Fred said, and kissed her.

"Rrrrrrr," murmured Alice. "One more and then I'll run down and carry feed for you."

"One more," said a voice from the door, "and you'll carry him out in a box."

In the doorway stood Oscar like a storm on the horizon.

Alice sat straight up on O'Grady's lap like an astounded quail.

"Here I come down to your office to have my wart removed like I promised, and what do I find? You're out on an emergency call with this sprained bird raiser. What were you doing just now, giving him oxygen?"

"His valve leaked and he ran out of butane!" Alice said hotly. "No patient of mine starves to death!"

"Yah," Oscar said. "You run along now. I've got something to say to the nut here."

Alice glanced at O'Grady. She saw that his face was red and his eyes fastened narrowly on Oscar. "O.K.," she said, "but there's to be no violence. My patient's out of condition."

"Take off," said Oscar.

Alice left. She walked down to the rearing pen and in an emotional manner began carrying game feed to the birds. Oscar emerged presently.

"What'd he say?" Alice asked.

"He said he was no darned good to anybody."

"I knew it! I knew he'd say that!"

Oscar was studying the pheasant layout. "He also said that after the fish-and-game people buy his birds tomorrow, he'll have enough money to ask you to marry him." Oscar chortled. "Money? That loon won't have enough money to ——"

Alice's eyes were round. "He said that?" She felt an overwhelming joy. "Well, what do you know?"

Later that day, after removing Oscar's wart and taking his five bucks, Alice telephoned Mrs. Lathrop and reported.

"Sat on his lap, you say?" Mrs. Lathrop said with enthusiasm. "That's what did it! You got to move in fast and keep the poor things slightly out of their minds." She laughed. "Alice, I think we've got this boy whipped."

So did Alice, and she went to bed full of cheer and love. During the following day, however, when no call came from the O'Grady place, she grew increasingly depressed. By the time Oscar came over that evening to ask her to a movie, she had become a little crotchety. She told him she had a headache. Oscar laughed in a peculiarly irritating manner.

"Don't tell me that you expect to hear from that screwball O'Grady? Believe me, honey, you won't. Can't you tell a phony when you see one? He was grandstanding, Alice. How could he marry you in his shape? When he gets through paying for all that equipment and his feed, he's not going to have a cent. I know. I'm a businessman and that's one thing that foul ball isn't. Him and his pheasants and his water wheel! He's nuts!"

Alice eyed him morosely. "Oscar, haul your freight." And she shut the door in his face.

Off and on that night she wept a good deal.

In the morning she got up and called O'Grady. "This is Alice. How's your ankle?"

"Practically well." He sounded despondent. "Hi, doc."

"I was sort of expecting to hear from you."

"You got to forget me, Alice. It's absolutely hopeless."

Her heart fell a foot. "What happened?"

"A routine catastrophe. My pheasants got loose."

"Got loose? How could ——"

"They're scattered all over the place. You go ahead and marry Oscar. So long, doc." He hung up.

Doctor Rafferty made the ten miles out to his place in fifteen minutes, being delayed five by a traffic jam of pheasant hunters out for the opening day of the season. At the ranch she found the pens empty, the water wheel still and the proprietor packing his bags. The sight ruined her.

"Aw, Fred!" she cried, and ran to him.

"Doc!" He squeezed her hard. "Please, no kissing. This is no time for me to go to pieces."

"Where are you going, for pity's sake?"

"I called my old outfit. There's a job for me." He gazed at her in misery. "You run on back to town now."

"How'd they get out—the pheasants?"

"Doctor, you won't believe it. Night before last, I felt kind of sad about selling my pheasants, so I went down there to say good-by. I even ran my water wheel for them, seeing they were in death row and didn't know it. I guess I felt so bad I didn't pay attention to what I was doing. Anyway, I just plain went off and left the gate open. Probably a head shrinker'd say I let them out deliberately." He tapped his forehead. "Maybe so. Something's busted up here from having the roof fall in on it so much."

Alice slumped into a chair. It was unbelievable. "Maybe someone else let them out—for a reason," she said.

"Oscar, you mean?" He patted her shoulder. "That's romantic, but he didn't

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have to do a thing like that. He had me whipped as it was. He just laughed at me the other day when I said I was going to ask you to marry me."

"He did, huh?"

"And he was right. I started figuring my costs up after he left, and when I got through I found out I wasn't making a thing on the birds. So what could I give you, doc? What could I ever do for you? I'd just embarrass you. I was out of my head wanting to ask you to marry me—those kisses flipped my lid." He studied her face with bleak longing; then kissed her on the nose. "Go on home, Alice. It's all over."

She leaped to her feet. "Over? You're darned tootin' it's all over! Why, you emaciated invertebrate, whatever gave you the idea I'd marry you? Who cares about your money? What you don't have is a lot more important. You don't have any guts, O'Grady! You keep blubbering about your bad luck and running off to hide from it. And that I'm-doing-this-for-you routine! Hogwash! You aren't unselfish; you're a coward! You wouldn't fight for anything, would you? You let Oscar laugh at you and push you around! You let the pheasants get out and then throw in the sponge! Who'd ever marry you, you—you—noncombatant?"

She whirled and charged out of the house, her eyes so misty she didn't see Doctor Carver coming in, and she jarred the old gentleman's teeth loose. Behind him were Joe Lathrop and two other pheasant hunters. Doctor Carver adjusted his tilted denture and smiled, but Alice had only a snort for the lot of them.

For the next few days she moped about her premises, bitter at all men. She refused to go out with Oscar and she spent a lot of time sitting in her office window, gloomily honing her scalpel. She couldn't help thinking about O'Grady, the gutless wonder, who had hightailed to the city, but she knew she'd get over it in time.

Then, at the end of a week, Doctor Carver telephoned, "Doctor, I have a couple cases over here that throw me. If you can get away for a minute, could we consult?"

Alice crossed the street with what she felt must be unseemly speed, but if Doctor Carver thought so, he didn't show it. "Very nice of you to come," he said warmly. "Now, the first patient is in here." He opened the door of a room, and there on a bed slept Oscar, his lower lip bandaged and his face lumpy. "He's under sedation," Carver said. "The other one's in here," and he led her into the operating room. Stretched out on the table was O'Grady, his hat over his face. From under the hat came the sound of contented whistling. "He won't let me touch him. He says he's promised all his trade to Doctor Rafferty."

O'Grady lifted his hat and sat up. One eye was swelled shut. "Hi, Alice," he said, and smiled widely.

Alice's heart began to pound. "I thought you were in ——"

"You don't know it," Doc Carver said, "but you are now my partner, doctor. You've bought in."

"Bought in?" Her mind reeled. "I did no such ——"

"Now, doc, don't blow your cork again. I couldn't stand it," Fred said. "Just fetch your knives and saws, and stop yelling."

"Take over, doctor," Carver said. "I'm going hunting."

Alice didn't see the old gentleman leave; she was looking at Fred with shining eyes. "You and Oscar have been fighting, I guess," she said gently.

"I didn't take kindly to the way he sneered at my water wheel and ordered my girl around, so I came into town and hit him. He got right back up and hit me." He pulled up his pants leg. "Doctor, how can a man hit in the eye sprain his ankle?"

Alice had no time for medicine. "How come you didn't leave the country?" she wanted to know.

"I would have if you hadn't called me all those terrible names. I decided that a girl who'd say things like that must love me, and it made me so ferocious I made up my mind to hang around." He pulled her close. "I'm glad I did. All of a sudden my luck changed. Remember my pheasants? The fish-and-game people had been counting on them to plant locally. When mine got loose they didn't have any birds for this area. But I did. I had a thousand pheasants running wild on my property and every hunter going crazy wanting to hunt them. So I charged them ten dollars a day for the privilege. I'm going to make about three thousand dollars before I'm through, doc."

"Three thousand! How about that?"

"There's more. Joe Lathrop got to studying my water-wheel-irrigation system and advanced me money to expand it. He estimates he can raise two crops of alfalfa a year out there."

"And you spent the whole works buying me in with Doctor Carver." Alice had tears in her eyes. "What'd you do a thing like that for?"

"I'll need a lot of care from now on," Fred said, "and I knew you'd want your husband to have the best."

"You're right," said Doctor Rafferty. "Get down off that table." He did and she snuggled under his arm. "Let's not start off by letting your fuselage get cold." THE END

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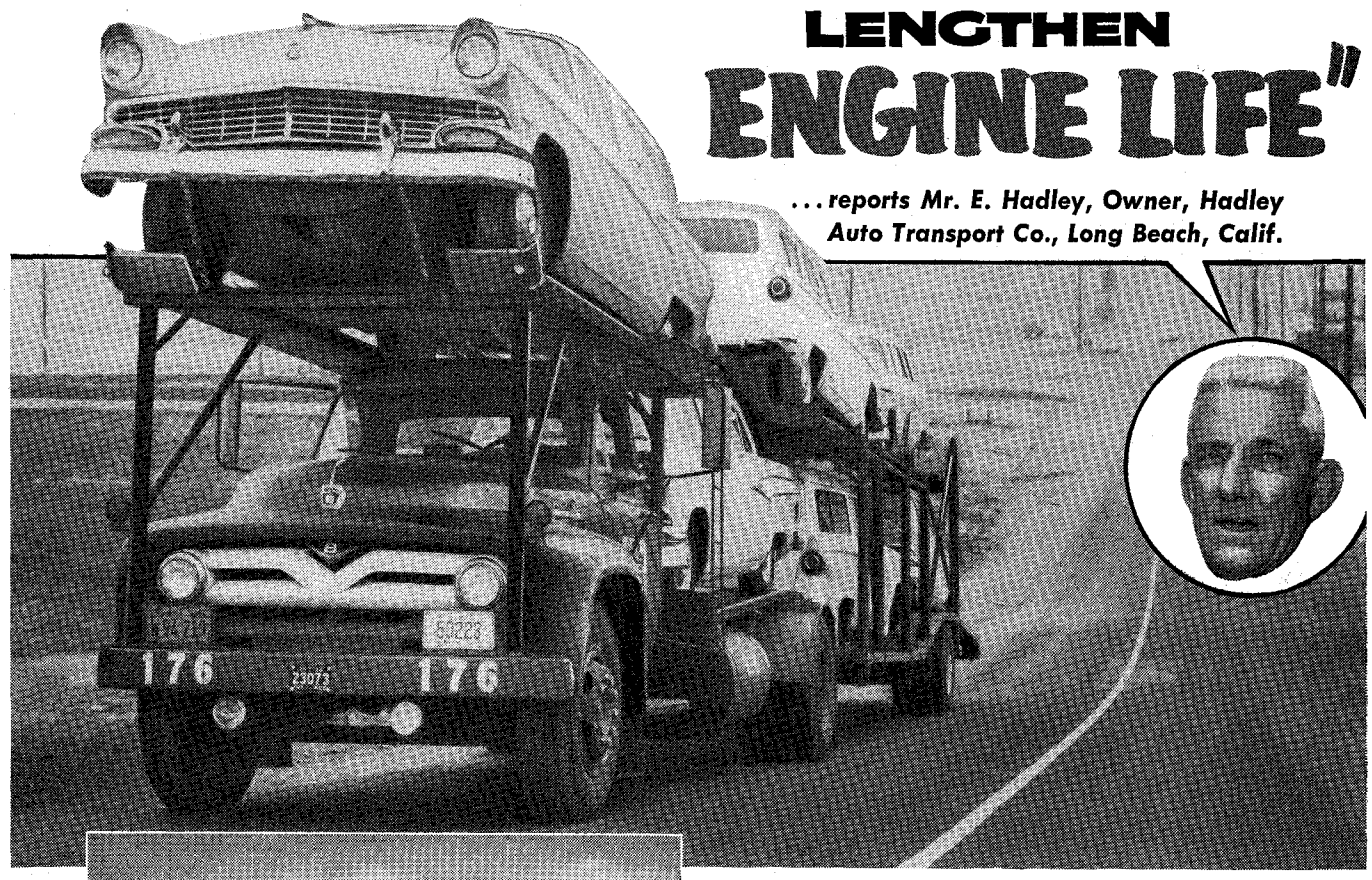

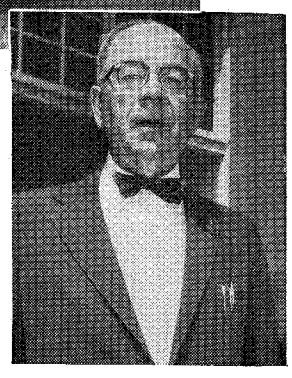

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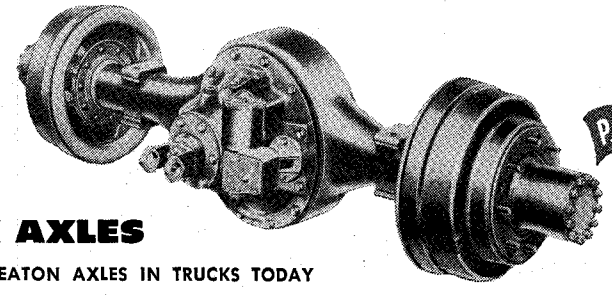

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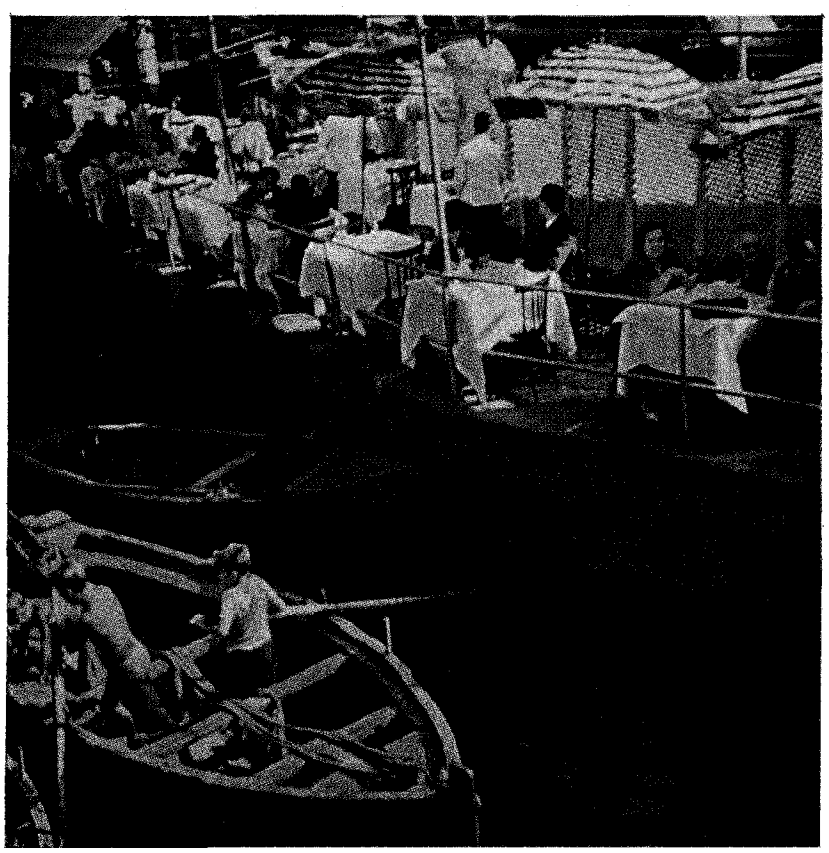

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The Democrats' No. 1 Optimist

(Continued from Page 28)

Democrats prepare to hold their convention in Chicago, he should be just getting over his rose fever and starting in on his hay fever. He is also a diabetic; each day begins with a self-administered injection of sixty units of insulin. He was a frail child, subject to frequent severe colds, asthma and horrendous digestive upsets which kept him out of school as much as one fourth of the time. "Four doctors told me I'd never raise him," his mother attests. Butler's father died of a heart attack at the age of fifty-two. One of Paul's brothers also died of a heart ailment when he was fifty-one. Butler turned fifty-one himself on June fifteenth. If he worries about his health, he shows no sign of it, for he is a remarkable mixture of inner calm and seemingly inexhaustible energy.

Both of us, in fact, were preoccupied with the health of a famous Republican when we met at Washington's National Airport shortly after two o'clock on the afternoon of last June eighth.

"They've just taken him to Walter Reed Hospital in an Army ambulance," was Butler's greeting.

It was sheer accident that we were traveling together on the day President Eisenhower suffered the attack of ileitis which led to his operation. Butler was on his way to his home in South Bend, Indiana, to visit his wife, who was ill in a hospital, and also to deliver a political speech. I had arranged to accompany him because an airliner is about the only spot in which Butler can talk informally these days without being interrupted by jangling telephones and importuning politicians. I also hoped to discover among Butler's personal grass roots some clues to his spectacular rise from political obscurity to the party chairmanship. Butler is a lawyer by profession and had made a very comfortable living as a courtroom virtuoso in South Bend until he took on the $25,000-a-year chairmanship at a personal financial sacrifice.

"An ambulance," mused Butler as we waited for our plane. "That certainly sounds pretty serious."

As a graduate of the Indiana school of politics, which is just about as rough as they come, Butler has not invariably distinguished himself on the national scene in the realm of good taste and judgment. He has, in fact, inspired political enemies to label him variously as "vindictive," a "low animal," and "a scoundrel." There is another side to Butler—a very different side. A former altar boy and always a sincere Catholic, he began going to Mass and communion daily in 1952; this, coincidentally, was the year he first broke into national politics. Butler is also a devoted husband, the loved and respected father of five handsome children, and an honest, generous, sympathetic human being. Some time ago, while he was in the middle of a bitter, internecine political battle in Texas, Butler finished an exhausting day by sitting up well past midnight with an old acquaintance who was having wife trouble and needed advice. Butler sleeps well.

It was Butler the human being rather than Butler the politician who came to the fore while we discussed the President's latest illness as our plane headed westward. The Democratic chairman has not hesitated to raise the health issue. Early in his career as national chairman, he suggested that Mamie Eisenhower's health might deter the President from seeking re-election. He seemed genuinely puzzled at the explosions of outrage that followed. He has also clung firmly to a public position that the President won't run because of the state of his own health, a position which at that moment, looked better than it had in some time. But now he was obviously concerned about Dwight Eisenhower, a man in trouble. Butler the politician was to be held in abeyance until several days later, when it appeared that the President was well on the mend from his operation.

"Well," said Butler in a sudden shift of the conversation, "I see that Mantle is only batting .403 today. Boy, I sure hope he can beat the Babe's record. If I weren't in politics I'd recommend that the Mantle and Ted Williams shifts be ruled illegal, just as the Rockne shift was legislated against in football." Butler is an incurable fan of the New York Yankees (take it easy there, voters, in the Solid South), and of the Notre Dame football team.

"Paul never gets excited," an old friend reports, "except when he's sore at the umpire or Notre Dame has just scored a touchdown. Then he yells, he screams, he smashes his hat."

Butler is, primarily, a spectator sportsman. Occasionally, he'll join his three sons in shooting baskets in the back yard of his home in South Bend, or go golfing with them on the Notre Dame course, scoring anywhere from 90 to 105. He shoots a much snappier game of pool, and is formidable at poker—"maybe because he's the only one there who's entirely sober," as one loser observes.

There is a distinctly boyish quality about Butler when he's on the subject of sports, accentuated by an easy, attractive Irish grin. During the Democratic National Committee meeting at New Orleans in December of 1954 at which he was elected national chairman, Butler kept interrupting his watch on the progress of his own fortunes to demand bulletins on how Notre Dame was making out on the gridiron that day. A 1927 law-school graduate of Notre Dame, Butler hasn't missed a home game at his alma mater in thirty-eight years, for as a resident of South Bend he started attending the games in his boyhood.

It is necessary to look just above the engaging smile to find outward evidences of the shrewd and calculating politician. Butler's pale-blue eyes are farsighted; he wears horn-rimmed glasses to read "because my arms aren't long enough," as he puts it. The eyes are curiously hooded, giving an impression of secretiveness which is in contrast with the openness of the rest of his face.

A look through Butler's eyes at the immediate political future is enough to give any thoughtful Republican the willies. Butler is telling anyone who will listen that the Democrats could defeat any Republican presidential candidate, including President Eisenhower, in November. This attitude is to be expected. The odd thing about it is that Butler really means it, or so I am convinced after long talks with Butler and his brain trusters. While Butler's political future is linked primarily with the fortunes of Adlai Stevenson, Butler's own political style is more akin to the scrappy, damn-the-odds infighting of a Harry Truman. Let us merely mention the year 1948 in passing.

Our plane was droning peacefully over Ohio when Butler pulled a piece of legal foolscap from his pocket and consulted an array of state names and percentages scribbled on it.

"Look," said Butler, "the vote won't be as heavy this time as it was in 1952. The party in power almost always has a drop-off the second time around. So I figure Ike would be losing eighty to eighty-five per cent of that drop-off. Well, in 1952, while losing, we had the biggest vote the Democratic Party ever had. We only have to switch around three million votes. It can be done." Butler glanced at his notes and then stared thoughtfully for a moment at the Ohio farmland passing far below us.

"We carried nine states in 1952," he continued. "We lost eleven other states by five percentage points or less—Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Massachusetts, Missouri, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Texas and Washington. All of those states, except Delaware and Pennsylvania, went Democratic across the board in the '40's, and those two states went Democratic two of the three times. Take the nine states we won in 1952 and the eleven others I've just mentioned, and you come up with a total of 246 electoral votes. You need 266 to win.

"O.K. Now there were six other states that we lost by five to six per cent of the vote—Connecticut, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, New Mexico and New York. New Mexico and Minnesota went Democratic in all three of the presidential elections of the '40's, Connecticut, Maryland and New York two out of three times, and Michigan in 1944. These six states have 97 electoral votes. So there you have, in all, twenty-six states with a total of 343 electoral votes, a very comfortable margin of victory, and nowhere do you have to accomplish any really big switch of the 1952 vote.

"Furthermore, there are six other states—Arizona, Colorado, Maine, New Jersey, Ohio and Virginia—which have Democratic governors, new ones in the first four states mentioned, and I haven't even figured those states in these calculations."

But what of the famous Eisenhower popularity? I inquired. How about the Gallup Poll?

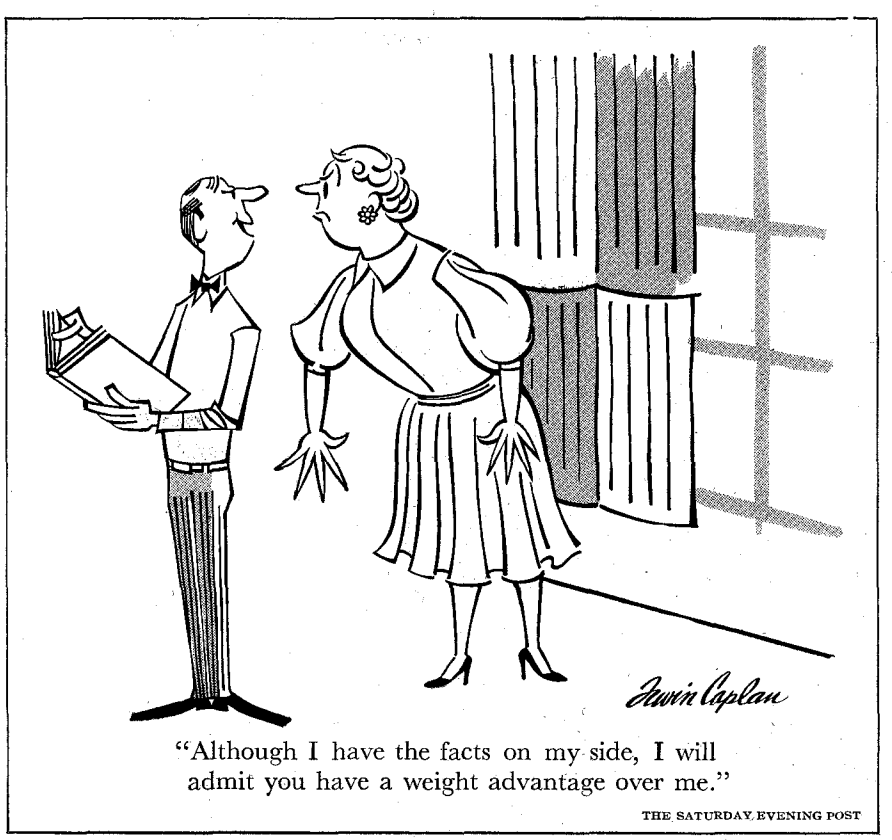
"Sure, he's popular," Butler replied calmly, "but I can't see any evidence that his popularity is necessarily going to be translated into votes. Take Roosevelt. Take Truman. People either hated 'em or loved 'em. But Ike? Well, a lot of people seem to feel amiable about him, but I just wonder how many of them are going to get steamed up enough to vote for him, now that he's been in office four years."

Wishful thinking? Professional optimism? Maybe. But the man who was talking had been traveling almost constantly for eighteen months, everywhere in the nation, tightening party lines, making compromises here, lopping heads off there, stirring up a party that was no longer fat and lazy from too many years in office.

"The Democrats have never had a stronger political organization in this country than they have right now," Butler said. "Look at what's happened since 1952. We've elected nine Democratic governors over the eighteen we had then. We've won both houses of Congress—even Herbert Hoover did better in 1930 than Eisenhower did in 1954 so far as Congress was concerned. We've captured five hundred seats from the Republicans in the state legislatures, and lost exactly five seats. Today, all over the nation, we have more Democratic mayors, judges, clerks, councilmen, sheriffs, auditors, commissioners, township trustees and justices of the peace than ever before, even in the peak years of F.D.R.'s popularity. That means patronage, that means organization, that means we're pulling at the oars instead of just sitting at them. To heck with the Gallup Poll. I'll take election results."

Butler and his advisers are figuring that the South will stay solid this time and that the odds in the border states favor the Democrats. Assuming that the Southern and border states do go Democratic, for a total of 170 electoral votes, the Democrats would need only ninety-six more electoral ballots from the rest of the nation. And here, so the Butlerian logic goes, the farm issue is the Democrats' best bet. This is based on the theory that farmers are the only sizable body of Republicans who would defect if they felt their economic interests were not being served by a Republican administration.

Interestingly enough, the Democratic target will not be the traditional farm states, but such quasi-farm states as New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and California—most of them with large electoral votes, and most of them requiring relatively small switches in the popular vote of 1952 to shift the electoral ballots from the Republican column to the Democratic. Beyond this, Butler sees votes to be gained from the public-power issue in the



"Although I have the facts on my side, I will admit you have a weight advantage over me."

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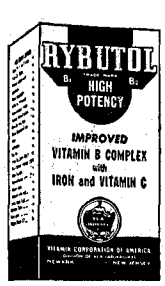

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TVA and Pacific Northwest states, and from the unemployment issue in areas of spotty dislocations such as those to be found in Michigan, Pennsylvania and New England.

As we got off our plane in Chicago to transfer to a feeder line into South Bend, Butler assisted a woman passenger by carrying her bag into the waiting room, ascertained to his satisfaction that she was a lifelong Democrat, and then turned to the nearest newsstand. He read the latest dispatches on the President's condition without comment, then turned to the sports page.

"Gee," he remarked, "the Cubs have beaten the Pirates two out of three now."

Butler's nineteen-year-old son, Paul, Jr., who is taking a premedical course at Notre Dame, met us at the South Bend airport, drove me to a hotel, and took his father on to St. Joseph's Hospital to visit Mrs. Butler. We agreed to meet again in about an hour at the high-school auditorium in which Butler was scheduled to speak at a political rally concluding a week-long celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the United Auto Workers Union.

I was startled, upon arrival at the school, to discover that exactly 112 people were assembled, in an auditorium capable of seating 3000, to hear the Democratic national chairman, the Indiana president of the AFL-CIO and local candidates for Congress.

"I'm real happy to be here tonight," Butler announced upon being introduced. Then he proceeded to deliver a slashing attack on Leonard Hall, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the "one-party press" and Republicans in general, his rather high, harsh voice echoing in the all-but-unoccupied auditorium. Butler seemed to ignore the circumstances, speaking with all the fire and enthusiasm that might have been expected had he been inspired by the cheers of thousands on a more auspicious occasion.

Outside the hall, two brawny assembly-line workers fidgeted uncomfortably. "Boy, oh, boy," said one of them, "the publicity committee sure goofed on this one." Next day, the South Bend Tribune reported the event under a headline to the effect that Butler had no comment at this time on the political significance of President Eisenhower's illness, observed charitably that the audience consisted of "fewer than two hundred persons," and added rather testily that the lengthy speaking program was carried through "relentlessly" in spite of the poor attendance.

Two red-haired daughters, Maureen Anne, twenty, and Karen, eighteen, adorn the large, comfortable, buff brick home of the Butler family in one of South Bend's pleasantly shaded residential areas, and two automobiles stand in the asphalt driveway. Mrs. Butler, the former Anne Briscoe, also a redhead, was a Massachusetts girl when she met Butler, then a rising young attorney and leader of the local Young Democrats, on a visit to South Bend in 1932. They were married two years later. In addition to the girls and Paul, Jr., the family includes seventeen-year-old Kevin, who wants to be a lawyer like his father, and fifteen-year-old Brian, who wants to be a politician like his father. It is a closely knit family, though sadly divided in its baseball loyalties: Kevin shares Paul, Sr.'s, enthusiasm for the Yankees; Mrs. Butler cheers the Red Sox; Paul, Jr., is for the Cubs; while the girls and Brian are White Sox rooters.

Family life for the Butlers has been seriously disrupted since the head of the household became national chairman. Butler lives at the Mayflower Hotel when he happens to be in Washington, just two blocks from the new office building which houses Democratic headquarters along with an infinite variety of lawyers, lobbyists, businessmen, insurance agents, notaries and the Harry S. Truman Library, Inc. Much of the time, however, he has been on the road, usually traveling alone, without the entourage customary for a high political panjandrum, because the national committee, while solvent, is far from wealthy these days and doesn't expect to have much of a kitty until it has a candidate. Butler professes to feel like a poor relation when he contemplates the vast funds he presumes the Republicans will have available.

The comfortable circumstances of Butler's personal life, however, are a far cry from the latter years of his boyhood. Butler's father, successively a railway mail clerk, street commissioner of South Bend and district collector of internal revenue, got him interested in Democratic politics at an early age. Paul's uncle and his grandfather had also held the political patronage job of street commissioner under Democratic mayors. But Paul's father died when Paul was eleven, and from then on, life was a struggle. An older brother and sister quit school and went to work to help support the family while another brother completed his studies for the priesthood.

Paul went to work on a part-time basis when he was fourteen, as a stock clerk in a South Bend department store, and it was there that he met Vitus G. Jones, a prominent South Bend attorney who took a fatherly interest in him. Young Paul won an eight-year scholarship to Notre Dame, which then had a four-year high school as well as college courses, but the high school closed after his freshman year and he spent the next three years at South Bend High School before returning to Notre Dame for his law degree. Funds were frequently so scarce in the family that Butler couldn't afford seven cents for carfare, walking to classes nearly two miles from his home, often in bitter weather. Butler became a campus correspondent for a local newspaper while at Notre Dame and considered journalism as a career for a time, but turned to the law under Jones' influence. He was graduated, *cum laude*, in 1927.

To be a lawyer in Indiana is almost automatically to be involved in politics. With his family's political background added to the picture, Butler could hardly have avoided the great Indiana pastime if he had wanted to. He started out as a precinct poll-taker when he was still a junior in college, became president of the South Bend Young Democrats in the early '30's, and dabbled in various local political affairs until he was elected a district Democratic chairman in 1948. In 1952, allied with Gov. Henry Schricker, Butler unseated Frank McHale, the burly, cigar-chewing Democratic boss of Indiana, in one of the fiercest intraparty rows in Indiana history; some of the scars from that one remain unhealed today. This ended McHale's fifteen-year dominance of party politics in Indiana, made Butler a national committeeman, and won Butler the enmity of Harry Truman's national chairman, Frank McKinney, an ally of McHale. But it also placed Butler in a position, in alliance with Governor Schricker, to help "draft" Adlai Stevenson as the Democratic presidential nominee at the 1952 Chicago convention.

Thus the road was paved for Butler's ascent to his present position, which he describes as "the highest honor a working Democrat can have." Until he achieved the chairmanship, however, Butler was never a professional politician in the sense of making a living from politics. Rather, he supported his growing family from his earnings as a member of the law firm founded by Vitus Jones—who, incidentally, was a stanch but tolerant Republican. Butler did receive some political patronage, including appointment as school-board attorney and, under Governor Schricker, as co-manager of the South Bend automobile-license bureau. Nonpolitical friends—and he has some—contend, on the other hand, that Butler would have been much better off financially if he "hadn't wasted so much time on politics." Butler's infrequent courtroom appearances—most of his practice was in corporate and real-estate law—revealed him to be a brilliant trial lawyer. One of his legal accomplishments, for example, was to win acquittal of a woman who had done away with her mother-in-law in the horrified presence of a deputy prosecutor. The prosecutor, unaware that the woman was carrying a gun in her purse, had accompanied her in an effort to get her children back from the mother-in-law; when conversation failed, the woman started shooting before the prosecutor could stop her. Butler, pleading tem-

"Actually, I missed the truck. Fred was hit by the driver."

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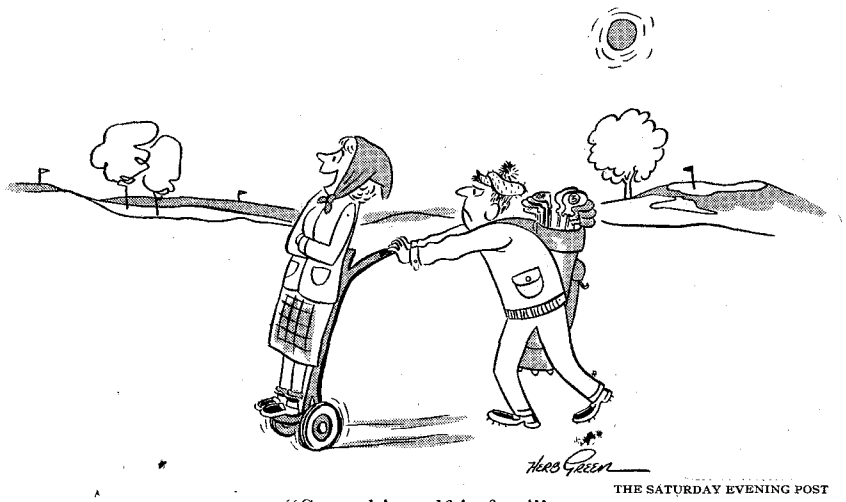

"Say, this golf is fun!"

porary insanity on the part of his client, not only reduced the jury to tears but the judge as well.

As national committeeman from 1952 onward, Butler set the pattern of extensive traveling which he has carried over to the national scene. With his wife doing much of the driving, he ran up more than 50,000 miles on errands of political moment in all parts of Indiana during a two-year period. "We often got home as the milkman was arriving," Mrs. Butler recalls. These peregrinations helped to gain Butler a reputation as one of the hardest-working Democratic committeemen to be found anywhere.

Late in 1954, Stephen A. Mitchell, Adlai Stevenson's national chairman, told Butler that he, Mitchell, had other fish to fry and suggested that Butler try for the job. Harry Truman, fielding a triple play in factional animosity from McHale to McKinney to Truman, announced he was "unalterably opposed" to Butler. Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, fearing an open clash between the Stevenson and Truman wings of the party, tried to postpone the chairmanship election. But Mitchell stood firm in his intention to quit and to have his successor named at the national-committee meeting held in New Orleans in December of 1954.

Butler, no man to wait idly for lightning to strike him, went about his campaign methodically. Before he was finished, he had talked—in person or by telephone—with 98 of the 105 men and women then members of the national committee; there were three vacancies on the committee at the time. He had one argument: That he was the only candidate who happened to be a national committeeman, and therefore was the man best able to understand the problems of others on the committee. The argument was so persuasive that seventy committeemen voted for Butler, and the Stevenson camp thus retained control of the party machinery.

Butler, however, has leaned over backward to be a party chairman rather than a factional leader. His first move as national chairman was to call on Harry Truman in Kansas City—and the two "small-town politicians" understood each other instantly. Butler has seen Truman in person at least seven times since becoming chairman, and has called him on the telephone and corresponded with him frequently. Butler also turned to Sam Rayburn for sage counsel and sound political advice, usually delivered in breakfast sessions at "Mr. Sam's" Washington bachelor apartment.

As a day-to-day matter, however, Butler's brain trust consists of three sharp-witted, sharp-tongued authorities on the soft spots to be found in the hide of the Republican elephant. Clayton Fritchey, fifty-year-old ex-newspaperman, heads this group as deputy chairman of the national committee. Fritchey was editor of the New Orleans Item when he came to Washington, at the outbreak of the Korean war, as assistant to the Secretary of Defense and director of information for the Defense Department. Subsequently he was an administrative assistant to President Truman, and then campaign assistant to Adlai Stevenson in 1952's losing battle. Next in the triumvirate is Samuel C. Brightman, forty-five, director of publicity, a former Washington correspondent for the Louisville Courier-Journal, and a caustic wit, when it comes to Republican failings, worthy of the shade of the late Charlie Michelson, the man who made life so miserable for Herbert Hoover and other Republicans in the heyday of the early New Deal. Finally, there is thirty-year-old Philip M. Stern, director of research and multimillionaire grandson of Julius Rosenwald, the mail-order magnate.

Stern, a former legislative assistant to Sen. Paul H. Douglas, of Illinois, served on the Stevenson campaign staff in 1952 and is an example of how the so-called "eggheads" who clustered about Stevenson in 1952 are being drawn into the school of practical politics represented by Butler. The Democratic campaign this year will be no double-headed monster as it was in 1952; the show will be run from Butler's office in Washington, if Butler has anything to do about it.

Butler's immediate political future will be decided at the upcoming Democratic convention in Chicago. If Adlai Stevenson is the nominee, which appears to be the most likely outcome, Butler will undoubtedly remain as chairman through the campaign and beyond. Estes Kefauver, Averell Harriman or some other possible nominee might well want to make a change. Whoever the candidate and whoever the chairman may prove to be after next month's political sideshow, the tightly drawn, fighting political organization they will have to work with will be largely the handiwork of the tirelessly traveling Paul Butler.

One of Butler's early moves as national chairman was to hire Norman, Craig and Kummel, a New York advertising agency which had enjoyed considerable success in the field of television. Butler was especially drawn to this particular agency because it originally handled the account of a TV quiz show known as The $64,000 Question, and still handles a $100,000 TV giveaway known as The Big Surprise. Butler, who has a talent for remembering names as prodigious as Big Jim Farley's, thinks he sees in the titles of these two shows a portent of what will happen in November. If he should be right, he might also inherit Big Jim's reputation for political astuteness. THE END

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"Don't forget to call us."

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A telephone call is a personal, satisfying way to let folks know you've arrived safely . . . to make sure things are running smoothly at home.

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These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

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She's Paid to be Nosy (Continued from Page 27)

She is also called in by families trying to figure out how much their household contents are worth for purposes of insurance or sale. Sometimes, too, an insurance company, squabbling with a policyholder over the extent of a loss, will ask a household appraiser to render an opinion.

Mrs. Schreiner is one of only six women in the Appraisers Association of America, whose membership, drawn largely from the New York area, numbers 174. And she is among the very few engaged solely in appraisal work. Her headquarters is a small, comfortable apartment on Manhattan's East Side, in an area dotted with art, antique and curiosity shops.

Despite the complex and often tiring nature of her profession, fifty-nine-year-old Mrs. Schreiner has no immediate plans to retire. "I have a bump of curiosity," she explains. "Most of us women do, you know. It's fun to poke around somebody else's house."

Genial and talkative, Mrs. Schreiner prefers to work in inhabited houses rather than empty ones. But she manages to enjoy herself in empty houses too. Wandering from room to room with a pencil and a large yellow pad, she draws comfort from her bump of curiosity. "People leave more of themselves in houses than in diaries," she says. "It's hard to be lonesome in a house that was lived in."

It is possible to be quite uncomfortable, however. Opening a closet door one night in a doctor's house, Mrs. Schreiner found herself face to face with a human skeleton. But after a breathless moment, Mrs. Schreiner gamely got down to business, checked the skeleton over, found it to be in good condition and noted the fact on her pad.

On another job she opened a large trunk in semidarkness and saw what seemed to be two human forms inside. A pair of grotesque white faces stared up at her. "I let out a shriek like a steamboat whistle. Glory be to Peter! They looked just like little children. They weren't, of course. When I looked again, I saw that they were marionettes. The man made them as a hobby."

Such shocks, while they do give her a turn, bother Mrs. Schreiner less than some of the really depressing jobs she's done. There was an ancient house in Mount Vernon, New York, for instance, owned by a strange old lady. Clues indicated that she had closed it off, room by room, finally holing up in the kitchen. Clothes hung haphazardly from anything that could serve as a hook. Half-empty cans of food stood about, and a family of mice had made its nest in the oven. "She had money," says Mrs. Schreiner, "but I guess she forgot or didn't care. There was a sort of pantry in the kitchen, and on one of the shelves I found an old purse. It was stuffed full of uncashed dividend checks."

The advantage of working in an empty house, Mrs. Schreiner points out, is that there is nobody to argue with you. "When people are living in the house, they are sometimes resentful. In estate work, the heirs and other relatives are usually upset anyhow, and when I come along and start prying around the house, they feel I'm intruding."

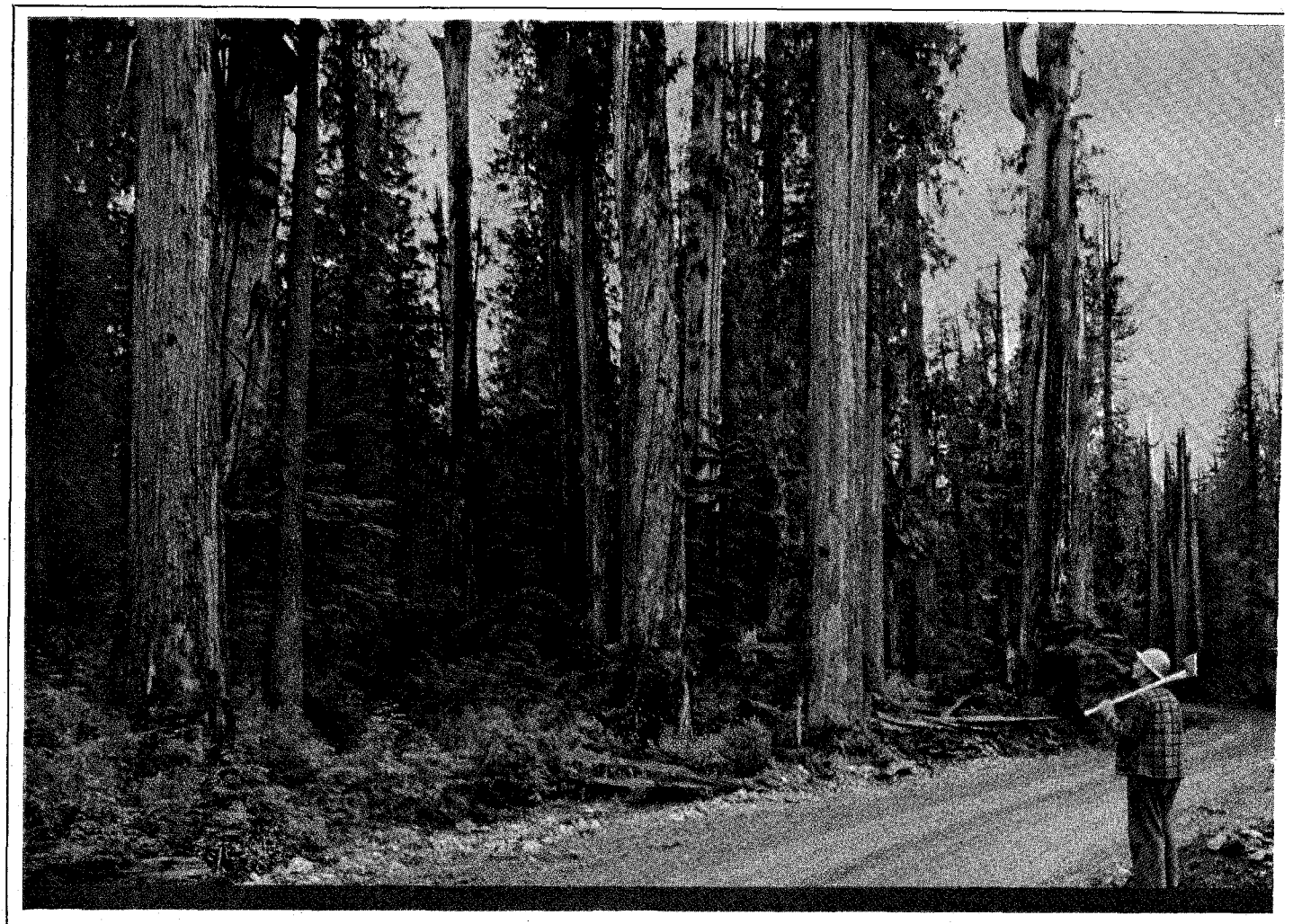
Heirs are prone to argue that their inherited furniture and knickknacks are worth less—and hence subject to less tax—than an appraiser calculates. Mrs. Schreiner has never lost such an argument. One heir followed her moodily about a house, contradicting every appraisal she made, and finally swooped down for the kill. Pointing to an unusual Oriental table whose purchase price he happened to remember, he challenged Mrs. Schreiner to give him an exact value.

Mrs. Schreiner, who makes it a practice to hang around antique and curiosity shops in New York City, befriending dealers and learning the values of things, happened to remember the day, a few years earlier, when one of her dealer friends had sold this particular table. She was able to tell the belligerent heir (1) the price, (2) the dealer's name, and (3) the year when the sale was made. Blinking dazedly, the heir withdrew.

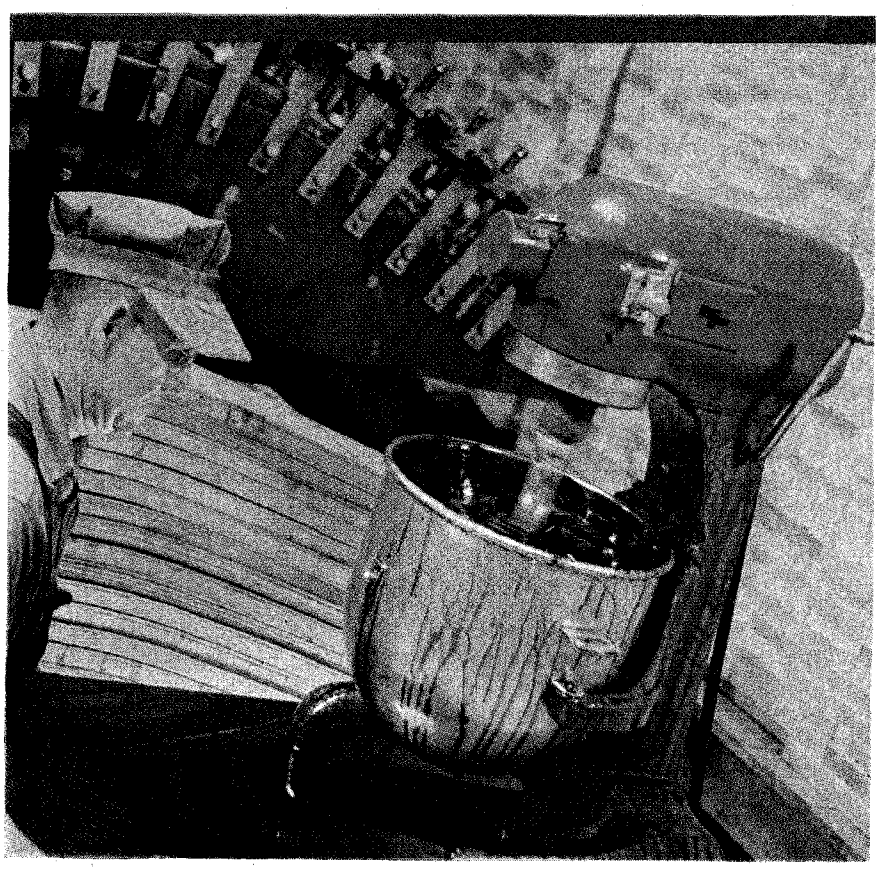
Generally speaking, Mrs. Schreiner finds women somewhat more argumentative than men.

Not all women like to argue, however; nor do all heirs. Some resort to other methods in an attempt to undervalue inherited property. In a New York City apartment, Mrs. Schreiner saw a silk comforter spread untidily on the floor of a closet. It was obvious to her that something was underneath, and, lifting the comforter, she found a silver tea set worth close to $1000. "The woman was standing right behind me, blushing like anything. I don't know what made her think she could hide anything like that."

As a household appraiser, Mrs. Schreiner makes it her business to find everything inside a house. Entering a room, she first appraises the rug, then walks twice around clockwise, taking in furniture on the first trip, lamps, books, bric-a-brac and miscellany on the second. Then she attacks closets. No lid must be left unlifted, no drawer unpulled. It takes her two or three days to comb an average



The cedars...the glue...and the eigh



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house, up to two weeks for a mansion.

She often finds things that less thorough searchers have missed. Appraising a large apartment once, she was asked to be on the lookout for a missing diamond ring of great sentimental value to the heirs. She found not only the ring but some $5000 worth of jewelry that nobody knew existed. Where? In the pocket of an old pinafore. Nobody had bothered to look there. Nor had anyone bothered to dig into a handkerchief box that Mrs. Schreiner opened one day. Buried in the linen were two genuine pearl necklaces.

It is not unusual, either, for Mrs. Schreiner to find money hidden in vases, amid dinnerware or at the backs of drawers. Sometimes a wife or husband will save secretly toward a surprise gift, a new hat or a poker game; at other times, the hoard seems to have no purpose except to secure the hoarder against some imaginary economic catastrophe in the future. The hoard can grow large over the years. "One time," Mrs. Schreiner recalls, "I picked up the corner of a rug to see what condition it was in. I forget now whether I ever saw the bottom of the rug. There were five hundred-dollar bills on the floor." That was the largest cash hoard Mrs. Schreiner ever found.

After Mrs. Schreiner has found everything in a house, the items must be assigned a dollars-and-cents value. The value, as Mrs. Schreiner notes it on her yellow pad, is the price at which she thinks each item might be sold on the current market.

This is the ticklish part of an appraiser's job. To know the current market value of everything from Lowestoft china to a modern sectional sofa requires years of training, an excellent memory and endless patience in keeping up with shifts in the market. Mrs. Schreiner reads catalogues the way other people read magazines. She spends many hours thumbing price tags in department stores, hanging around auctions, visiting dealers.

It all pays off. Walking into a room, Mrs. Schreiner can usually tell at a glance whether it is professionally or do-it-yourself decorated. ("When I visit friends, though, I keep my eye from roving. It makes for hard feelings, you know.") Once, opening a box whose contents had been classified as junk jewelry, she immediately spotted an old and valuable brooch. "Sometimes a box will be handed down from mother to daughter for generations," she says, "and you can never be sure something valuable hasn't crept in along the way."

On the other hand, Mrs. Schreiner occasionally has to downgrade something long treasured as an antique, as a genuine precious stone or as a masterpiece of some famous craftsman. One housewife, informed that an arthritic rocking chair was ancient but valueless, grinned with delight. She had wanted to get rid of the eyesore for years, she explained, but had been awed by its supposed antiquity.

Though Mrs. Schreiner knows the values of most common household items, she admits readily that some items require study. Good porcelain and china, for example, come in well over 5000 varieties, each identified by its maker's mark. There are also multitudes of silver hallmarks. When Mrs. Schreiner comes upon an unfamiliar mark, she copies it on her pad ("I can write in Chinese and Japanese, but don't ask me to read it!") and looks it up later in her library of catalogues and hallmark books.

When a household has a particularly large collection of art or jewelry, she calls in a specialist to do the appraising, for these two fields require a lifetime of study by themselves. If only a few such items are involved, she usually handles them by herself, often consulting with one of her dealer friends.

When she comes across something unique, her problems are multiplied. This year, for example, while she was appraising draperies and vestments in New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, she came upon an altar frontal made for the church by Alaskan women. It was a caribou skin, finely decorated with beads. "It's almost impossible to put a value on something like that," Mrs. Schreiner

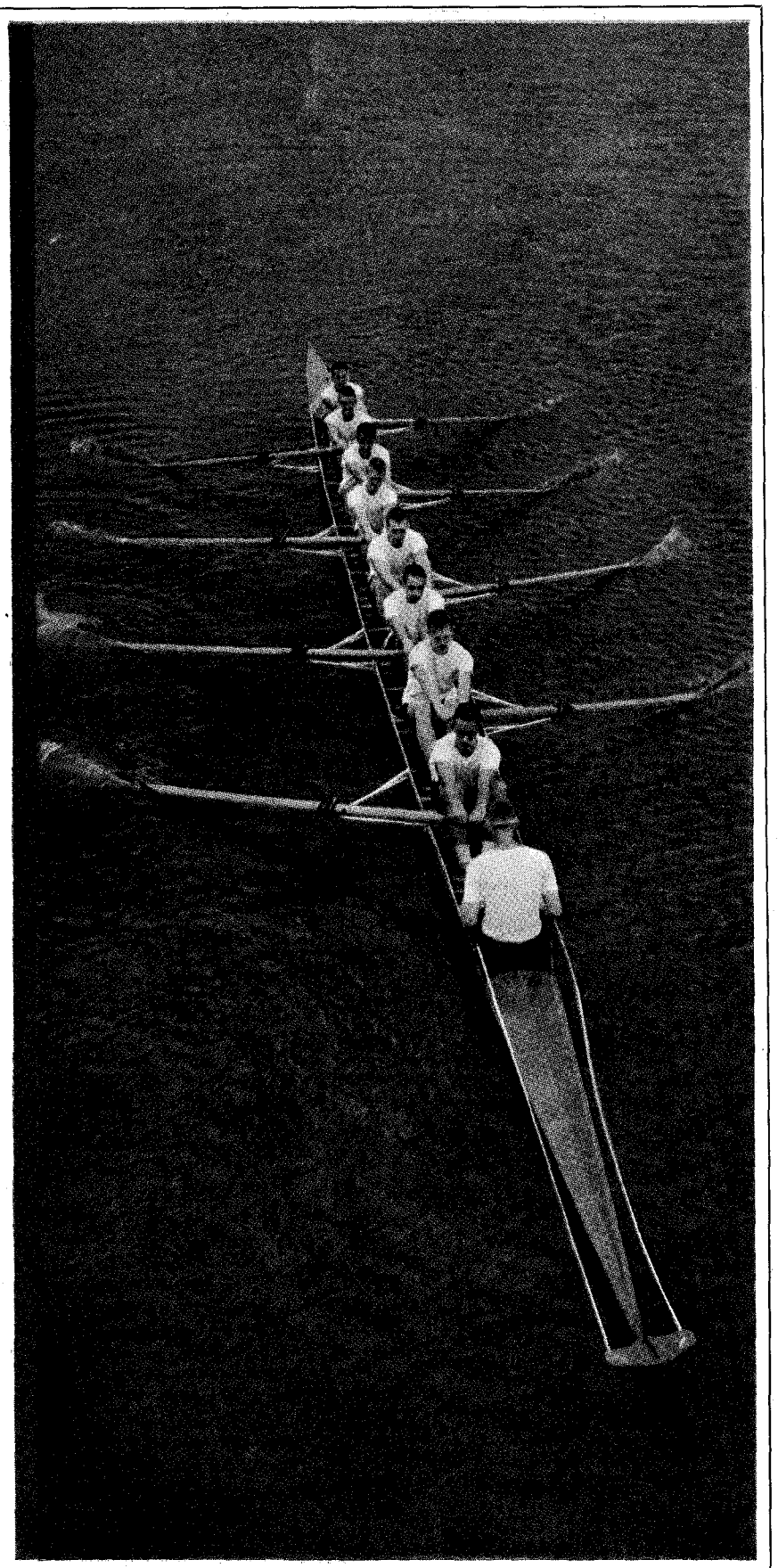
Sunrise Over New York

By Frances Bragan Richman

It hit the surf at Montauk,
Thrust pincers out around
Jones Beach, Fire Island,
    Oyster Bay—
It leapfrogged up the Sound,

Burst full upon Manhattan!
No radar warning came.
Across the smoky canyons
    raced
Top fires of window flame.

The island tilted seaward,
The open city lay
Unwarned and undefended,
Surprised by total day.



oared shell

ALONG the cool, moist coast of the Pacific Northwest grows a rare and beautiful tree called the Western Red Cedar. From these cedars comes a wood whose lightness and durability make it ideal for the graceful rowing shells fashioned by master craftsmen on the shores of Lake Washington.

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• No greasy oils; sand won't stick
• Non-drying; smooths and cools the skin
• Will not stain suits
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says. "In an insurance appraisal, you're supposed to figure out how much it would cost to replace the article, but how could you replace a caribou-skin altar frontal?" After consulting with Indian art experts and manufacturers of church supplies, she arrived at a value of $975.

Occasionally Mrs. Schreiner is completely stumped by something she finds. At one estate in Brooklyn she came across what looked like little cages on sticks. "I couldn't imagine what they were. I thought they might be cricket cages, but I couldn't think why you'd mount a cricket cage on the end of a stick. I finally found out that they were Japanese swizzle sticks, for stirring tea."

Mrs. Schreiner has similar trouble with unusual art objects, particularly ancient and primitive art. She often draws a picture of such items and takes her sketch to one of her dealer friends, who obliges with a name and a price. Her favorite expert in primitive art is scholarly Julius Carlebach—also an appraiser—whose store and art gallery is a few blocks from Mrs. Schreiner's apartment.

The values of such things, as indeed of all antique handiwork, are impossible to guess at. Prices fluctuate, depending on the current market demand, the quality of the craftsmanship, the article's success in withstanding age, the number of similar articles that were made. If you should ever want to buy a Gothic shoe of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, for instance, Carlebach says you would probably have to pay $1000 to $1500 for it. Egyptian shoes made twenty-five centuries earlier are going at bargain prices: $50 to $100. Some ancient objects can even match the prices of modern mass-produced merchandise. Genuine carved Aztec heads can be had in Mexico for a dime apiece, given some patient searching and hard bargaining. Carlebach once bought 100 ancient Roman lamps for five dollars apiece, much as a modern department store might buy at wholesale.

Mrs. Schreiner's work is further complicated by the fact that an object often has different values for different people—a source of many arguments between appraiser and client. Appraising a household for insurance purposes once, Mrs. Schreiner wrote down "No Value"—meaning "worth less than $1"—for a locket containing a lock of hair. The housewife was shocked. To her, the locket was worth more than almost anything else in the house. It took Mrs. Schreiner a long while to convince her that sentimental value is not marketable.

"Then there are people," says Mrs. Schreiner, "who seem to put no value on anything." She particularly remembers a house in New York City that had been closed up for several years, and in which "enough fine things to make a hundred of you and me happy" had been allowed to deteriorate. The dust was so thick that Mrs. Schreiner had to scrub table tops to see what kind of wood lay underneath. Fine china lay scattered about; Mrs. Schreiner had to wash plates and cups to see the decorations and makers' marks, then pack the china in cartons to classify it. Two grand pianos stood amid cobwebs and dirt, their tops stacked high with books and knickknacks. A valuable Louis XIV French vitrine—a glass showcase—stood upside down, and when Mrs. Schreiner turned it over, she found that it was full of costly small vases and other curios. "It was terrible. I felt dirty for days afterward. The worst part was when I found a dead dog under some other stuff. Glory be to Peter! I thought maybe he had just crawled under there and died. It turned out he was stuffed."

For reasons such as that house, Mrs. Schreiner never advises anybody else to go into the household-appraisal business. Should anyone want to, however, she suggests that the best way to start is to be born into a family that has a keen appreciation of household belongings. Coming from an old New York family—her great-grandfather, William Frederick Havemeyer, was three times mayor of New York—she knows New York homes and likes New York people. As is often the case with families that stay rooted in the same town for generations, the William F. Havemeyer Armstrongs had a fair collection of good furniture and knick-knacks by the time Jenny—or Nettie—was born. The values of these things soaked into her as she grew up.

At the age of twenty-three, having soaked up further education at Miss Schoonmaker's School and the Hamilton Institute for Girls, she married building contractor Herbert W. Schreiner in 1920. Herbert Schreiner died during the depression and, after a decade of being a housewife, Jenny had to go to work.

She landed a job modeling fur coats. Next, she performed the same service in a fur sale at the Coleman Auction Galleries, near her present apartment, and there she stayed. William J. Coleman, who had auctioned her mother's household belongings, took a liking to her and gave her more and more responsibilities. Eventually, her principal work was cataloguing the myriad items that moved through Coleman's establishment—excellent training for a neophyte appraiser. Before long, she was able to earn extra income with appraisal jobs. The fee most commonly charged is between 2 and 4 per cent of the property's value. In 1949 she left Coleman to become a full-time, free-lance appraiser.

The fact that she is a woman brought her many women customers. One old lady telephoned at a time when Mrs. Schreiner was booked solid for weeks. Mrs. Schreiner suggested another appraiser, a man, and the old lady hung up. Shortly afterward she called back, close to tears. "I want you," she said, though she had never seen Mrs. Schreiner before in her life. "I don't want anybody else; I want you." Sighing, Mrs. Schreiner capitulated.

Amusingly, an appraisal request that would have seemed like a natural for a woman appraiser went, instead, to a man. Mrs. Schreiner's friend, Julius Carlebach, was sitting one night at a booth in Madison Square Garden, where the Appraisers Association was offering free appraisals in connection with an antique show. A young woman walked in and asked if he knew anything about antique clothing. Carlebach nodded. Thereupon, the young woman lifted up her skirt and bade him examine the garments underneath. When Carlebach found his voice, he assured her that she was wearing genuine Victorian underwear.

Mrs. Schreiner has a further advantage over men. One of the less pleasant aspects of estate work is that the appraiser often arrives in a home at a time of mourning. Where the average man might feel inadequate to helping sorrowing widows and children, the motherly Mrs. Schreiner instinctively knows what to do. When there is gloom, she offers a cheerful smile; when there is hysteria, she speaks firmly. To one widow, who lay weeping on a couch all day, Mrs. Schreiner said, "You have children to care for. You have no business lying around like that. Get up and be useful." The widow did, later thanking Mrs. Schreiner for the boost.

But perhaps the most revealing light on Mrs. Schreiner's professional manner is thrown, unwittingly, by Mrs. Schreiner herself. "I always stand up when I work," says she. "Otherwise, children climb into my lap."

THE END

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Escape in the Desert (Continued from Page 39)

was beside him. She turned so that her body shielded them both from the bunk and pointed to her stomach.

"No," she whispered, "she mustn't. Only moisten her lips."

"I'm thirsty," the voice came clear from behind them, and when she turned, Denise was crying, soundlessly, the tears running slowly down her cheeks.

Tom Pugh tipped the can over a wad of bandages and she went back to kneel by the bunk and moisten Denise's lips, watching the full mouth she had always admired, shrinking now, cracking, some flecks of lipstick hanging loose, like flaking paint.

Tom's voice came from behind her—soft, matter-of-fact, "We're in the bag. They're just coming over to us. That Zimmerman, he speaks German and he's been over to talk to them. The captain thinks he may have worked something, but I doubt it. So I came in to say, sorry, from all of us. And see if there was anything I could do."

The thing that made her feel better than anything was the way he had said, "That Zimmerman." She agreed. She said, "Don't say 'sorry' at all. You've all done so much; it makes me feel ashamed." She went on wiping gently. Once she said, "Does it hurt, darling?" and the voice came back, faint but petulant, "Who kicked me?"

They were still in the same positions when the door opened quickly and a captain of the Afrika Korps came in, with Zimmerman close behind.

She kept her eyes fixed on the badge of palm broken by swastika on the front of that gray, long-peaked cap. He did not look in the least like the blustering bully that was always depicted as a Hun. He was oldish, dark, very pale; the cheeks had a sucked-in look and there were dark rings beneath the eyes. She wondered how long it was since he had had a good night's sleep.

He ignored the sergeant major, but gave her a little bow and clicked his heels, and there was nothing she could do in that position but give a silly bob in reply. Then he looked over his shoulder to Zimmerman and a stream of German passed between them.

She thought, *I wish I understood. He certainly speaks it well.*

Zimmerman's voice was quite impersonal. "The captain says that he bitterly regrets this accident. The Afrika Korps do not shoot women. If the red crosses on the car had been better marked—if we had asked for a safe conduct—it would never have happened."

There was nothing to do except nod again. More guttural, meaningless words; then: "He wants to know if she is badly hurt—if there is anything they can do."

What was the use of telling him she would be dead in an hour or two; that nothing could be done? There were others, the living, that might have a chance. It depended on what she said.

"Tell him she has an abdominal wound. It's not serious, but she should be in hospital, the sooner the better."

The German nodded, and then walked past her, ignoring Tom, to make a perfunctory search of the inside of the car. Then he gave her another of those funny stiff bows and went out with Zimmerman to the front of the cab.

She looked down into those eyes, so sunken and ringed with purple now, and there was a spark of something in them as they searched up beyond her head. She turned to see Tom bending forward, staring.

"What is it, miss?" The soft Devon voice sounded so persuasive. The lips started opening and shutting; there was a faint, rattling sound. Denise was trying to talk.

Suddenly she knew she could bear it no longer. Fighting the instinct of years of training, she picked up a mug and let a trickle of water pour into the mouth.

"Tom, I must have more dressings. I'll go out and see if I can scrounge any."

"I'll stay here, then. Is there anything to do?"

She shook her head gently. "No. Not now. Just be near."

When she got up, he slipped into her place. At the door, she turned to see him kneeling, checkered in sun and shadow from the gashes in the wall of the car, one big hand engulfing the little one, the other reaching up while the blunt fingers stroked up and down the forearm. Her eyes were blinded by sudden hot tears as she went out into the still sunshine.

After she had brushed her sleeve across her eyes, she went to the side of the cab and jumped down to where Anson and Zimmerman were leaning against the side of the car, smoking. At a distance, a ring of Afrika Korps surrounded them, khaki and gray, automatic weapons crooked loosely under their arms. She saw the ripple of interest pass round the faces in the circle and wondered how long it was since any of them had seen a woman. They looked so young, so tired, and why hadn't anyone done a thing about those dreadful desert sores? Deliberately, she turned her back and took a cigarette from the pack held out by Zimmerman.

Anson said softly, "I think Zimmerman's fixed it. The captain has gone back to his truck to radio for permission for a safe conduct."

"What did you tell them, Captain Zimmerman?"

"The truth, dear lady, except that I implied that the captain and the sergeant major were—Medical Corps."

She stared at him for a moment and then saw that Anson was doing the same. She wondered if he was thinking the same thing. Then she looked past his head at the slanting line of holes that ran across the canvas and the red and white paint. Which of them was Denise's? Probably the third along. They did not look so spectacular from the outside.

Then she remembered what she had come out for—that she must keep up the pretense. "Captain Zimmerman, I must have more dressings. Do you think you can do anything?"

"I'll try, sister."

He walked over to the nearest sergeant major, and when he was out of earshot, she said, "'Dear lady'—that was a funny way to talk."

Anson looked at her vaguely. "I suppose so. I was thinking of something else he said."

"What?"

He looked over her shoulder. "Skip it; he's coming back. And I may be wrong." Then he said, "How is she?" hopefully, but Diana shook her head.

Zimmerman handed her a square gray package. "That's all they can manage, I'm afraid." As she took it, she could see the second German truck bumping back toward them from the direction of the tank lager, and she could not bear to stay there to hear the verdict. She said, "I'd better get back," and climbed up to the cab and through the door to the inside of the car.

Tom was in the same position as he had been when she left—kneeling, holding the hand, but he was no longer stroking the arm. There was trouble in his eyes. He said, "She tried to get up, and said something, but she hasn't moved since."

The sun was still low enough to throw a speckled pattern from the ragged holes onto the floor; plenty of light to make the quick examination, even to the formality of holding a mirror from her handbag to the lips.

"She's dead, Tom."

Quickly, she got a hypodermic from the medical haversack and laid it on the blanket and folded the arm loosely across and closed the eyes. She gripped Tom's arm hard. "But to anyone else—until we know what's happening—she's asleep. I've given her an injection."

There were voices outside. "That will be the German captain come back. Captain Anson thinks there's a chance Zimmerman may have pulled it off. He told them you were all medical officers."

He just stared at her. "But that's crazy!"

"Why?"

"Well, if they found out we weren't, they'd shoot us for certain. And they must know we're not."

"How?"

He took off his cap and fingered it. "That captain looked pretty hard at me; he must have seen this."

"Seen what?"

"The badge on it. They know them all; they are issued a book on all our badges and ranks and things. He must know the Medics have a snake curled on a stick; not this star of the Service Corps."

There was a scrape of boots on the floor of the cab outside. She said, "Captain Anson was puzzled about something too." Then she looked down at the still white face. "Poor kid! But I don't think there was much pain, if at all. What did she say when she spoke, Tom?"

"It was only one word—I couldn't catch it properly. But it sounded like 'nasty.'"

Then the door opened quickly and Zimmerman came in alone. He said, "We've made it. He's got orders to escort us to a point south of their operations. They're taking Captain Anson in the truck that's guiding us—as a sort of hostage, I suppose. You are to drive this, sergeant major. . . . The captain wants to start as soon as you are ready, sister."

She said, "Now, if you like." Zimmerman looked down at the bunk, his face expressionless. "The captain wants to know how she is."

"Asleep. I gave her another injection."

He nodded and went out to the cab; as Tom made to follow, she whispered, "I'll stay here; don't tell anyone yet."

When they had started, she did the few things that had to be done and then sat on the opposite bunk, holding Denise's handbag, watching the pattern of light from the bullet holes dancing on the floor. She had bent over and pulled the blanket up over the face before she remembered that the German might come in again. So she folded it back as before, and went out to join the others in the front of the cab.

They were almost at the far cliff now—the one that they had first seen when they came up over the escarpment. There were no tanks near them now, nor any transport she could see, save the one gray truck ahead of them, a cloud of dust trailing from behind and blowing away to the side. She could just make out Anson's cap sandwiched between two gray helmets in the back seat. She closed the door

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

With a runner on first, National League umpires stand between the mound and second base, American League umps behind the base. Here is a hypothetical happening, based on an actual game, which couldn't have occurred in the American League.

In the first inning at the Polo Grounds, say, the Pittsburgh Pirates are held scoreless. Don Mueller opens a Giant attack with a single to right field. Jackie Brandt, after taking a one-one count, drives the ball over the pitcher's mound. The ball skips cleanly by the pitcher and heads for the umpire. He leaps to avoid it, but it strikes the heel of his shoe and is deflected into the hands of second baseman Johnny O'Brien.

O'Brien flips the ball to the Pirate shortstop for a force-out of Mueller. There is no play on Brandt. He reaches first base safely. But the Giants cry "Interference!" at the deflection.

If you were umpiring, how would you rule?

See Page 74 for answer

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behind her and sat on the floor between the two seats, shaking her head at the silent offer of a cigarette by Zimmerman. They drove on steadily, without speaking; all three staring straight ahead.

Once she turned to look at Tom; eyes shadowed now by sunglasses, hands relaxed but sure on the wheel. She knew nothing about driving, but she knew that now she was being driven by an expert. *And he's had six hours at it already*, she thought.

The truck ahead had reached the foot of the cliff now and was nosing along it to the east. Presently it turned sharp right between the boulders and then disappeared in the narrow cleft of a wadi.

They followed in, and at once the going was rougher. She said, "Take it slow, Tom. Just as you would if ——" She stopped suddenly, remembering that Zimmerman did not know.

She turned to where he sat, that heavy pack still on his knees; she wondered what was in it. She said, "Sister Norton is dead. She was—before we started. But I didn't say anything, because—well, it might prejudice ——"

He didn't answer, but nodded, not looking at her, pulling at his bottom lip. The car crept on up the wadi behind the truck, the noise of the two engines echoing back from the steep, rocky walls. Ahead now, they could see the straight line of blue sky where they would gain the next level of plain. Tom Pugh spoke suddenly, and from the jerking, strained way that he said it, she knew what it was costing him.

"Captain Zimmerman, Miss Diana. I want to ask you—a favor. The captain's had a pretty bad time lately—been a bit on the bottle, I'm afraid. He's over the worst now—and can't get any more. But he'll go to pieces if he does. So please don't talk about it . . . and keep that gin of yours out of sight, captain, whatever happens. We depend on him absolutely for navigation as far south as this."

Zimmerman was silent for a moment. "What do I do—if he asks me for one?" he said at last.

She searched the clipped English for sarcasm, and found none. Before she could answer, Tom's voice cut in fiercely: "He won't—he'd rather die than do that. But help him. Don't let him see it."

"I'll do my best," said Zimmerman.

They were at the head of the wadi now, coming out onto another flat brown plain. A hundred yards in front, the gray truck had stopped and the German officer and Anson were standing, waiting. They pulled up alongside, and Zimmerman got down and went over to join them; after some talk, the three officers came back together.

Zimmerman looked at the German, standing a little apart, and then said, "We are well south of their operational axis—at least, in the first phase of their attack. The officer is leaving us here, but advises to go further south in case of a chance meeting with one of their patrols. He is sorry he cannot help us with petrol or water, but they are short themselves." He stopped for a moment and stared straight at Diana. "And he wants to know how sister is."

"Still sleeping," she said.

A last flow of German, and then the officer gave a quick jerk of his head; Anson and the South African came over and climbed on board, while Tom pressed the starter button, waiting to go.

The German stood close to them, stiff, with the background of his truck and the faces of all the troops in it, all heads turned, staring curiously. He looked all round—at the dull brown of the shimmering plain, the full blue bowl of the sky, the emptiness of both—when he looked back at them there was a flicker of expression on his face, and somehow Diana knew exactly what he was thinking. That it was one of the times it didn't much matter whether you had the red desert rat or the broken palm painted on the front of your truck, because ahead of you were hundreds of miles of loneliness and soft sand and rock. There would be the doubt of thirst, the danger of an error of navigation, the chance of a stray mine.

As she watched, he drew himself up and gave a funny little military salute. "Let's go," said Anson, and as the German slid back out of their vision, he shouted something.

The ambulance gathered speed and there was only the open desert in front of them now. They were silent for a few minutes, and then Anson said, "What did he say, Zimmerman?"

The South African, looking straight ahead, answered, "Good luck," and then no one spoke again for a long time.

It was crowded with the four of them in front, and it was Diana who made the first move to end it. She had looked once or twice at Anson, and at close quarters he looked pitiable; the face was shiny and white and the sweat showed in little beads through the stubble of his chin. She had never seen anything look so exhausted as those red-ringed eyes.

She said, "Don't you think it would be a good idea to take turns to lie down for a spell? . . . Why don't you start, Captain Anson?"

She saw the gratitude in his eyes. Then he said, "But I'll disturb her," and she remembered that he was the only one who did not know, and had to tell him that Denise was dead.

He looked older, even more tired then; she was sorry, for a moment, that she had ever thought of it, but Tom's voice came from the other side, "Yes, you go on, sir."

There was distaste in his face even then, so she said, "I'll go in first, and get things ready."

As she went through the door she knew she had won, for she heard him saying, "Another twenty miles on this bearing, Tom. Then stop for a brew-up."

There was only time to pull the blanket over the still white face and unstack those on the other bunk before he stumbled in. He almost fell across it, and she had knelt and taken off his desert boots and swung his legs up before she realized he was asleep already. She pulled a blanket over him and stood for a moment, looking

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 73

Place Mueller on second, Brandt on first and credit Brandt with a base hit. No one is out.

When a batted ball strikes an umpire before passing a fielder (except the pitcher), the ball is instantly dead and runners hold their bases or advance one base if necessary to make room for the batter. (Sections 5.09g and 6.07d)

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down, smoothing the dark hair away from the temples, thinking of all the lost and lonely little boys she had ever seen. She closed the door softly on the living and the dead, and went out to the cab.

They sat as before, silent, save for an occasional call of direction from Zimmerman, who held the compass. She moistened her mouth with water and passed the mug to the others. The tiredness had come back to her, heavier, more urgent than before. There was no sound but the hum of the engine and the steady hiss of the tires against the gravel, soothing.

The ambulance went on, a minute dot in the immensity of the desert. The far low cliff seemed to hang, always on the same place on the horizon. As the sun climbed higher the mirage grew; sometimes they were running into a great shining lake that always moved on; sometimes a chain of mountains and fairy castles would sweep in majestic procession across the sky; once the gaunt timbers of a shipwreck melted to the bleached ribs of a long-dead camel as they passed.

Nothing was real. Nothing lived. She grew tired of watching and turned to look at Tom. The graying hair, the firm jaw—and that long white scar that showed on the side of his cheek. She wondered how he had got it.

The ambulance purred on.

My official name is A1679654, Ambulance, Austin, K2. I have a six-cylinder overhead-valve engine, four gears, and I weigh about two and a half tons. But I have always been called KATY. It is painted on my bonnet in fine white letters—not KATY II or KATY III, just KATY, which shows the measure of care I have had from my one and only driver. He drew me, new, from the depot in England and drove me and maintained me until that awful secret winter journey through snow and sleet, across country, to catch the convoy.

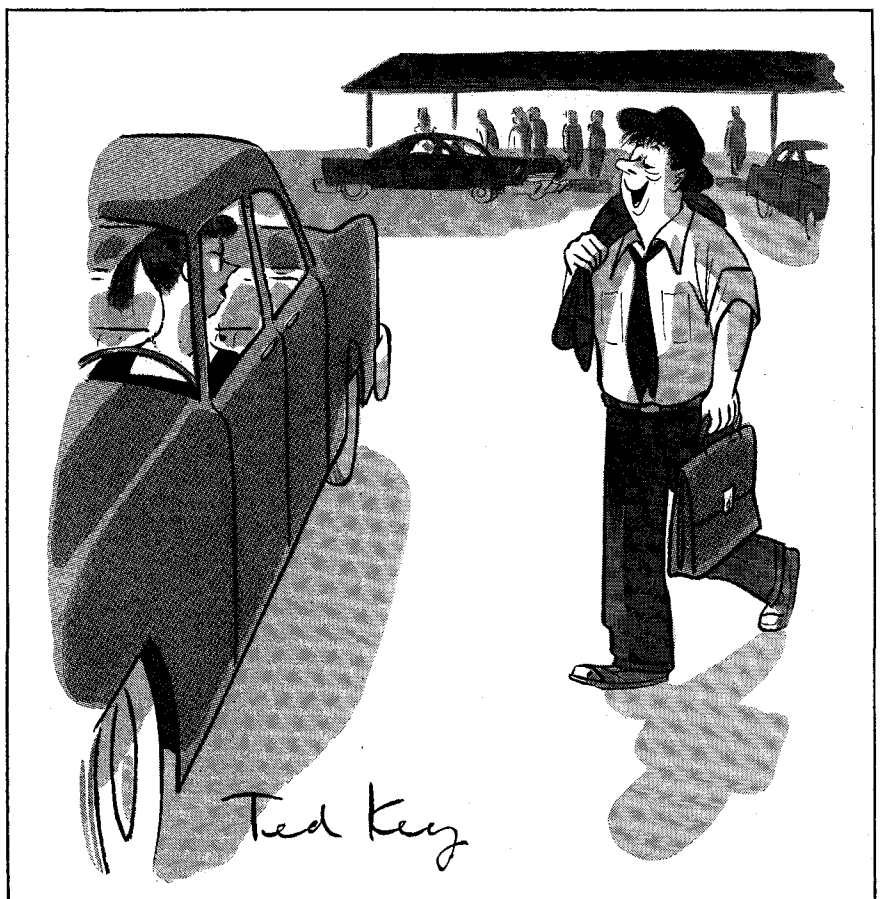
I went round the Cape as deck cargo on a superannuated tramp, smothered in salt spray in the Atlantic, grilled across the Equator. But my driver was waiting for me when I reached Suez, and he took me back to camp and cursed and sweated until he had got the brine and rust off and had me back in good nick. Then it was into the blue—up and down, up and down that strip of desert from Matruh to Benghazi; never a road, but boulders and soft sand, gravel and rock. And with it all, the strain of the banging and the twisting and the bumping, however careful he was—and I had been designed for roads.

They say that machinery can't talk. But it can; through little subtle sounds that are different, or the flicker and fall of a needle on a dial. Some people know, and understand. The one that's driving me now, he does. I can tell by the way he lets me ride a bump; brakes off at the last moment, so that I roll over easily. Just half the strain on the springs.

Springs—that's one he won't know, can't tell until it's too late. They're not so good now, the replacements I have; not from England, but tempered by Egyptians in the Delta. And something has started to happen to mine—both the rear ones, in the main leaves, right up where they join the chassis and are the only connecting link between axle and body. Cracks are starting there; so small still that only a microscope could find them. But they will get worse with each jolt, until they break. Then two tons comes straight down on the back axle.

There's one other thing, but I think he'll spot that. I wasn't designed to run all the time in temperatures of 110 degrees. I run hot, but there's a water pump that helps. In it there's a washer, made of carbon, to stop the water escaping past the spindle. It's starting to crumble, that washer, and soon the water will leak past—water they may not be able to spare to replace, water that's more precious than petrol. But I think he'll spot the drips when they start from behind the fan. Then it's only an hour's work to strip out the pump and fit a new washer—if he's got one.

But there's nothing to be done about the springs, nothing to see there, until they go. So take me easy, driver, and I'll do my best.



"Mished the five fifteen."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Zimmerman sat in the passenger seat, clasping the heavy pack on his knees, staring out over the shimmering desert. His mouth was dry again, and as he passed his tongue over his lips, there was the inevitable grit of sand against his teeth. He wished he were back in Heidelberg.

There was nothing to do but think; all the time in the world to do it in. Being a logical man, he separated the items into their right order and took them one at a time:

The past, but only as much of it as was safe to remember. The directive had been explicit: the must of delivery of the pack to the Delta, to Cairo, and the joining up with P9; the secondary—"if possible"—of making trouble in Tobruk before he started on his way. He had always known what would be the most dangerous part—not in Tobruk, not inside the Delta, when he got there, but the blank between. The chance meetings, the check posts—and a lone South African traveling east, with the right accent, the right clothes, but a very poor story.

Afraid? No, he had not even been afraid when he jumped. But he had tried not to think of the future too much, because that would involve a consideration of failure, of what happened to those who had tried before. He was not going to follow Brunner and Schmidt to their lonely stone walls at dawn. "I won't think of it," he had said, "but I will be very, very careful. Something will turn up." And now it had—beyond his wildest dreams—just at the right time.

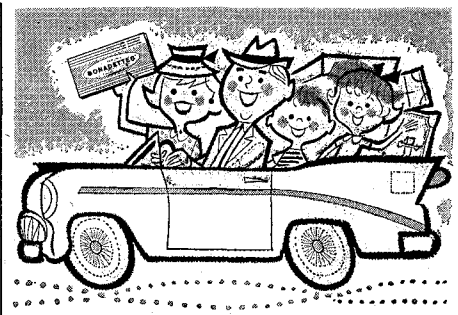
He gave a little secret smile as the thought of the drop into Tobruk the night before came back to him; swinging on the ropes of his harness as the flak and tracer came up to greet him in their orange streams; the burying of his parachute and the shouldering of his two packs. In the confusion of the raid, with his clipped English, the genuine springbok uniform and identity card, it had been easy to get shelter for the night on the excuse of a ditched truck. He had moved on at first light, looking for a means of escape east, set on implementing the second part of his mission.

But there was no need for that; there was enough alarm and despondency in Tobruk without his bothering to waste precious time in fomenting it. The first thing was to get out while transport was still streaming east on the Bardia road.

He had gone from camp to camp, unchallenged, searching for a truck, in each place sliding in a comment, nasty of English to South African, or vice versa, as suited. It may have stuck, done a little more to help in the crumbling, but he had not got a truck. Transport was at a premium. He was getting a little worried, for the few scraps of information that he gathered told how far ahead the Afrika Korps were with their plans; he did not want to be inside when they took the fortress, to have to start all over again. Then, waiting at the water point as a likely place, this ambulance had come along and all his troubles were over.

It was almost too good to be true. A party with written orders to go straight to the Delta. The danger of their method was nothing to the relief that all gates were open now. This captain who had accepted him so easily would do all the talking; he, just another passenger, would sit tight, say nothing, help as much only as was necessary to convince them. It would be easy.

All the talking? He smiled again as he thought of the irony of that meeting with the Panzer group. It was lucky the commander had been so quick to recognize the sign and had transmitted his code



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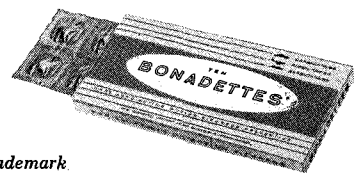

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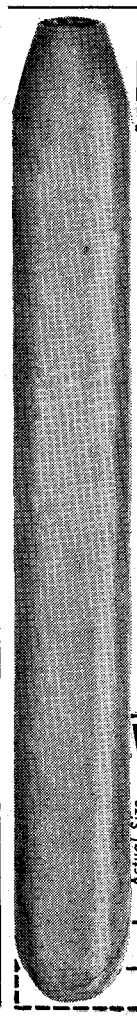

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number to headquarters. They had been glad to let three English out of the net to help his plan. And the English had swallowed it completely.

Zimmerman—his mind lingered for a moment over his new name; then jumped back to the time he had to remember—all those long years in Southwest Africa and the Union before the war—when his Afrikaans and English became so good that he almost forgot his mother tongue. He must steep himself in every little detail he could remember—everything until the day he sailed home to the fatherland.

But nothing after that; it was not safe. Nothing till the day the real Zimmerman, dying, was brought into their lines after a skirmish near Bir Hacheim. There had been no likeness between them except of size, but someone had talked, and then Intelligence was on to it; his record was searched and he had had to admit his knowledge of the Union, his English and his Afrikaans.

Now he was Zimmerman—in dead Zimmerman's clothes. He had weighed the chances and taken them. The war was nearly over and won. If he got that pack to Cairo and stayed out of trouble, it would be remembered. With a victorious *Wehrmacht*, there were sure to be pickings for people like him in Africa.

Just keep out of trouble. That brought him to the present. He glanced sideways at the girl and the sergeant major for a moment, and then stared out over the desert again, trying to weigh them all up.

It was lucky all were British. When in difficulty, he could always fall back on talk of the Union. He doubted if their combined experience of that country would amount to more than a few days at Durban or Cape Town. That girl? He looked across again. He thought he understood her. She should have been a German, that type—strong, capable, attractive. *Ein Kamerad.* No! He must not do that—even think in anything but English. "A pal"—that was the right phrase. He went on thinking about her, grudgingly, liking her. He must make her like him.

The one that was driving? He could not see the face, only the hands resting on the wheel, the brass coat-of-arms mounted on a leather strap on one wrist. The *Unteroffizier*—no, sergeant major. There was a different one, he could not fathom him; so alien from his German counterpart. He and the captain were friends; in an easy natural way that would be unthinkable in the Afrika Korps. Yet, all the time, he was correct. *Be careful there, Zimmerman. That one says little, but sees a lot.*

And the captain? He made a contemptuous noise in the back of his throat. Those lectures had been right; there behind him in the back was a living example of their decadence; effete, morale only propped up with gin. There had been courage of a kind, he must admit, when he took them through the minefield, but now, that emergency over, deprived of his drinks, he would crack altogether. It had been stupid of them to emphasize the weakness; he had the means —— he would feed the captain, little by little, in secret; to any donkey, a carrot was better than a stick. He would make it last just long enough to be pulled to safety in the obscurity of the Delta.

Yes, that was the way to play it. Feed the captain, watch the sergeant major, make up to the girl. It was simple. There was nothing to worry about for the next two days.

Or was there? A little frown crossed his face. Were they quite so simple, so easy to bluff? He remembered that one little thing. When he had come back to the ambulance with the German officer, and found his other pack opened. Had they been searching? His hands tightened on the big square one on his knees. They must not get at that; it must never leave him. If they knew about that, it would be a journey to the same wall as Brünner and Schmidt as a certainty. Unless he used his knife. But that was the stupid way, alone in the ambulance, not knowing that eastern desert, perhaps being stopped. No, play it the other way, the clever way. Just be careful all the time; don't underestimate them. Especially at night, when he had to carry out those orders. He eased the pack on his knees and stared out over the heaving plain, brooding.

When they had done the twenty miles which the captain had ordered, Tom switched off the motor and they stopped. There was no special point to the place he had chosen; just a patch of pinky-brown gravel, bounded on three sides by low sage-green camel thorn.

Tom got down stiffly from the driving seat. "We'll leave the captain be until we've brewed-up," he said.

Diana noticed that he took command quite naturally in Anson's absence, and apparently Captain Zimmerman did not resent it.

They stood looking at him while he rummaged behind the two front seats, muttering something about, "knowing Driver Grimes, there'll be enough tea here to feed an army," and then held up a rusty biscuit tin. He peered inside. "Half full."

He found two cut-down petrol tins under the other seat and held them out to Zimmerman. "Will you start making the fire, sir? I'll get the petrol and water from the back."

When he came back through the door, holding a white water tin and a black jerrican of petrol, Zimmerman was still in the same position, holding the cans; Tom jumped down to the ground and lowered his burden beside him.

"The right-hand one's for the sand, Captain Zimmerman," he said.

"Sand?" Zimmerman stared at him.

She saw a curious look pass over Tom's face. "Yes, sand. Sorry, I thought Union troops made a fire the same way as we do. Don't worry. I'll fix it."

She watched him fill one tin half full of sand and then pour petrol in, stirring until it had the consistency of porridge. He took it well away from the car and threw a match at it so that it exploded with a soft "whoosh." When the flames had died down, he put the other tin, filled with water, on top.

"You watch that, Miss Diana," he said. "If it gets low, just stir the sand with this bit of wood and more petrol will come to the top."

She squatted, pleased at having something to do, looking over her shoulder occasionally to where Zimmerman was opening cases of biscuit and corned beef. She poked the sand as the flames died, watching them flicker and rise again; then there was a clang of metal behind her and she looked toward the car, seeing the bonnet open and Tom bending over the engine. She got up and went over.

It all looked so terribly complicated; the copper tubes and wires, and a thing like a coffeepot with knobs on that she recognized, dimly, as the carburetor. It surprised her very much that it was all so clean.

She leaned over, watching him. "I wish I understood it all."

His eyes stayed fixed and intent, but he smiled.

"Not so different from your job. They're like humans; if you give them the right food and drink, a dose occasionally, and don't overwork them, they obey all the rules." He spoke in jerks as he moved the blades of the fan, one hand feeling behind them. "The difference is that they can't talk. So, by the time you know they have a pain, it's usually too late."

She ran her hand down the hot olive bonnet to where the name was painted. "Has KATY got a pain?"

"I don't think so—yet. Only what your doctors would call a 'constitutional weakness,' which has to be watched. I ——"

He stopped suddenly as the hand behind the fan came clear. In the cupped palm was a drop of reddish water. He stared at it.

"You'd best go and watch that fire," he said.

When the tea was made, it was hot and sweet, and the best drink she had ever had. She lit a cigarette, filled one of the three mugs, and took it into the back of the car. Anson was deep, deep down in exhaustion still, so that she had to shake him. When he had opened his eyes and remembered her, she put an arm behind him just like a patient and helped him to sit up and swallow the tea. Then she took the cigarette from her mouth and held it out to him.

"Tom's done your twenty miles," she said; "he's getting some grub now."

"Good." He drew hard on the fag, letting the smoke trail out through his nose. He looked better; a very tired man now, not a dead one. He patted the side of the bunk and shifted over a little. "Sit down for a minute, sister."

She said, "Please call me 'Diana'; the others do."

"All right, Diana. I wanted a word with you before I talk to the others." He looked across to the other bunk and his eyes clouded. She thought how she had forgotten what was there—and felt ashamed.

He said, "I don't want you to think us—unfeeling—in not doing anything about that yet. But it will be hard work, and we're all very tired. So will tonight or first thing tomorrow be O.K. with you?"

"Of course."

"Then, after that, I want you to have the back of the car as your own for the rest of the trip."

"I wouldn't dream of it. I want us all to share." Then she added, "But I'd rather not, alone, with Zimmerman."

He blew out another long trail of smoke. "You don't like him?"

"No. Do you?"

He ignored the question. "He's useful. He got us out of that last mess. And he's strong. We may need that."

"I do understand; just try and fix it so we're not together." She stood up. "Now come and have your grub."

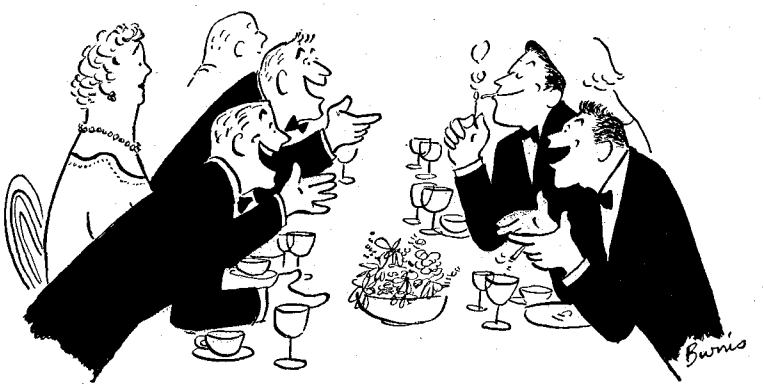
But he held her by the arm. "There's one more thing—and I must say it. I've had a pretty messy time lately, and I'm afraid ——"

She put a hand to his mouth. "You don't have to say anything."

There was gratitude in his eyes. "I won't, then. But I've told Tom this—so I must tell you. The next drink I'm going to have will be in a certain bar in Alex. I don't suppose you know it—just a little place off Mahomet Ali Square. But they serve the best and coldest Yankee beer in all the Delta. And I'm going to get you and Tom there, and buy you one. And that will be my first."

She said, "I'll dream about that," and they went out and joined the others to eat their food.

TO BE CONTINUED



The Perfect Squelch

A middle-aged woman was attending a dinner to promote funds for a particular charity. She found herself flanked by four young men—two across the table from her and one on either side. They were strangers to her, but hardly to one another. From the beginning of dinner their talk ran in high gear—from office to golf to top management to fishing to company personalities, even to the best way to build a barbecue oven. During four courses there was no lull. Twice the lady asked for cream and then gave up. She asked for sugar and then had to reach for it. During dessert she lighted her own cigarette, although two of the men were smoking.

After dinner, one man seemed to come to his senses. Touching the lady on the arm he said:

"I guess we did all the talking. I'm afraid you were bored."

"Not at all," said the lady warmly; "I've always wondered what men talked about when they were alone."

Mrs. E. L. Gouedy

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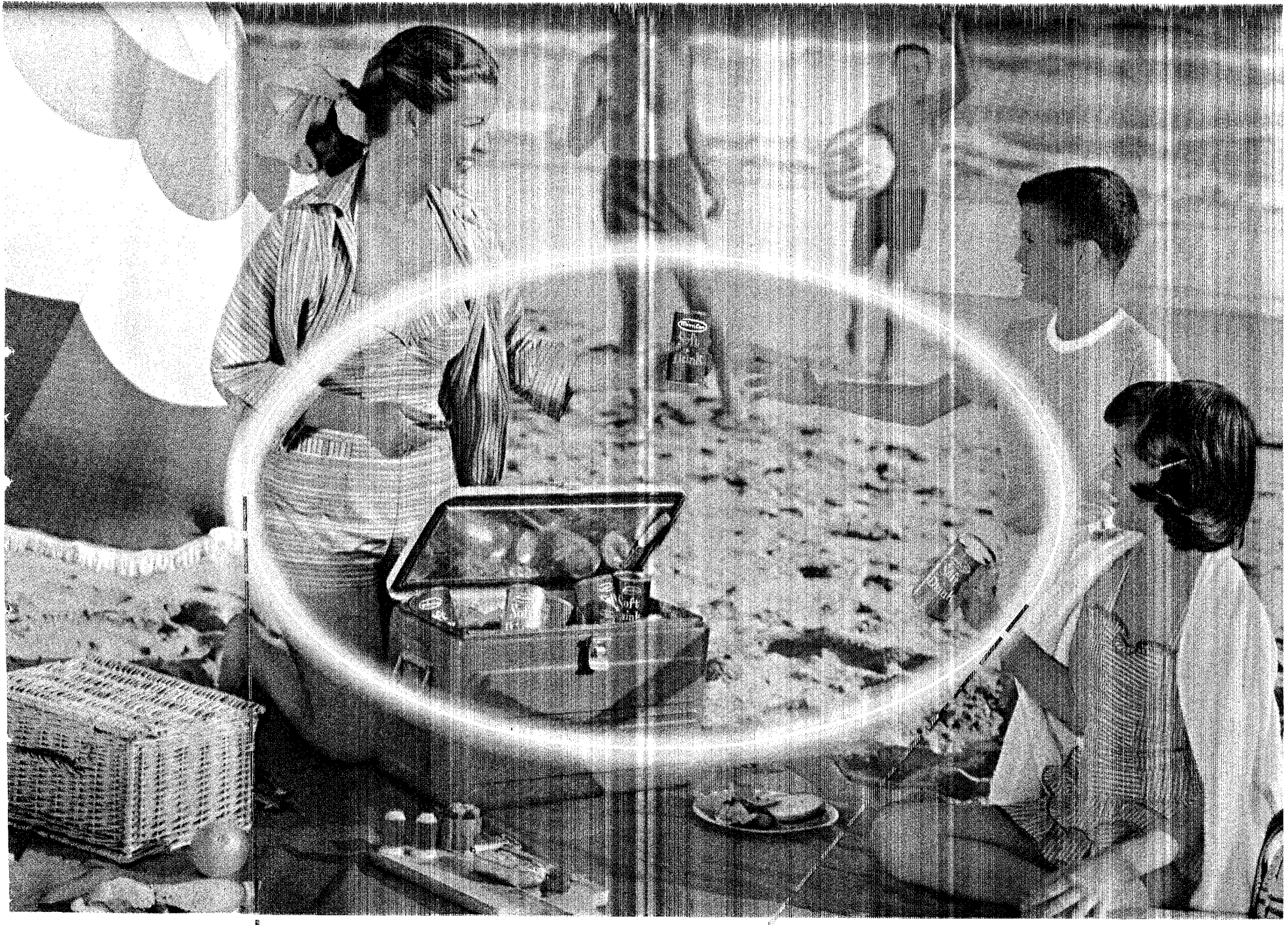

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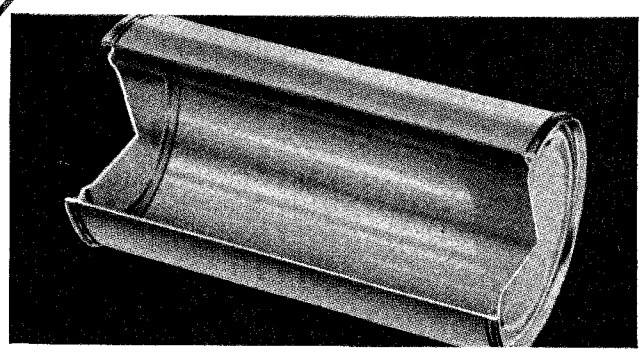

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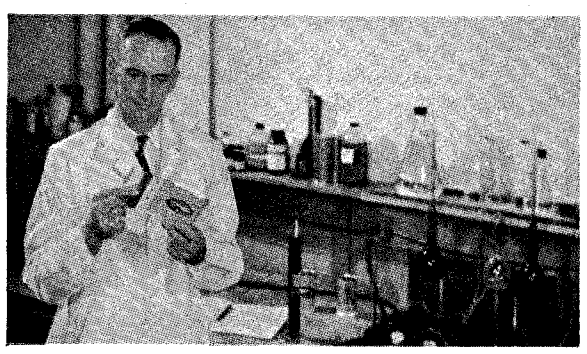

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Anacin® not only gives *stronger, faster* relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia—but is also *safer.* Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved *no single drug* can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. *Buy Anacin Tablets today!* At all drug counters.

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Sergeant's®
SURE SHOT WORM CAPSULES

I'm a Helicopter Hobo!

(Continued from Page 21)

not as a novelty, but as a convenience that is becoming a necessity in their lives. When someone gets sick or lost back in the wilderness, it's a job for Aetna Helicopters.

There are endless chores to keep me busy between emergencies, like hunting strayed cattle, counting diseased trees for the United States Forest Service or flying charter for fishermen who want to get to remote crystal lakes where the big golden trout lurk.

"I don't know how we ever got along without that thing," Matthews exclaimed one day. I'd just brought an injured fire fighter from the Haystack Mountain blaze to Etna hospital. His foot had been split open with an ax and he needed prompt medical attention.

At first, the neighbors used to drive over to the Trimble home for a look at the crazy contraption I kept in an alfalfa field adjoining my house. They'd shake their heads and feel sorry for poor Mrs. Trimble and the kids, Pam and Jerry, whenever dad climbed into his skeleton space ship and zoomed off like a little green man in a flying saucer.

"I don't see how it stays up," they'd say. "What happens if the big fan on top falls off?"

Their concern was understandable, because the odd-looking machine was new to them. Personally, I feel much safer poking around the sky in a helicopter than in an airplane. If the weather goes sour, I can stop and feel my way down to the ground floor.

Sometimes, when I get a sort of Peter Pan urge to go floating around the sky, I just laze along over the countryside in my 'copter, maybe looking for hidden trout pools in the Scott River, or buzz over to the town of Etna, eight miles away, to see what the folks are doing down in their back yards.

When I feel adventuresome, I may load the machine onto a trailer and head for faraway places, towing a little six-by-four-foot landing platform behind me. Flying a helicopter, I'm not tied to great big runways.

The life of a helicopter hobo isn't all casual, however. Before becoming the flying errand boy of Scott Valley, I'd spent many hundreds of hours working for other operators, gaining flying experience at all sorts of odd jobs. I'd learned that patrolling mountain fires at high altitudes where the air is thin calls for a different skill from jungle-hopping near sea level or flying power-line patrol across a hot, windy desert.

Most of the country's 300 or so commercial helicopter pilots stick with one kind of operation, and few, if any, operate independently with their own portable rig, doing their own maintenance work.

I might never have gone into helicopters but for a light-plane incident I had back in 1948, when I flew frighteningly close to a network of power lines while dusting crops in California's San Benito Valley. At this same time, Lyle Roethel, a pilot for Armstrong-Flint Helicopters, was gracefully dusting a nearby field, flipping dust into corners an airplane couldn't touch. I began thinking that helicopters had it all over airplanes for certain kinds of work.

Lyle agreed to teach me how he did it, and I joined Armstrong-Flint as a mechanic on an earn-while-you-learn basis. When I'd logged twenty hours, Lyle allowed that I could get around the sky safely enough to join him and Fred Gilbert, another of the company's whirlybird pilots, on a jungle job in New Guinea.

We shipped three choppers across the Pacific by boat and followed on the air lines. This wasn't cheating, because a helicopter doesn't have the endurance for such a long ocean trip. At Sorong, headquarters for the Netherlands New Guinea Petroleum Company, I got an idea of what I was getting into. I couldn't have picked a worse place to start off on my career as a helicopter hobo.

The company men had cleared a series of tiny patches at one-mile intervals in a straight line across the green rain forests. All I had to do was fly cases of dynamite out to those clearings and gently set them down for the seismological-oil-survey blasting crews.

Flying dynamite didn't bother me as much as the weather, the lack of landing spots in the jungle and the snakes that occasionally dropped down from overhanging branches onto the deck of the houseboat we lived in.

It was tricky, skimming over the jungle through rising morning mists that swelled up into fantastic rain squalls at noon. Visibility was terrible. The inside of the helicopter bubble would steam up and its outside would be streaming with rain. Wipers were useless, so we didn't use them. We'd fly with the doors off and simply stick our heads out to see where we were going.

After about thirty hours of jungle hopping I was on the verge of getting overconfident. Then, one hot, damp morning, I almost didn't make it. I had to transfer some cases of dynamite and a Papuan workman from one spot to another. I planned to circle our clearing—about the size of a football field and surrounded by 200-foot trees—and then head out. I took off and flew down the length of our field. When I turned back I was 300 feet off the ground. Just then the engine wheezed and quit. We had just enough forward speed to make me think we were going to smash into the trees, but, miraculously, we thumped down, unhurt, almost at the same spot we'd started from. My primitive passenger jumped out of the egg-beater, having had enough of my jungle magic, and disappeared into the trees.

Shaking like a palm tree in a storm, I lifted out the dynamite cases and investigated the trouble. The damp air had loosened the fabric lining of the air intake. It had flopped down, blocking the flow of air to the carburetor. Fixing it was easy.

Squeezing into those jungle clearings without touching a tree with those slashing sixteen-foot rotor blades was like backing a truck-and-trailer rig into a single-car garage. We had to be careful. It would have cost $2700 to replace a damaged blade. There were additional hazards. Once I almost made a one-point landing on a fifteen-foot spear a native worker had left sticking up in the middle of a heliport.

The strain of jungle hopping gets under your skin after a while. At such times, we would fly over to Sorong for an "inspection" while we looked over the big city.

The more civilized natives showed considerable curiosity about our helicopters. Whenever we'd land in a village square or a schoolyard, it was as good an excuse as any for a holiday.

Sometimes, on landing in a jungle clearing, we'd come across a "lost" tribe of Melanesians, little brown folks of Neolithic culture who, oddly, seemed quite sophisticated about helicopters. Our machines were simply magic and flew, and that was that. Not one asked, even in sign language, what would happen if the big fan on top fell off.

After eight months on the dynamite run I headed back to California with 500 hours of jungle flying in my logbook, looking for something new, maybe power-line patrol.

In Bakersfield, Elynor Rudnick, the lady boss of Kern Copters, a firm doing business from Alaska to the tropics, had such an opening. Sam Thrasher, Elynor's chief pilot, showed me what a chopper really can do in this work.

In power-line flying, you have to stay close enough to the high-tension wires to spot such things as broken insulators shot up by smart-aleck hunters, or broken lines snapped by ice and snow in deep mountain gorges. A gust of wind could slam you into the wires. Death was always very close.

Thrasher also showed me the right way to crop-dust with a 'copter, making a ballet turn at the end of each low pass. In an airplane, I'd had to lose a minute on each run making a wide, gentle wingover turn to keep from stalling and falling.

My education as a helicopter hobo wasn't complete without a course in mountain flying. In 1953, an outbreak of mountain fires in the Angeles National Forest quickly gave me all the experience of that sort I needed.

On this job I had to locate the fire, find a nearby landing spot, then transport men and equipment. Once or twice, when the terrain features were just right, I'd take off with a heavy fire hose and unroll it as I buzzed up a steep mountainside, saving precious time for the sweating hot-shot crews down on the fire line.

It takes a lot of control, I found, to land fire fighters on a mountain ridge in the path of a racing fire line with flames shooting a hundred feet into the sky. The blaze would suck in great drafts of rushing air that set up miniature windstorms. In a split second that sudden wind could whip your cushion of air right from under you and bring on a crash landing.

I learned that the air cushion, or "ground effect," is the secret of a good mountain 'copter landing. In calm air, it's always right below you, where your rotor blades are forcing down a column of moving air. Add a little side wind and your air cushion can suddenly vanish, letting you drop hard enough to snap off a rotor blade. Sometimes I'd spend fifteen minutes circling a mountain peak, checking the wind before attempting to land.

My season with Kern Copters ended with the Angeles fire job, and then I worked for a Los Angeles businessman who owned a chopper and needed a pilot. There was plenty of work, all of it valuable experience that would pay off if I could ever go into business for myself.

... ...

That's the Way it Goes

By Richard Wheeler

Although he's able to afford
To live the way he chooses,
The wealthy man, they say,
  is bored—
Finds little that amuses.

Now, me, I know a host
  of ways
To triumph over boredom
And make excitement fill
  my days.
Alas, I can't afford 'em.

... ...

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I built a special trailer to serve as my portable landing field and outfitted a truck as a mobile repair and gas station. With this rig I toured the Southwest, a helicopter handy man, no job too big or too little.

Well-heeled uranium prospectors, I found out, don't mind paying a hundred dollars an hour to hire a chopper to fly their delicate instruments into remote, blistering-hot canyons. In a day's time, a 'copter can cover more territory than they could prospect on foot in a whole season.

On one uranium job I spent fifty hours exploring the length of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, sometimes thousands of feet below the rim. From dawn till dusk I poked through deep gorges with brilliant red walls, pausing now and then to hover beside some ancient cliff dwelling where a forgotten race once lived in complete privacy.

That particular uranium survey paid off handsomely for my customer, for his instruments indicated high radioactivity in the area. I landed on a narrow ledge on the canyon rim while he excitedly collected samples of ore and staked out his claim.

As seen from a 'copter, the grandeur of the West is startling. Around every bend, over each ridge are scenes of breathtaking beauty that may appear only as flat terrain from a high-flying airliner.

I've landed to take snapshots of places that would bring tears of ecstasy to the eyes of a camera bug—atop 700-foot Pinnacle Rock, on the center of 309-foot-high Rainbow Bridge, in spectacular gorges.

The nicest part of these scenic tours was that I was earning money at the same time by working for the United States Geological Survey. In five months, I helped the USGS map 5000 square miles of America's wildest back country, a job that would have taken years without a helicopter.

Flying such jobs, I'd start out early, when the air was cool, and drop off one survey man at a high vantage point and another at a "picture point," which was simply a pinprick on an aerial photograph of the region.

Using FM radios, signal lights and fluorescent cloth draped around theodolite tripods, the USGS men spread their points into lines and triangles and, employing trigonometry, made order of the vast expanse of mountains and canyons and wasteland.

There are less scientific jobs a helicopter handy man can handle in such country. I know of one chopper pilot who was hired to fly bat guano from a hidden cave 1500 feet up a sheer cliff. An enterprising businessman in Kingman, Arizona, willingly paid the price of a helicopter airlift to collect tons of bat guano of high nitrogen content, which, he said, was deposited by an extinct species of bats that had eaten an extinct species of insects. But he'd found a live market for it, as fertilizer.

I was thinking of settling in the desert country when, in 1954, I received a hurry-up call to fly helicopter patrol during a rash of bad lightning fires in the Cascade Range of Northern California. One look at the natural beauty of the region and I moved my wife and kids up there to live.

Now that I have the blessings and financial backing of my neighbors in Scott Valley, I have a new interest in the vast wilderness country that spreads for miles in all directions. I'm getting to know all the folks who live back beyond the horizon, and there are a hundred little things I'm called on to do every week, like delivering messages, dropping supplies or keeping an eye peeled for some cattle that have wandered off.

Like a country doctor, you don't always get paid for your emergency services, but that doesn't stop you from making a mercy flight whenever you're needed. Once I rushed a doctor into the wilderness to perform an emergency operation on an old-timer who couldn't make it to a hospital. Another time I was called to bring out the body of an Indian child who had drowned. It's all part of being a helicopter hobo.

Once, in 1953, I was called on to rush a doctor and some plasma to a wild sector shown on the maps as King Solomon's Mine, up near the historic gold camp of Sawyers Bar.

A pilot had got lost in bad weather on a flight from Happy Camp, up in the Klamath country, and had crashed with his wife, uncle and three kids in an overloaded monoplane. Two of the children had been killed and the woman was near death from loss of blood. Our plasma saved her, but I never heard a word of thanks from her husband. The United States Forest Service paid the bill.

Although the folks in Scott Valley have come to depend upon my chopper whenever there's an emergency, last December, wouldn't you know, I was caught short when the big winter floods suddenly struck the region. I'd left my machine in Los Angeles, while spending Christmas in Scott Valley with June and our kids. We were marooned for three days while Jess McMann, my former associate, drove the rig north from Los Angeles.

Because of the violence of the floods that choked all the rivers and washed out roads and bridges, there was plenty of work for my little roof-top airline. I flew damage surveys, dropped food to marooned families, served as a communications link between rescue workers and emergency headquarters, and evacuated a few people from danger spots.

When the floods hit again in January, I got myself into a tight spot that demonstrated how a helicopter has it all over an airplane when the weather closes in. I'd flown a load of supplies down to Sawyers Bar, the old gold camp on the North Fork of the Salmon River, and had started back for Scott Valley. A black cloud deck above me suddenly lowered. Spinning around, I groped back along the river for more than 100 miles, following the thundering waters of the flooded Salmon, Trinity, Klamath and Scott clear around the Marble Mountain Primitive Area.

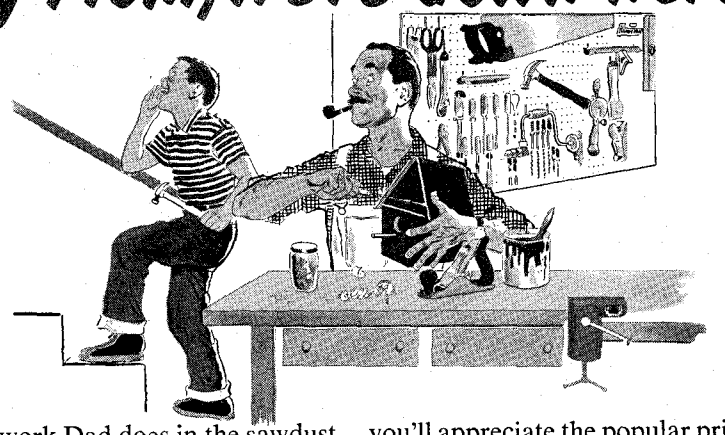
Back at Scott Valley, I found that the heavy fog went right down to the ground. I crossed over to the hills and poked back into a canyon until I found a hole. I groped slowly down through the wispy white vapor until I could see the treetops. Then I hedgehopped along a narrow road and made my way back to my home in time for supper.

I never know where I'll be tomorrow or what kind of job I'll be doing. I hear there are big opportunities for a chopper pilot flying oil and mineral exploration survey crews over the vast rain forests of South America. There's a lot to do in Scott Valley area too. Aetna Helicopters is expanding. We've got an order in now for a second chopper.

I guess it's a risky business, with only your flying skill for insurance against a financial crisis, but there are profits to helicopter hoboing if you stay busy. More important is the satisfaction you feel when you fly away back over some distant mountain peak and come down beside a little mountain cabin, bringing hope to some sufferer in need of urgent help. At such times you feel a little like Santa Claus without reindeer.

THE END

"Hey Mom, we're down here"



The work Dad does in the sawdust and shavings of his home shop can be doubly satisfying when he breaks in an apprentice. Make a real woodworker out of your young chiseler. The boy who works with tools learns good habits . . . and when he works with his father he learns good habits from a good guy.

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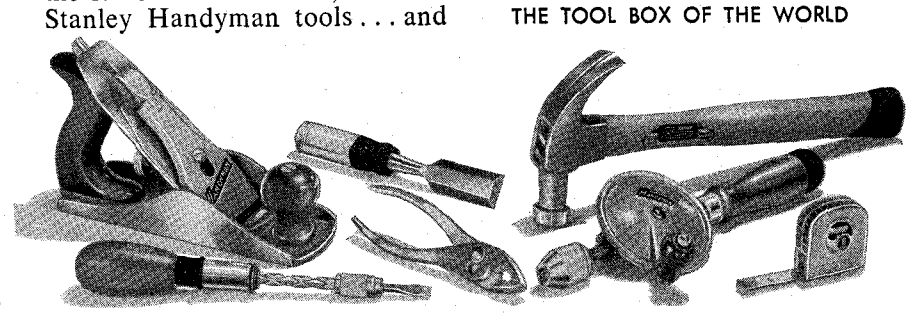

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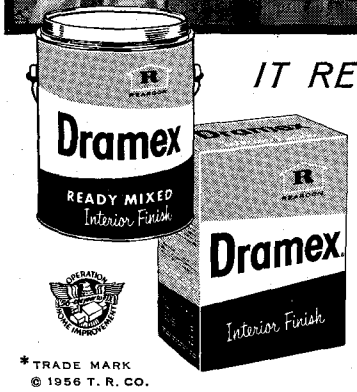

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Bribe (Continued from Page 23)

McQuade liked to call him, not in disparagement of traffic men, but to enliven things at home; or, if the subject was economics, "Old Safe Deposit Pants." Mary had thought it was fun, when the joke was new, because even the children knew that back in the '20's and early '30's, she used to go dancing with the dapper, graceful traffic man.

"Go ahead and enjoy yourself," she challenged him now. "Remind me that Martin saves his money. Hah! Hah! Hah! Such humor gives me cramps. At least he never lent four hundred dollars to a petty thief like Freddie Lomax—did he?"

"Mary, please. Let's try to be fair. Don't rub it in."

"Well, did he? Would he? Was lending money to Freddie Lomax being fair to yourself or your family? Didn't you know that someday there might be an emergency? Do you call that fair?"

"I suppose not," said McQuade.

Freddie Lomax was, as Mary had said, a minor thief, but he was also, as McQuade could testify, an amoral ingrate and a bum. Now that the four hundred dollars was Exhibit A in any family discussion of this kind, it would be hard for McQuade to explain what tidal wave of blessed charity had washed him clear of his wits on that occasion. Freddie's claim on a policeman's generosity was that he needed money to straighten his affairs before he could take the honest job, outside New York, that McQuade had secured for him. He didn't run with major thieves like Otto Lamb, but his companions were not choice. McQuade, of course, had liked him. Freddie's smile could melt a night stick. He had style. Watching the bum play pool one day, McQuade had that same impression of co-ordinated class he used to get from watching Joe DiMaggio swing a bat.

"Well?" Mary said.

"I didn't say a word."

Freddie Lomax, as McQuade had every reason to recall, had at that time just done ninety days as an accomplice to the sale of a stolen car—whether willingly or unwillingly, a man had to judge for himself. It was—at least on the books—a first offense, and it was not, as Martin Reidy had declared, a miracle for McQuade to have four hundred dollars to lend. The truth was that he had just converted his GI insurance from one category to another and had, for McQuade, a considerable amount. As for the four hundred, he was to have got fifty dollars of it back each month in regular installments mailed to him by Freddie's new employer. It might even have worked out if Freddie hadn't been fired from the job in exactly two weeks' time.

"So go ahead and laugh," McQuade's wife said.

He didn't laugh. Jokes about money wouldn't hold together. He was grateful to all the saints in heaven that Mary, already burdened, was not aware the last quarter installment of Joan's board and tuition at Mount Mark College hadn't been paid. The letter from the registrar, though upstairs in his jacket, was like a mustard plaster clinging to his conscience:

Dear Mr. McQuade: We regret the necessity of reminding you once more that Joan's account still shows an unpaid balance of $354.25. It is inflexible policy at Mount Mark not to admit to final examinations students whose accounts are in arrears. We hope by return mail you will relieve this office from the responsibility of so informing your daughter. Examinations are scheduled to begin May 17th.

Very truly yours,
FLORENCE C. WYLIE, Registrar.

"Martin left some tickets," Mary said.

He was thinking that today was the 15th of May, leaving him barely time to get the money in the mail. He hardly dared go to the bank where he already had a loan, but there was always the Self-Reliant Finance Company. *Ah, the Self-Reliant,* thought McQuade. *Here I am, earning a captain's pay, and if I had the self-reliance of a squirrel in the park, I wouldn't be in a mess like this.* Mary, he realized, was watching him.

"You say he left some tickets, Mary? For what—that traffic exhibit at the armory?"

"I guess that's what he meant. I didn't examine them. He wondered if you couldn't sell a few dozen for the traffic division, and I said—well, I would remind you."

This time she smiled at the implicit joke, so that McQuade, in gratitude, knelt down in front of her, gently dislodging her feet from the footstool. He put his head in her lap and his arms around her, and it seemed so much, much better this way, even though she didn't speak.

"Now who would I sell his tickets to?" McQuade said, looking up, and hoping to broaden the joke. "To myself? Or to the cab drivers he's persecuted now for twenty years?"

"Please, Joe," she said, "lay off poor Martin."

But she laughed. One of her hands stroked and ruffled his hair. They were almost close again, he knew. He tightened his arms around her, and he couldn't say the things he wished to say. *God make her well and give her back to us the way she used to be,* he prayed. *Please, God, don't let her lose her faith in me.*

McQuade walked from his own house to Pelham Parkway, passing the equally modest but more meticulously maintained Bronx residence of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Reidy and their daughter, Agnes Mae. The Reidys owned the community's one magnolia tree, which had bloomed and shed its glory many days before. McQuade took note, in passing, that there were no stray blossoms on the lawn. He took the west-bound bus that passed the Bronx Zoo first and then the campus of Fordham University. He could see the great trees, higher than the Gothic granite of the buildings. It was a little late to realize that Joan might have been educated at some local college for women that her father could afford.

McQuade was a big man in his own precinct. He knew that much. It had fattened his pride and, very likely, looking back, it had helped to flatten his pockets, too, because his big-shot complex hadn't been discouraged here. On Fordham Road, that platinum-precious tract of uptown real estate, the merchants, cabbies, barflies, policy runners, waiters, crooks and clergymen all knew McQuade. The girls in the booths outside the movie houses, selling tickets for the first prenoon performances, knew him and called his name. A man on a garbage truck waved cordially, the unhappy driver of a laundry truck, fixing a flat tire, said to him, "You've got the racket, Joe."

It was a little embarrassing to be this well known when you were hoping to slip unseen through a door, then upstairs to the Self-Reliant Finance Company. McQuade, watched by too many people, wavered, then walked on.

At Fordham Road's intersection with the Grand Concourse, a few of Otto (Bitsy) Lamb's boys, lean and hungry and frustrated by McQuade's unending vigilance, watched his approach, but did not linger long. An unadorned sedan, driven by a plain-clothes cop, stopped at the curb. A detective named Harry Matson was sitting next to the driver. McQuade walked over.

"A nice way to spend your day off," Matson said. "Your wife put you out?"

"With the cat and the old milk bottles," said McQuade. He stood there with Matson, a veteran cop, watching Otto Lamb's boys stroll away, so dainty and so gingerly, like chippies dancing on a skinny piece of string.

"Everything depends on you, Filbrick, so I think I better put in a pinch hitter!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Boy, would they like to get rid of you," said Matson. "Were you gonna give them hell?"

"Not today, Harry, no. I think they've had it, anyhow." The truth was that McQuade's own precinct had, within the limits of existing law, been purified. He wouldn't pretend to himself or his superiors that among a hundred thousand concentrated souls nobody ever raised a phone to place a two-dollar bet. All he could guarantee was that the phone call wasn't accommodated in any of the myriad cigar shops, poolrooms, barbershops, shoeshine stands or regulation horse rooms once controlled by Otto Lamb. McQuade had always believed, and with the opportunity had proved, that given enough cops, brains, diligence and dollar honesty, a precinct could be clean. This morning, however, he had begun to wonder if this dollar honesty, for which he was so willing to take a bow, was not a cheapened virtue in a man who did not possess what he could describe only as "dollar responsibility." *Who am I to criticize Martin Reidy?* He turned to Harry Matson then. "By the way, you ever see Freddie Lomax around?"

Matson laughed. "Your old friend, captain? We see him once in a while, but not too often. He wears nice clothes and spends a lot of time downtown."

"Has he got a job?"

"Hah!" Matson said. "Has Freddie got a job? Look, captain, no offense meant, but has Gina Lollobrigida got a tattoo on her nose?"

"I see what you mean."

"You want the bum picked up?"

"I don't want a sloppy vagrancy charge that might embarrass the department," McQuade said. "But I'd like to see him."

You went up one flight from the street to the Self-Reliant Finance Company, Mr. Aaron Cricketsen, Mgr. You couldn't wait all day in the street like a loft thief for the eyes of the world to turn away. Besides, people might think he was going upstairs to visit the dentist or chiropodist who shared the floor with Self-Reliant. *The hell they would.* Even so, he climbed the stairs.

"Captain McQuade? Will you take Booth Four? Mr. Cricketsen will be right with you."

The young lady's name was Miss Pantages. All McQuade knew about her was that her voice, calling his name, would have carried over an alp. He followed her. Her high hips swiveled within a light print dress. She wore paper cuffs and had a pencil in her hair. McQuade was grateful when the door of the booth had closed behind him. He was staring at a magazine within a plastic cover when Mr. Cricketsen, the manager, came in.

"It's so nice seeing you again, captain."

"Yeah, lucky me," McQuade said.

"What was that, captain?"

"I'd like to borrow three hundred and fifty dollars."

"Of course." Mr. Cricketsen was a thin, rather engaging man, as blond as corn silk, with the eyes of a dishonest woman. He placed an application form on the desk. He had a series of cards to which he thoughtfully referred. "Captain," he said, "do you have any other outstanding loans?"

"The Bronx Independent Bank and Trust," McQuade admitted. "Five hundred dollars. I pay them forty-four-something a month."

"M'm'm'm. I see. Well, that's not insurmountable. You have a house, of course? It's in your name?"

"Mine and my wife's," McQuade said.

"And Mrs. McQuade is willing to sign this note?"

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"I wouldn't want that," McQuade said quickly. "I'd like it to be like the last time, if you don't mind. I signed the papers all by myself. You gave me the money; I paid you back. I'm civil service. I've got a steadier job than the mayor." McQuade managed to smile. Mr. Cricketsen did not.

"You see, captain," Mr. Cricketsen said, "the last time you were here you only wanted two hundred dollars." He looked again at his reference cards. "You paid it back very nicely, but you didn't have any other outstanding loan. This isn't personal, captain. It's company regulations. Your house is mortgaged?"

"Twice," said McQuade. "One big one. One little one."

"I'm afraid then, captain, that this loan, in these circumstances, would require another signature."

"Oh," said McQuade.

"Any friend or relative who is steadily employed."

"I know what you mean." McQuade sat looking at his big hands. There was Mary's brother, Al—a real good-natured soul whose wife, a thrifty woman, would likely shoot him dead if he put his signature on someone else's loan. Which wouldn't be fair to Al. McQuade stood up.

"If you don't mind," he said. "I'll try the Bronx Independent; see if they'll increase the loan I've got."

"Naturally, captain. But please feel free to come back here—on the terms I've outlined, of course."

McQuade departed Booth No. 4, gazing neither left nor right in his determination to descend the stairs unnoticed and unseen.

"Good-by, Captain McQuade!" Miss Pantages called after him. He kept going, wishing deep in his heart he had the courage to stop and choke her to death.

He had lunch in a cafeteria on Fordham Road. He had a liverwurst sandwich, a cup of coffee and a humbling meditation on the numbing vice of pride. Before coming to lunch he had gone once into the great rotunda of the Bronx Independent Bank and Trust, then quietly retreated because he saw too many of his friends. *You were scared,* he accused himself; *you were like a shill with dirty pictures when he walks into a cop.*

One difficulty at the Bronx Independent was the location of the personal-loan department. It was up front, isolated, labeled with a large sign; once you stepped inside the velvet rope, there was no use pretending you came in to change a twenty-dollar bill. *But why be ashamed? Was I looking to steal the money?* He got up and left the cafeteria. It was almost half past two.

This time he walked into the Bronx Independent like a man with a mission, and he did not permit himself to gape self-consciously around.

"Yes, sir?" The middle-aged woman behind the velvet rope did not look like Miss Pantages. "Can I assist you?"

"I'd like to see someone about a loan."

"Is this a new account?"

"No, ma'am; it's about increasing a loan I have. Mr. Grissom is the man I saw before. He's over there, the third desk."

"Would you like to fill out this application and then come back to see Mr. Grissom the first thing in the morning?"

"I meant today. It's important." The woman's interested, sympathetic attention encouraged him to say, "This is my day off. Besides, it almost has to be today."

"What a shame, then, because there's nothing I can do. Mr. Grissom has more people waiting for him than he can possibly see. We close at three o'clock. Won't you take this application?"

"Thank you," McQuade said wearily.

He walked away from the velvet rope, lit a cigarette, then flipped the dead match into a sanded receptacle. The more he looked at the tall man standing at the Christmas Club window, the more this watchful figure resembled his neighbor, Martin Reidy.

"Joey," the traffic man said. "How is Joey?"

"I'm dandy, Martin. I just came in to dump some stocks. You know—capital gains? It's really the only way to get ahead."

"Easy come, huh, Joey? Easy go?" McQuade was, of course, aware that Reidy had been watching him, but it didn't seem to matter any more. Reidy, although a captain of a uniformed squad, sometimes indulged the option of his rank and wore civilian clothes. He looked as graceful and trim and uncluttered as the lawn outside his house. He put his bank book back in his inside pocket, then patted it to flatness, thus assuring against interference with the drape of his well-made coat. "No luck at all?" he asked McQuade.

"What do you mean 'no luck'?"

"I saw you coming downstairs from the Self-Reliant," Reidy said. "You know, it's not how much money a man makes, Joey; it's what he puts aside that counts."

"I see what you mean. I'll remember that."

They walked out of the bank together. McQuade tried to be nice. He had no desire to maintain that his own way of living was exemplary or his prudent neighbor's wrong. He had certainly learned otherwise today. It was simply that, beginning with Mary's sermon in the morning, he'd had a very large portion of Martin Reidy.

"I remember I warned you years ago," Martin said, "when you bought that fool television set with the six-inch screen. One year later they were selling them twice the size for half the price. And another thing, Joey."

"Look, Martin," McQuade said on a rising note. "Lay off. Leave me alone. I'm a cop with a problem that I took a day off to handle. You're a cop with a job to do. Go count the dimes in a parkin' meter. Go paint a white line."

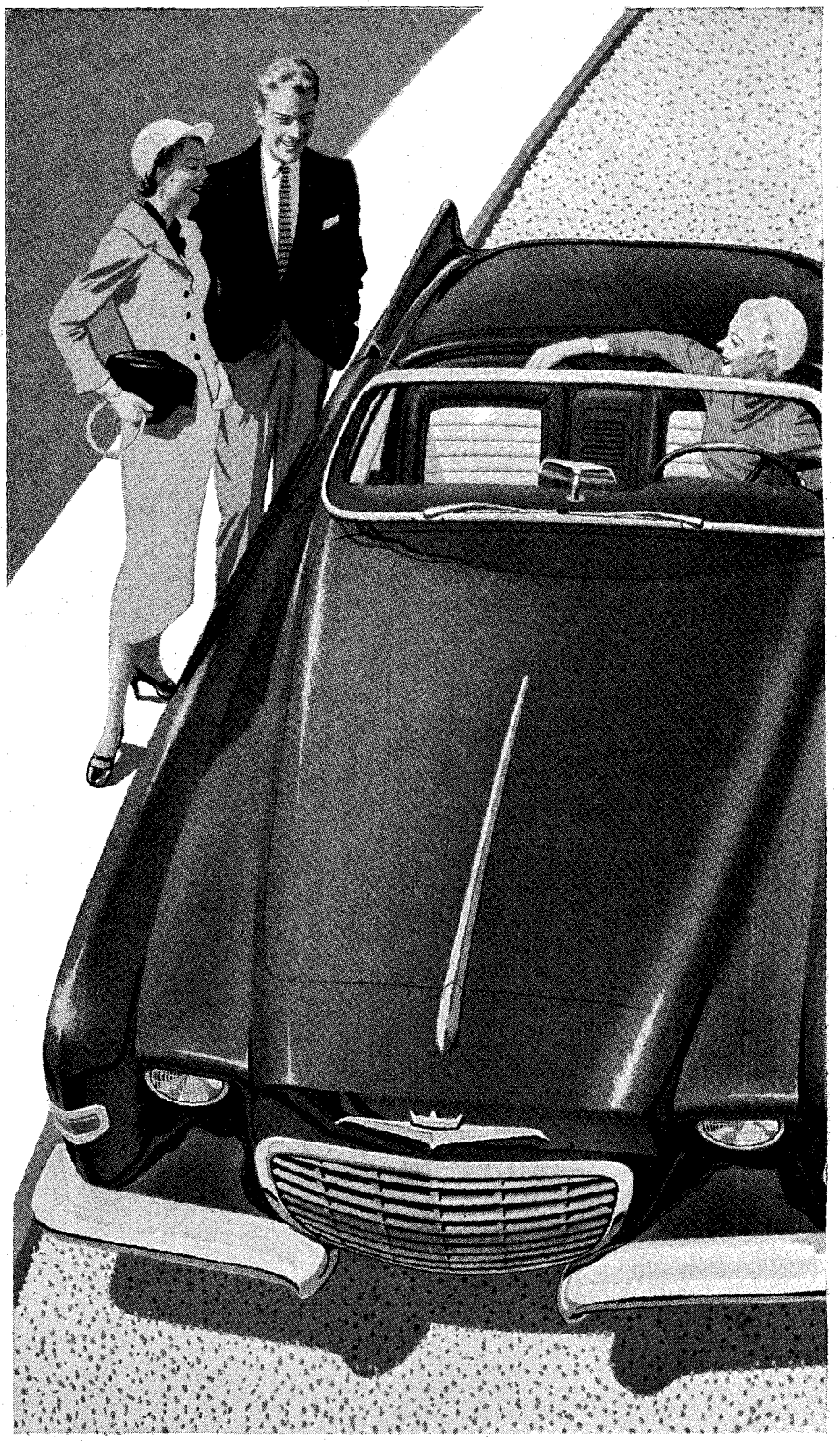
"Very funny," Martin Reidy said, but he was not amused. "The fact is that a cop as broke as you, day off or no day off, can't keep his mind on his job. There've been cases like yours before, an' don't think the commissioner liked it. Remember that, Joey, when you're thinking of that nice inspector's badge you want so bad."

The moment hung, unpleasant and unresolved, as Martin Reidy walked away. The mixed elements of truth and bitter prophecy in Reidy's words were starkly real. McQuade stood there in futile rage and with a sense of creeping shame. How widely had he advertised his poverty today?

The reason you're broke is that you want to be a big shot all the time, he realized. *You've had a steady job for twenty-five years, but you're a payday sport who likes to ride in cabs. You like to say: "This round's on me." Don't pity yourself.*

He was thinking how he ought to stop this nonsense and give his nerves a chance to unwind. The unsolved problem still remained: Joan's unpaid board and tuition bill. The only thing left was to go see Mary's brother, Al; then go home and confess to Mary that he was a pride-swollen clown who from now on would try to live within his means. If Al agreed to co-sign his note with Self-Reliant, McQuade decided, it would still be possible to phone the registrar at Mount Mark College and explain that the money was in the

(*Continued on Page 83*)



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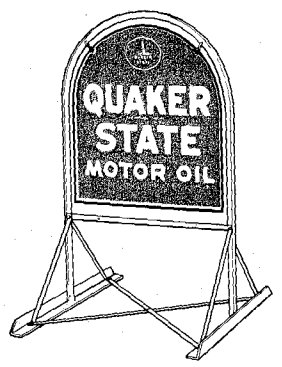

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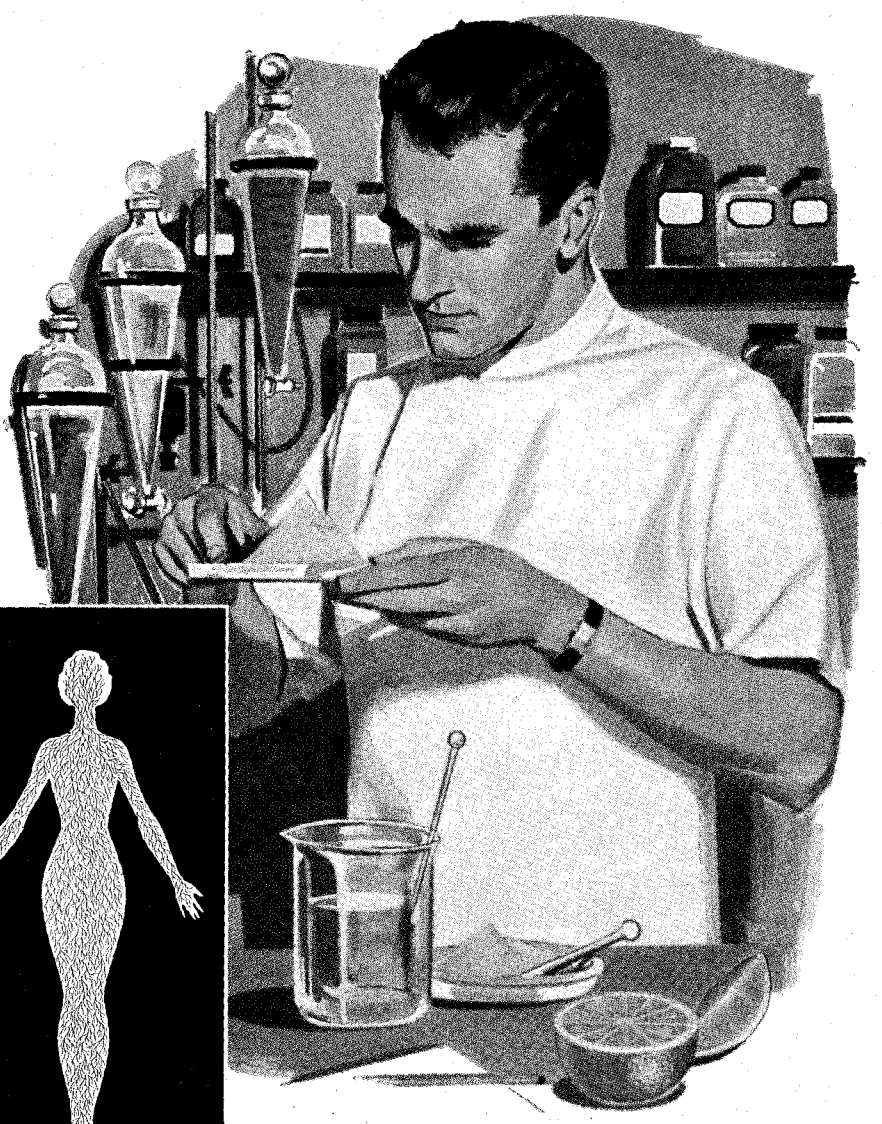
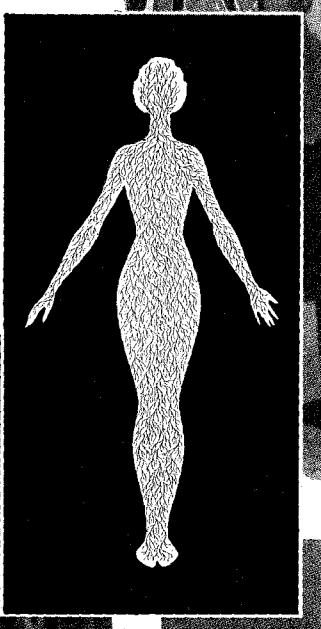
Exciting news about the fresh orange

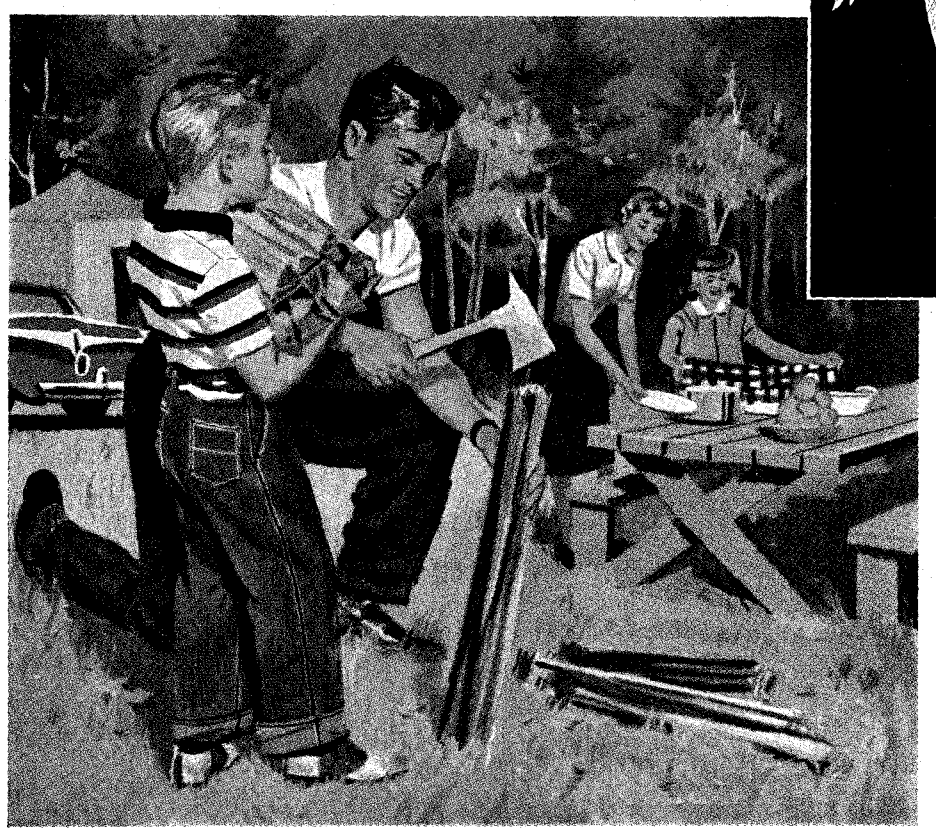
BIO-FLAVONOIDS, amazing yellow substances in the "meat" of the orange, found basic aid to health for young and old



1. The BIO-FLAVONOIDS have an amazing effect on the capillary system. Your capillaries are a network of tiny blood vessels 60,000 miles long. They do the vital job of feeding oxygen and nourishment to the body's organs and tissues and carrying waste materials away. The bio-flavonoids work to keep the capillaries functioning more efficiently.

Teamed with vitamin C, these factors in the "meat" of oranges help keep capillary walls strong. Nourishment passes quickly and easily to the body's tissues. Waste is rapidly removed. Thus the bio-flavonoids improve your *basic* health . . . help you feel young and vigorous . . . help you ward off infection and disease.

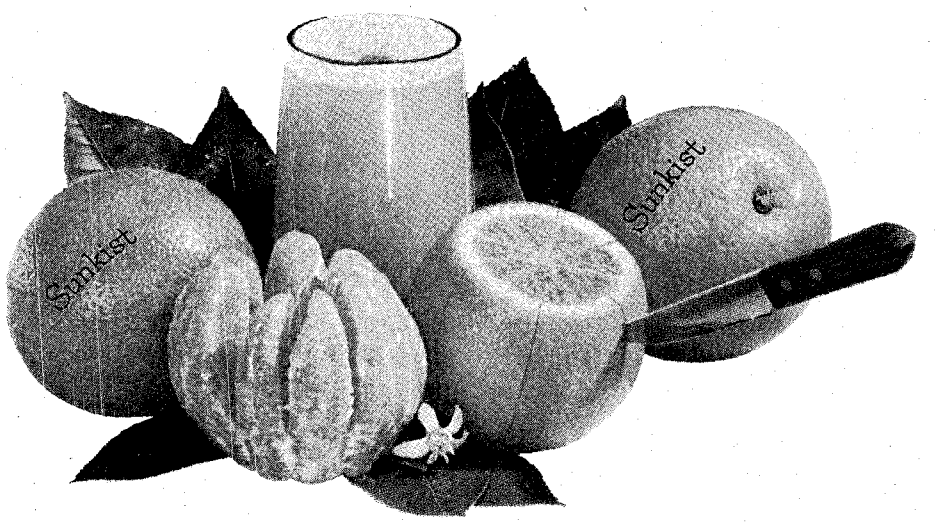




2. Vitamin C becomes more effective. Research indicates the bio-flavonoids actually *boost* the efficiency of the vitamin C in oranges, allowing it to do a better job for children of building sturdy bones and strong muscles, sound teeth and gums . . . and a better job of fighting colds and infections for *everyone.*

3. The bio-flavonoids are abundant in the fresh orange but *not* in processed juice. A medium-sized Sunkist Orange contains *about 1000 mgs.* Sunkist Oranges are reasonable in cost, and nothing is easier to serve. Just *hand them out*—at meals, between meals, at TV time. When you squeeze fresh orange juice, don't strain out the solids that contain the bio-flavonoids.

4. One Sunkist Orange gives your family ten times more bio-flavonoids than an equal amount of processed juice, and ten times more protopectins, so important for digestion and regularity. High grading standards make Sunkist Oranges the finest quality money can buy . . . always. What other food is so healthful and delicious? Look for the Sunkist trademark on the skin of the fruit. *Insist* on Sunkist.



California-Arizona Valencia Oranges

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(*Continued from Page 81*) mail. He was thinking these things when an off-again-on-again drunk named Augie Weiss came up to him.

"You got a minute, Joe?"

"I'm not going to run away," he said.

"You been lookin' for Freddie Lomax, I hear."

"Who told you that?"

"I saw Harry Matson. He said you might be interested."

"Where is he?"

"Well, maybe half an hour ago, when I saw Freddie, he was parkin' his car in the Jefferson Garage."

"He was parking his what?"

"His car, I said. Freddie's got one of those new whatchamacallits—a two-tone job. He asked me did I want to have a few drinks over at Ferguson's. I said, 'No, I'm on the wagon.' Then I seen you here and I remembered what Harry Matson said."

Always, in the future, McQuade was willing to admit that Martin Reidy had been right. A cop too tightly bound in by his own affairs can't give the right attention to the details of his job. Always he was willing to admit that when he stepped down into the rathskeller coolness of Ferguson's saloon, his head was full of everything but the obvious signs a cop of his experience should have recognized. The bland look on the face of the stranger, for instance, who stood outside of Ferguson's, leaning against the building with the luxurious disinterest of someone who really belonged, or the man behind the bar, holding a goblet in his hands, turning it with unnecessary diligence in the lint-shedding folds of a ragged towel. A radio was tuned to a ball game as McQuade came in and looked around. The small rectangular space, including a phone booth, a pinball game, a jukebox and a dozen small tables, was apparently free of customers. The bartender turned the radio off.

"Yes, sir?"

"I'll have a beer." McQuade watched the big man hit the tap with the butt of his hand. "I was looking for Freddie Lomax."

"I don't know any Lomax."

McQuade heard the soft footsteps before he heard the voice that said, "You won't find Freddie Lomax here." A chill that didn't come from the beer passed through him. He knew the voice. He had already turned and was facing Otto (Bitsy) Lamb. *Here it is*, he thought; *this is what I walked into.*

"You shouldn't believe all you hear from Augie Weiss, Joe," Otto said.

"Why shouldn't I?"

Otto Lamb did not in any way fulfill the cuteness or the lack of size the "Bitsy" part of his locally celebrated name suggested. He was a well-constructed man of McQuade's own age. He looked like any kind of person you might meet—until you looked at him long enough and the wrong, wrong notes began to play. His smile wasn't right; if he scrubbed it and rehearsed it for a day and a half, it still would not be clean.

"Some days you can't make a dollar, can you, Joe?"

"It gets rough," McQuade conceded—"sometimes, that is." He tried to keep a lid on the accumulation of his rage. He walked among the tables aimlessly. He sat down and began to drum on the top of one. "So my line's a little slow," McQuade said. "How is yours?"

Otto Lamb turned on the same smile like a dirty bulb. "You haven't helped it any," he said. "Not even a little, Joe."

"Why should I?"

"You're a family man, McQuade, but you can't even afford to drop dead. Your wife wouldn't have the pennies to put on your eyelids." Otto Lamb sat down. "You're all over the neighborhood, with your hand out, like a Little Sister o' the Poor."

The insolence cut like a knife. "I could punch you right in your smart mouth," said McQuade.

"You won't. It wouldn't pay. Look on the table, Joe. This pays. Ten thousand dollars. It's yours."

The bills were as fresh and crisp as a new deck of cards. They were strangely beautiful to a poor man's eyes. *He thinks I'm a mutt, and maybe I am, to be sitting in the room with him.* He watched Otto's quick hands fan through the money. All the engravings were of Benjamin Franklin.

"How do I know someone won't walk in, Otto?"

"Nobody will. We got a man outside. There's a sign on the door that says, 'Be back in twenty minutes.' Henry here, behind the bar, you don't have to worry about. The money's yours."

"Count it," said McQuade. His mouth was dry.

"It's all there, Joe."

"I'd like it counted, anyhow."

Henry had drawn himself a beer and walked around from in back of the bar. He turned on the radio, this time to music. Henry rubbed his hands on his apron, watching the front door.

"Twenty-one hundred, twenty-two hundred," said Otto Lamb. He glanced uneasily at McQuade. "Look. What have I got to keep on countin' it for?"

McQuade reached out and took the money, as though content. He wrapped it in a handkerchief and put it in his pocket. He could feel it there, against his leg, as thick as a folded hand.

"I like the nice clear fingerprints in the corners," said McQuade. "Prints on money are sketchy evidence, but it helps. Come on now, Otto—you and Henry and that watchdog in the street."

The memory of Otto Lamb's face wouldn't be a wholesome thing for a family man to bring home. Otto shrieked and swore obscenely. McQuade reached over the table and grabbed him by the eight-dollar shirt.

"You don't have a witness!" Otto screamed. "Let go o' me! I'll swear you propositioned me!"

McQuade drew Otto close to him with one hand, slapped him with the other. He forced him erect and clear of the table. "We've got a witness right here, Otto. We've got Henry. We'll make him talk like a phonograph—the high-fidelity kind." The rage in him, so long contained, poured free. "You lousy, dollar-drippin' vulture," he said. "You thought you could buy my soul?"

He was still holding Otto; he was moving toward Henry and reaching for his gun, when Otto kneed him in the groin. McQuade fell to his knees, the strength nearly gone from him. He was clinging to a yard-long strip of Otto's shirt as the man from outside, summoned by the roaring radio, came down the five steps into Ferguson's, a gun in his hand. McQuade fired then and the man fell forward, rolling on the floor; the gun had fallen free from his grasp.

"Lower the radio," said McQuade, and Henry, his swift glance going from Otto Lamb to the sweating cop, did the well-considered, conservative thing: he lowered the radio. McQuade, with his pain diminishing, picked up the other gun.

"You first, Otto," he directed. . . . "Henry, get in line."

They ascended to the street. There were people on the sidewalk, timid at first, then crowding near. A young traffic cop came running from the corner—one of Martin Reidy's men.

"There's a guy inside," McQuade said. "He'll need a doctor. He's shot in the leg. And while you're there, son—I haven't got change of a century note—would you steal me a glass of beer?"

The young cop looked at him strangely. "Yes, sir." They could hear a radio car coming fast and loud, maneuvering through the halted traffic in the street. It was a big day in the Bronx.

A uniformed sergeant drove McQuade home. A stick-ball game still prospered in the street, although the late daylight by now was nearly gone. A half moon, lemon pale, was climbing above the modest homes. McQuade, a troubled hero, had not had the opportunity to get in touch with Mary's brother, Al. He carried with him at the end of the day the same forebodings to which he had awakened.

"Well," Mary said, "the pride of the department." She wasn't sitting in the pinkish, wing-backed chair. She had been standing in the foyer, waiting. She seemed much taller in her high-heeled shoes and she clung to him with greater strength than McQuade had believed she possessed. "You could have been shot," she said.

"That happens too," he admitted, "but we did all right. The bartender talked in the station house and the case is as tight as Martin Reidy. It'll be the first time Otto's been in jail in over twenty years."

"Now don't you pick on Martin," Mary said.

His spirit sagged. He sighed in final defeat. He walked into the living room and sat down on the sofa. Mary, strolling after him, looked a bit too coy for him to find this moment comfortable.

"Martin was here," she said.

And McQuade groaned deep inside. "Again?"

"He said he was sorry about some things he said to you this afternoon, dear."

McQuade raised a cautioning hand. "Forget it," he said.

"You didn't tell me how very badly you needed money, did you, Joe? But Martin said, all things considered, he'd be willing to sign a note for you with the Self-Reliant Finance Company."

McQuade, a stunned man, sat and stared. "Martin Reidy? He said that?"

"Well, of course, he did. I'll admit he trembled when he said it, Joe, but Martin admires you very much. He feels that any man in your position, who can turn down ten thousand dollars, is a good enough risk for him." THE END

Look at the State They're In!

One of the weirdest election controversies in United States annals established the strange "Republic of Muscongus" off the Maine coast. Oddly enough, the row stemmed from the same 1860 election of Lincoln as President which sped the secession of the South.

Votes of the Muscongus Islanders, nearly all fishermen, were included in the returns of the mainland town of Bristol, as usual, and switched the town to the Democrats. Someone thereupon challenged them on grounds that Muscongus was never a part of the United States. Sure enough, it developed that the surveyors who mapped the coast when Maine was admitted to the union somehow overlooked Muscongus, although it is three miles long and famous as the home of the Indian chief, Samoset, who saved the Plymouth colony from starvation in 1621.

When their votes were thrown out, the islanders refused to pay further taxes to Bristol and declared their independence. When the Bristol board drafted nine Islanders for Civil War service, the officer who landed to summon them was driven off by a fusillade of potatoes hurled by an irate matron. No islanders served in the Civil War, though several relented to the extent of hiring mainland substitutes to serve for them.

After the war, Muscongus Island continued as an independent community with its own town-meeting form of government. Payments by New London fishermen for fishing privileges financed the island expenses, and its people went untaxed by outsiders.

This happy, tax-free paradise ended when the local barber and storekeeper, who was also ex-officio postmaster, met a refusal from the Bristol postmaster to deliver or accept island mail. The Bristol official said he had no authority to extend the United States mails to Muscongus when the island wasn't even in the United States.

That ultimatum forced the postmaster-barber-storekeeper to row to the mainland for mail, and winter storms soon compelled him to give up. After going without so much as a post card for a considerable time, the Muscongus town meeting voted to swear allegiance to the United States and the mail service whose couriers are not stayed from their appointed rounds by "snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night." The islanders were rewarded by the establishment of a post office in 1887 in what was probably the first and only conquest of a nation by the Post Office Department.

Henry C. Nicholas

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Panic on Runway 6

(Continued from Page 31)

sure he wouldn't. Joe was a Ground-Controlled-Approach operator. His job was to pick airplanes up on radar in bad weather, and talk them down to a safe landing on a runway they couldn't see. Those planes cost a lot of money. Often they were full of people. You didn't make $8000 a year as GCA controller, but it was an important job, and a job he liked.

"You do exactly what you want to do," Dick Cavanaugh said. "But it would be nice to have you with me. Ruth tells me you'll be finishing up a hitch the first of the month. So now's the time, son, if you want it."

Joe looked at Ruth. She smiled encouragingly. "Please, sweetheart—for me."

"O.K., Dick," Joe Hiltebrandt said. "I'm outnumbered. I might as well relax and enjoy it. You can count me in."

Ruth came running around the table and kissed him, and Dick almost crushed his hand, and they opened some beer to celebrate. After a while Dick got up and said he had to leave. He wanted to drive over to Trenton tonight and get a good night's sleep, so he'd be bright-eyed and raring to go in the morning. In the morning, Dick said, he had to see a man about a car. Cars, that was. For the new lot.

Joe helped Dick on with his coat and said good-by, happy landings, but he didn't go outside to the car. He didn't feel good. There was a sick, rebellious knot in his stomach. While Ruth went out to see her brother off, Joe went into the bedroom and got undressed and got into bed. He was lying with his back to the door when Ruth came in. He heard her pause and he knew she was looking at him, but he didn't turn over.

"Joe."

"Yeah?"

"You mad at me?"

"Why should I be mad at you?"

"Please don't be," Ruth said. "It's going to be the best thing that ever happened to either of us. I know it is."

"Sure," Joe said. "It's going to be great."

When she got into bed and turned out the light, he knew she expected him to kiss her good night, but he didn't. He lay still and pretended he was going to sleep.

"Joe," Ruth whispered beside him in the dark.

"What?"

"I love you, Joe."

Me and eight thousand, Joe thought. He said, "I've got the double shift tomorrow. O.K. if we get some sleep?"

"Sorry," Ruth said. She moved across the bed, away from him, so that she didn't touch him. He knew she was hurt. He wanted to say something, but he couldn't. The hard knot in his stomach was still there. So Ruth wanted him out of the Air Force. So he was getting out. But he didn't have to like it. Not tonight. Not ever.

The Military Air Transport Service plane which had flown across the Atlantic Ocean from Lajes Field, in the Azores, was roaring sluggishly in the smog over McGuire Air Force Base in the late afternoon. There was no emergency. McGuire was equipped to handle bad-weather landings. It was the MATS port of entry for overseas traffic and the home of a group of jet fighters which protected the New York area. The runway was 10,000 feet long, and equipped with a Ground-Controlled-Approach system.

Sgt. Joe Hiltebrandt was on GCA now. He'd brought the MATS plane downwind and turned it onto the center line of the runway, ten miles out, buried in New Jersey smog. He could not see or hear the plane, of course, sitting inside the GCA shack. But he knew exactly where it was by the greenish blips of light that moved unhurriedly along his two radarscopes. One blip followed the runway center line; the other slid down the glide-path index.

"Doing nicely now," Joe Hiltebrandt said into the tiny mike that was stuck on wires in front of his lips. "On center line. On glide path. You are one and one half miles from touch-down."

He lifted a cigarette out of an ash tray, took a quick drag and let the smoke trickle out as he talked, "Still doing fine. On center line. On glide path. You are now one mile from touch-down, coming up on the field boundary."

He continued to talk as he watched the greenish blips close in on the touch-down points. The blips moved smoothly and steadily on course, the way they usually did when it was a Military Air Transport plane. Those MATS pilots were sharp boys. They loved to kid you. They referred to GCA as "Gonna Crash Anyhow" and were always whining because they had to make a GCA approach on every landing—regardless of how clear the weather was—just for the practice. But that practice wasn't any joke. Sometimes they came in with the birds walking, and they needed every bit of skill they had to get the airplane safely on the runway, even with Joe's help.

Now Joe saw he had the MATS plane in the bag, but he didn't stop talking. That was one of the most important rules in a Ground Controlled Approach. When you had an airplane on final approach, you talked to him every second. If he lost the sound of your voice for only five seconds he was required to execute a pull-up and go around for a new landing.

The blips slid past the field boundary, through a mild smear of greenish light on the scope known as "ground clutter" and hit the touch-down points. A tired voice—the voice of the transocean pilot—said, "Thanks, GCA. Nice run."

Sergeant Hiltebrandt slipped out of his headset. An Airman 2/c, whose name was Charley Decker and who was serving his apprenticeship in the Ground-Controlled-Approach shack, said, "It sure looks simple when you do it, Joe."

"It is simple," Hiltebrandt said. "All you need is a little practice."

"Like about nine years?" Charley Decker said.

Joe Hiltebrandt grinned. He liked Decker. The kid had a thin face, bright black eyes, and you didn't have to hit him over the head three times with a Controller's Manual to make it sink in. Joe Hiltebrandt had trained a lot of approach controllers in his time, and by now he knew which ones were going to be able to hack it.

He said, "Don't get shook up, buddy. I've been at it for nine years. But it won't take you that long. You'll be handling C-Forty-sevens in six months in daylight; and in a year you'll be working jet fighters after dark."

"I hope so," Decker said. He hesitated. "Hey, sarge, what's this I hear about you getting out of the Air Force?"

Joe looked at him quickly. "Where'd you hear that?"

"My wife told me. She heard it at some meeting of the Airmen's Wives. I didn't believe it. I told her it was probably a goofball rumor."

"You hear all kinds of things," Joe said.

So Ruth had talked—even before he'd made up his mind last night. She must have been pretty sure she could handle old Joe when the time came. Well, he might as well admit it, she could handle him all right. He was crazy about her. Even after twelve years of marriage he got a little dizzy when she kissed him—really kissed him. Ruth was a plump brunette with red lips, and the Old Nick peeping out of her eyes. She still got plenty of appreciative glances when she went out on the dance floor at the NCO Club on Saturday night, and Joe still got just as jealous as he had when they were kids, just married.

Lately Ruth had been giving him quite a bit of static, but she had reasons. A master sergeant's pay didn't go very far these days, now that it cost you as much to shop in the PX and the commissary as it cost you in town. And rents around air bases were rough. You weren't any hero now, in peacetime. You were just that guy in the blue suit who worked at that awful base where those noisy jets were. No children, please. No dogs, please. What's your GI rental allowance? Well, now that's a coincidence, because that's exactly what we're asking for rent! Joe knew it had made Ruth a little bitter. He didn't blame her. It had made him a little bitter himself.

Airman Decker stood up and stretched. "There's nothing on the scope, sarge. O.K. if I run over to the line and get a bite to eat?"

"Go ahead."

"Can I bring you anything?"

"Yeah, a ham and cheese on white. And a carton of coffee."

"Roger dodger," Decker said, and squeezed past Joe's chair to the door of the GCA shack. When he opened the door, a cold draft sprinkled with raindrops eddied in. Joe glanced outside. The smog was dark brown in the fading light. He could see the rain in bright streaks in the light from the doorway.

After Decker was gone, Joe picked up one of the phones that hung beside him on the control panel. It was not necessary to dial. All the lines were hot.

"GCA to tower," Joe said. "How's the weather?"

"It's down on the edge," a voice said. "If it goes much lower, you can have the evening off. We'll close the field to GCA."

"How about the wind?"

"It's shifting around. We'll be using Runway Six from now on."

"Roger," Joe said, and hung up.

Runway Six Zero—6 for short—was the main instrument-landing runway at McGuire. It was 10,000 feet long. They used it whenever possible in marginal weather, because it gave a pilot some leeway if he miscalculated and overshot his approach.

Joe Hiltebrandt did not hear the jet fighter until Decker came back with the sandwich and coffee and opened the door. Then Joe heard it clearly—a muted, sizzling taxiing downwind toward take-off position.

Decker shut the door, and Joe said, "What's with the jet?"

"There's a bogey out over the ocean. They tried to contact it by radio, but couldn't. The jet is going out to look him over."

"It's probably another one of those airliners off his course," Joe said. "I'd hate to risk my neck in weather like this, just to read a number on some civilian's tail!"

"I've got news for you, sarge," Decker said. "I wouldn't go up in this soup if Khrushchev and Bulganin were inbound with the ghost of Stalin in the back seat!"

Hiltebrandt smiled. He unwrapped the wax paper from the ham and cheese, took a bite, and chased it with a gulp of coffee. Outside in the darkness he heard the jet fighter wind up for take-off. It was an F-86-D Sabrejet, a single-seater with a radar nose and an afterburner. One man did the flying, the radar watching and the shooting—if any. It was quite a job on a smoggy night.

"Here he comes," Decker said. "Hold your hat, sarge."

Hiltebrandt heard the jet scream go up the scale like a soprano reaching for a high note, then explode in a shattering roar as the afterburner cut in. He got up and opened the door and watched the fighter hurtle past—a smear of winking red-and-green lights, pushed by the pale-blue torch of the afterburner flame. The AB shook the shack. In a few seconds the jet was gone. It was solid dark now, and Joe did not know whether the smog was better or worse. The runway lights were fairly clear, but there were red smog halos around the warning lights on the distant water tower, and the rain seemed to be getting heavier. It would be rough on that jet if the rain got really bad. Rain was worse than smog for cluttering a radarscope. The bigger the drops the worse it was. Somewhere in the GCA manual Joe had read that if the raindrops

"I know my slip is showing—I haven't put on my dress yet!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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reached ten millimeters in diameter they could blot out the whole scope with "rain clutter." It was nice to know that the jet had a number of alternate bases.

Hiltebrandt did not hear any more from the jet for about forty minutes. Then the tower called to say that the jet had made its interception. Joe's guess had been right. The bogey was a United States civilian airliner, inbound from Bermuda. He had been blown off his course by heavy winds.

"Our fighter is bucking those winds now," the tower said. "We're not sure yet, but he may be pretty short on fuel when he arrives."

"Are you declaring an emergency?"

"Not yet. We'll wait a little longer."

"Roger," Joe said. "I'm standing by."

He glanced at his precision-approach scopes and felt a sudden soft lurch in his stomach. The sweeps were moving briskly up and down, like ghostly windshield wipers, but the dark face of the cathode tube was not clear now, as it had been a little while ago. The sweeps left smears of light behind them as they moved. Rain clutter. There must be a shower hanging out over the approach path.

Hiltebrandt rose and opened the door; then shut it against a blast of water. This was no shower. It was a line squall.

Charley Decker said, "Something wrong, sarge?"

"No," Joe said. "Everything's O.K. Just a little rain."

He sat down at the scopes and carefully reduced his gain control. The rain clutter faded to a shadow. It was possible to see the indexes again. But he was breathing faster and the tips of his fingers were moist when he adjusted the control knobs. It was marginal, but it was still O.K. He wouldn't call the tower yet and suggest that the fighter be diverted to another field. If it didn't get any worse, he could hack it.

A buzzer sounded and Joe picked up the phone. "Hello, GCA. This is the Intercept Room. Do you read?"

"Loud and clear," Joe said. "Go ahead."

"We have a jet fighter coming in now. He's about five minutes out, and he's very short of fuel. We've cleared everything out of the area below five thousand feet. It's an emergency. Stand by to take him over. Did you read?"

"Roger," Joe said. "Standing by for fighter."

He hitched his chair closer to the console. For almost a minute he saw nothing. Then a blip, very faint, swam onto the edge of the screen.

Joe spoke into the mike. "GCA to jet fighter. I have you on my scope now. What is your call sign? Over."

The reply was instant. The pilot's voice was steady and formal—too steady, too formal. Joe had handled too many pilots not to recognize a scared one.

"Hello, GCA," the pilot's voice said. "My call sign is Hob Nob One. I've got minimum fuel aboard. Request straight-in approach."

"Roger, Hob Nob One," Hiltebrandt said, keeping his voice loose and easy. "Understand minimum fuel. Am bringing you straight in. Turn right now, to a heading of zero six one."

He watched the blip on the screen, very hard to see through the rain return, even with the gain turned low. He felt hot. His whole body felt hot, and the skin under his clothes seemed to be stretched very tightly over the bones.

"Coming nicely," he said into the mike. "Coming up nicely on course. Your approach heading is zero six zero. Take that now. You are on center line. Approaching glide path. Check wheels down and locked. Take your ten-second warning now. You will be on glide path in ten seconds."

The pilot's voice said something indistinct. Joe didn't catch it. It sounded like a gasp or a curse. The kid was shook now. He had his finger on the panic button. Give him just a little more heat, he'd shove it.

"On glide path now," Joe Hiltebrandt said easily. "Doing very well. I suggest a rate of descent of six hundred feet per minute. Start descending now. You are on glide path, on center line, two and a half miles from touch-down."

The blip on the glide path was lengthening now, and turning into a jagged diamond like a malfunction on a TV screen, and as Joe watched, it became very thin and formless as the sweep moved over it, and the jet moved into the thick of the rain. The blip was visible for another instant; then it disintegrated in a pale flicker of bluish light and the glide path was sheeted solidly with rain clutter.

The pilot's voice said sharply, "I'm in solid rain now! I ——"

At the console beside Joe Hiltebrandt, Airman Decker cried, "You've lost him, Joe! You've lost the guy! He's almost into the ground! Give him a wave-off, quick!"

Joe hunched forward, peering frantically at the scope. There was no flicker, no hint of the position of the fast-moving fighter. The scope was opaque with shimmering olive-green light.

Joe sucked in his breath to speak—when the pilot's voice, ragged and frantic, tore at his eardrums, "I'm getting a red light! I'm out of fuel! GCA, can you read ——"

Joe heard his voice break in, and he was surprised at the sound of his voice, easy

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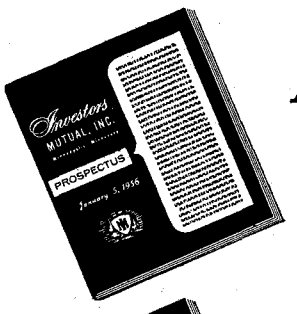

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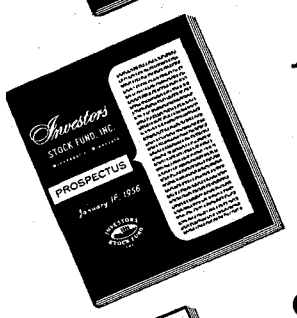

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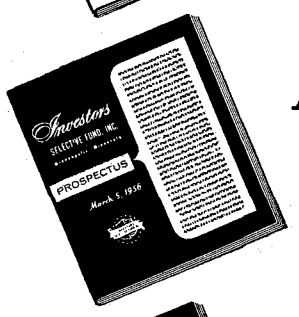

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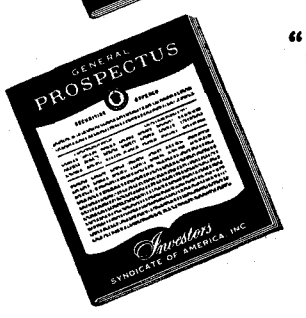

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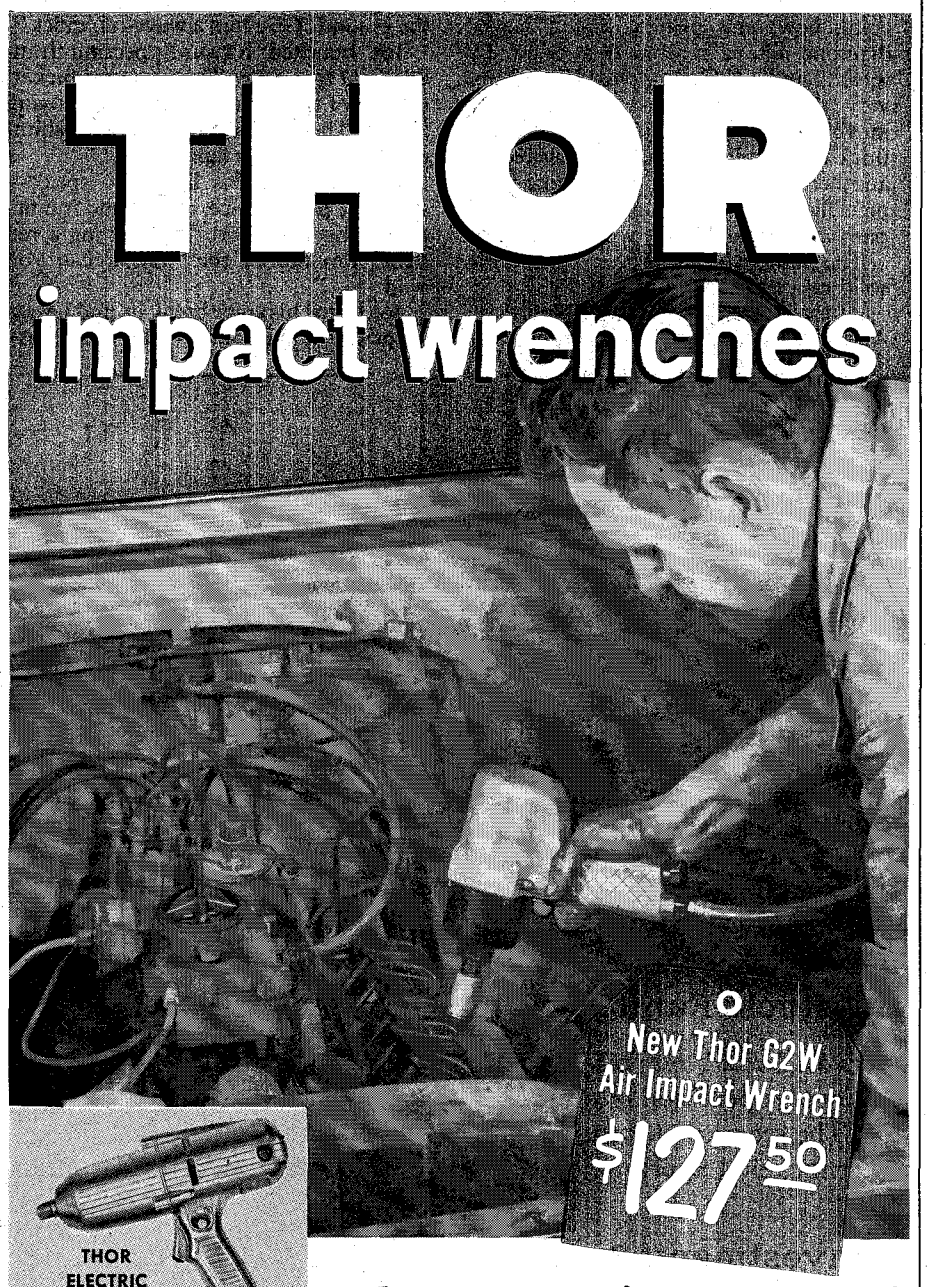

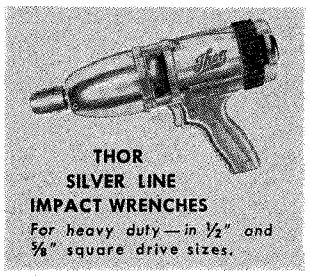

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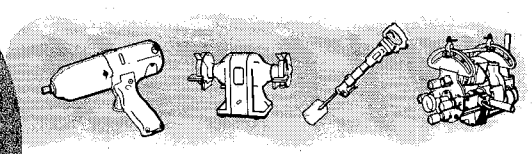

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and cheerful and unworried, as if he were working an old reliable C-47 in bright sunshine.

"Sure I read you, Hob Nob One," Joe Hiltebrandt's voice was saying. "Don't worry about the red light. You've got enough fuel to make the runway—and you are doing fine. Very nicely on center line. Coming down glide path in good shape. Hold everything just the way it is, Hob Nob One. You'll be on the runway in a few seconds."

Hiltebrandt had grabbed the remains of his sandwich and squeezed them into a wad of wet dough, but he didn't know it. He wasn't sitting in the shack now. He was up there in the fighter, counting seconds; doing now, in his mind, from his nine years of experience, what he could no longer do by looking at the radarscopes.

"On glide path," Hiltebrandt's voice was saying. "On center line. One half mile from touch-down. Doing fine now, Hob Nob One." He snatched a breath and went on, steadily and smoothly, still estimating seconds, "You are coming over the field boundary now. You are coming over the runway. You are approaching touch-down ——"

He held his breath. His ears strained for the crash. There was no sound from outside. There was nothing but the rushing of the ventilators and the lash of the rain against the walls of the shack. And then, from outside on the runway, Joe Hiltebrandt heard the sound he'd been praying for—the high, hot whistle a jet fighter makes on its landing roll out.

He took off his earphones and laid them on the console. Charley Decker was looking at him. His face was greenish-white in the light of the scopes. He started to say something, and then the speaker on the wall hummed, and a voice, firm and strong now, said, "Hello, McGuire tower. This is Hob Nob One. I'm down O.K. I'm off the live runway. But I can't taxi. I'm flamed out!"

A grin spread slowly over Airman Decker's face. But he still didn't speak. He looked at Joe Hiltebrandt and held up his right hand. The thumb and forefinger made a circle, and the three other fingers thrust out stiffly.

Ruth was waiting in the kitchen of the apartment when Joe Hiltebrandt came in shortly after midnight. He saw immediately that she had prepared herself specially for the occasion. She'd fixed her hair and put on bright-red lipstick, and she was wearing the cream-colored housecoat he'd brought her from Hong Kong the time he'd gone in there with a MATS flight. Big deal. Pretty young matron greets successful car-salesman husband. Joe wished she hadn't done it. He felt crumby in his wet GI's. He felt crumby because of what he had to say.

"Hi, general," Ruth said. "I've got some chicken legs all thawed out, ready to pop in the frying pan. Say the word."

Joe said, "Look, Ruth. I've got to tell you something. I'm sorry. You won't like it. I've changed my mind. I'm backing out of the deal with Dick. I thought I could hack it, but I can't."

He stopped talking and looked at her. It was coming now. The angry words. The tears. Maybe she'd even get her coat and walk out. It happened in the Air Force all the time.

Ruth said, "Well, I'm glad to hear that, Joe. Now I don't have to feel like a liar any more."

"Liar?"

She giggled. "You know what you look like, Joe? Just like a sick cow. Now don't worry. It's going to be all right. I called Dick in Baltimore this afternoon and told him you aren't going into the car business with him after all."

Joe felt as if he were standing on a window ledge and didn't quite know how he got there. He said, "Why? Why, baby?"

"I changed my own mind," Ruth said. "It's a girl's privilege, you know. I thought about you quite a lot today, Sergeant Hiltebrandt. I finally realized that you'd make a very lousy car salesman. You are too old, too stubborn. So I just called brother Dick and told him." She grinned. "Now how about that fried chicken?"

Joe didn't answer. He ran around the table and grabbed his wife and pulled her tightly against him, she laughing a little and beating his chest with her fists. "Joe—honestly—you're soaked! I declare—I never ——"

Joe didn't let her finish. Her lips were just a scant few inches away. They were red and full and very soft-looking. There was only one thing left for an intelligent man to do under the circumstances, and Joe Hiltebrandt was no moron. He did it.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I filed my lunch under 'B' because it's really my breakfast!"

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The Trek to Solitude (Continued from Page 37)

obvious name of Buck—this one had to be shod before we could start—and Curt LaFollette heaped endearments on the animal, but I noticed before the trip was out that whenever the other horses got into mischief, Buck always fomented the trouble.

A pack trip's crawling pace begins with the throwing of the diamond hitch on each pack horse. The diamond is performed after the pack is on the horse's back; the rope goes over and around the pack's four corners, under each pannier and across the top, and when she's properly finished, that pack is on for the day. The pack that seems the tightest and hardest to undo is always the one with the lunch in it.

We had two wooden grub boxes slung from an old-fashioned sawbuck pack saddle; they were crammed with canned goods, eggs, coffee, bacon, chocolate and cooking gear. On top of them went a canvas tepee, the ax, fishing rods and Curt's blankets. On another horse we had two big canvas panniers full of Coffey's extra cameras, ranger Love's little handbag, a creel, a map case, a coil of rope, some hobbles. On another we had the sleeping bags.

The morning was pretty well shot when we finally climbed aboard. As Curt's wife, Ruth, waved good-by from the guard station, we seemed outfitted for a trip to Alaska. I tried the gait of my little black mare and she got the feeling of me—my bulging leather saddle pockets, my slicker and jacket tied on, a lariat and a halter and a hobble hung to the saddle. Oh, well, there wasn't much she could do except hate it. We went through the gate and faced the mountain.

That first night we camped at the Hyatt cow camp on the main fork of Paint Rock Creek. Between the guard station and the cow camp we had crossed the low pass separating North Paint Rock from the main branch, and ridden through grassy mountain meadows where glossy herds of fat Hereford beef cattle were on summer range at a grazing cost of fifty-five cents a month per cow—the cost formula varies as conditions change—payable to the Treasurer of the United States.

Iver Love, as Paint Rock district ranger, is custodian of these meadows. It's his job to worry about the condition of the grass, the number of cattle the range will support, the dates when stock can be permitted on the mountain—a thing called "range management," which is of intimate concern to ranchers, who depend on summer grazing rights, and all others interested in beef and lamb, right down to you who pay for the steaks and chops.

A good ranger has to be expert at persuading stockmen to do what they don't naturally want to do—such as get their cows off the mountain a week early because of drought. Somehow the ranger usually brings bad news, seldom good. He's like a baseball umpire, and he has to have the same fantastic blend of firmness and blarney—the kind that can toss a guy out of the game in a way the guy admires even while sputtering blasphemy.

As rangers go, Iver Love is a very good one indeed, and he and the local ranchers get along on a basis of mutual respect bordering on affectionate admiration. A large man, Iver was an athlete at the University of Montana, where he attended the School of Forestry at Missoula. And he knows stockmen because he was born and grew up in Bozeman, Montana—cow country from away back.

As for the stockmen, they are in the unenviable position of having to make cows do what the ranger wants. Cows hate the kind of human intelligence that expects them to climb a hill to graze on fairly good feed near the top when they would sooner stay in the lush bottom and eat down to bare ground, and then stand there wondering where the grass went. Cattle can be lured where they don't want to go by putting out salt in fifty-pound blocks. Or they can be driven there by plain hard cow-punching on horseback by a man who knows how a cow thinks and can think one step ahead of the critter. Of course, some cows think one step ahead of a man, but, fortunately, cows that smart don't come often.

Hyatt cow camp is mountain headquarters for the livestock operations of the Hyatt Ranch, of Hyattville, one of the largest grazing permittees in Iver Love's district. We found the camp in charge of young Milt Hyatt and his wife, Loretta, and three kids. Milt, third generation of Hyatts on this range, is a first-class cowman, and it was a pleasure to hear him bat the conversational ball back and forth with the ranger after supper, on questions of grazing and stock raising, aerial grasshopper spraying and such shop talk, with fire guard LaFollette sticking his oar in freely, while Loretta and I washed dishes and Pat made friends with the kids. I realized now that ranger Love had been making mental notes during an intensive all-day scrutiny of the range, that both he and Milt were experts in getting the maximum feed value out of the mountain grass, and that this friendly conversation was really a professional agreement on the summer's grazing plan.

As twilight came down, a beautiful young buck mule deer came out of the forest to browse a few feet from the cabin door. Culinary note: supper had included corned elk meat, one of the greatest delicacies yet to cross this palate.

When we left the next morning, Milt Hyatt accompanied us, riding a fine palomino and leading two pack animals loaded with 300 pounds of salt for the Hyatt sheep. It wasn't till we stopped for lunch that we discovered the recent doings of another batch of our animal friends. The chipmunks, which had seemed so cute flicking along the corral railings last night, had been into our food boxes and had a wonderful time with our chocolate and with the sugar cookies intended for dessert.

Three or four miles after leaving the Hyatt cow camp we entered the Wilderness Area. Beyond this point there are no roads, no vehicles, no commercial activities—everything is left so far as possible as the good Lord made it except at a few permanent Forest Service campsites intended to induce orderly camping habits.

The trail climbed, now, along main Paint Rock Creek, a lusty, splashing, mountain stream fifteen to twenty feet wide. Iver had been promising to show us a set of waterfalls and cascades which he said would be world famous if the world ever discovered they were there. We tied the horses in an aspen grove and went half a mile on foot, pushing through trees and brush and scrambling over rock, to discover that Iver's promises were all understatements. The upheaval that made this wild, rocky gorge took place in time's ancient past; the glacial age that started these wild streams retreated long ago; a combination of the two has sent Paint Rock over these falls for centuries—and you come on it today with the freshness of first discovery. Not many men have stood where we stood.

Later on we crossed Paint Rock and climbed up toward Cloud Peak (13,165 feet) and its companion, Black Tooth, (13,014 feet) and the ridgy divide of the Bighorn Mountains, so rocky and remote. The Bighorns are the eastern rampart of the Wyoming Rockies, and Cloud Peak is 1000 feet higher than noble Mount Moran in Jackson Hole, only a little short of Grand Teton herself. The timber line was just above us, and it seemed unreal to come upon a Forest Service signboard informing us that we were on Solitude Trail.

More than that, we presently met the trail crew—two men armed with axes and saws—up there clearing away last winter's fallen timber, blazing trail markers on trees and setting up "ducks"—one stone on another as a trail monument, to guide tenderfeet into the Wilderness.

We stopped to get the trail crew's report, and Iver heard their bit of bad news. Last year cattle had broken through all the way to Lake Solitude, lured by the grass pasture at the end of the lake. The trail crew had found several breaks in the fence, and would need 400 yards of three-strand wire to close it and ten days' work setting posts and stringing wire.

Iver scratched his head, facing the inevitable dilemma of the Federal employee. No fence money in the trail-building allotment. But his face brightened. Take the money out of range-improvement funds—this fence was on a range boundary.

"O.K., boys," he said. "Bring up the wire next time you go outside, and get to work on the fence." As we turned to leave, he asked, "Anybody at the lake?"

"Penwarden, with his wrangler and a lady dude, fishing."

The lady dude proved to be Mrs. Mildred Hall, of Lincoln, Nebraska, and a very attractive dude she was. She was a guest at Paint Rock Lodge, owned and run by Mr. and Mrs. Penwarden under Forest Service permit, and she and Penwarden and the wrangler, Jim, had packed in to do some fishing in the high mountain lakes.

We met the party on a knoll overlooking Solitude. It was late afternoon and the color of the lake was quite unbelievable—an extraordinary blue with a slaty cast that came from the reflection of the gray wall of rock at the lake's north side. A mile away at the east end of the lake there were two tiny white dots on the shore. Tents. We had already passed the Penwarden camp and the trail camp at the west end where Paint Rock Creek flows out.

Penwarden was in great spirits. He had a creelful of fish, mostly small but delicious brook trout from Solitude's ice water, but the thing that thrilled him was one single fish—a California golden trout, as beautiful a creature as I have ever seen, lovely rich gold in color. The many lakes in the Cloud Peak Wilderness Area are stocked from airplanes by the Wyoming State Game and Fish Commission, and golden trout are thriving in several lakes.

Continuing on around Solitude to the east end, we reached the campsite where we had seen tents. The camp was empty, however, and hand-written tags made us "welcome to tents and camping gear. We expect to use them again August 1." Signed by Doctor Schunck, of Sheridan.

What a camp! There was a large stone fireplace with a grill, built by some thoughtful earlier camping party. Forest Service garbage pit. Clean, decent Forest Service toilet—even a roll of paper. And what luxury—a hitching rail for the horses. Not a tin can, not a bit of camping rubbish strewn about. A clean little spring close to the fireplace. We unloaded the packs, unsaddled the horses and turned them loose. They promptly went just where we didn't want them to go—

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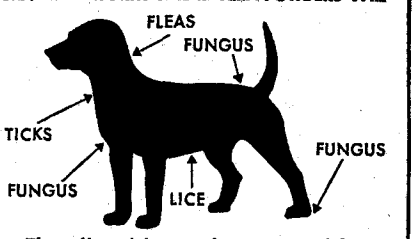

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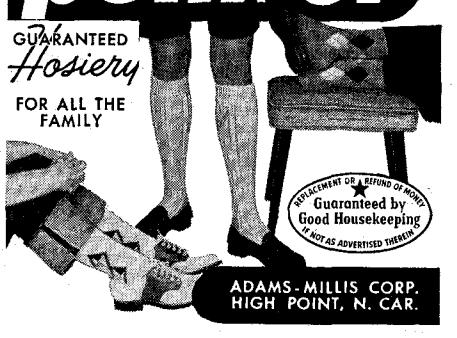

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DISSOLVES EVEN TOUGHEST CORNS **GETS-IT** LIQUID CORN REMOVER

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across the creek flowing into the lake, so that one of us would have to get wet feet catching them in the morning.

But we didn't care. The fish were jumping in the lake, and we went fishing for breakfast fish. I blush to say it, but I am not a fisherman. Living in the West, this is like announcing that you don't like to wear pants. Because out here even the women wear pants and everybody is a fisherman. But when I say I am not a fisherman, it is not that I don't fish. I try to fish. I have rods, reels, lines, leaders, flies, lures, and am a clumsy but willing wielder of these knickknacks. I took my gear down to the lake's edge, used the fly that was still tied to last summer's leader—a superstition of mine—and cast onto the lake near where the stream flowed in.

Surprise! I got a brook trout! Right away! Surprise for both of us! Then I lost one. Then I got another.

Neither Iver Love nor Pat Coffey, I discovered, is any more of a fisherman than I am. They came and watched me, and seeing that I now had three fish, they took the rod, one after another, and, by gum, both of them got fish too. Pretty soon we had six or eight among us, which made us very proud.

Then Curt LaFollette came down to the bank. Curt has a wise, weather-beaten Gallic countenance and a nice bit of temperament. His white poll is deceptive—he is still in his forties. Technically he is a fire-control aide in the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture. His father was a second cousin of the Wisconsin senator, but Curt grew up in Missouri and has been a Wyoming man most of his life. He had an ancient fishing pole with a broken tip; he threaded his line through the last wire loop and with this beat-up equipment he gave us a lesson in fishing. Fish for breakfast! Curt got a mess of 'em in no time. Bigger and better than ours. All caught efficiently, with an air of quiet satisfaction.

Before dark, while Iver cooked supper, Curt and I cleaned the whole batch of fish and laid them out on a plank. Made your mouth water. What a breakfast it would be!

During the night, though, a mink—perhaps a marten; some swore one, some the other—came into camp and made away with every one of those fish, and also with a big chunk of bacon from the grub box.

The Cloud Peak Wilderness Area was set aside in March, 1932, and Lake Solitude was first opened to the public by trails built in 1933 to 1938. The Solitude Trail, which leads to the lake, is a circular scenic-wilderness trail sixty-two miles long, fed by twelve access trails from various points on both sides of the Bighorn divide.

Since we were on an inspection trip, we had to push along in the morning to view those other parts of the Solitude Trail lying in Iver's district, and the other permanent campsites on lakes in the wilderness.

The third day of the tour took us to Cliff Lake. On the way Iver had another long conference with the trail crew, blocking out the work they were to tackle after finishing their 400-yard fence. We inspected the camp at Solitude's west end, looking for fire danger, sanitation threats, grazing conditions for pack animals. This camp belonged to an outfitter who left his tents up all summer, ready for occasional pack parties, under an outfitter's license issued by Iver and paid for to the United States Treasury.

At the fork leading to Lake Geneva over on the other side of the Bighorn divide we had a trail sign to put up, and Curt LaFollette got out a little can of varnish and went over other trail signs as we passed them.

We rode up into high country between the two forks of Paint Rock Creek, and there came upon Poacher Lake, where we met the Penwarden party again. Poacher is large and shallow, edged by woods and stocked with Montana grayling, usually easy to catch by casting from the bank. After trying this method in vain, Jim, the Penwarden wrangler, waded right out into the lake and finally hooked into them. He kept on going all the way across, breast-deep, and we all got off our horses to watch him. Iver reported the fish much larger than on his last visit, a year earlier.

We went downgrade to Tepee Pole Flats, where trails come together in a high-mountain version of Times Square. On this third day, old Buck, Curt's pet pack mare, was trusted to make her own way without being led. She chose the easiest footing with delicate steps, and since she carried the grub boxes, now much lighter than at the trip's start, had an easy time of it.

"Best little mare in the world!" said Curt.

At Tepee Pole Flats there was a rash of Forest Service signs to varnish, and Curt got out his little brush and varnish can and went to work. One of the diverging trails led back home to the guard station—we would be on it tomorrow—and the mare, Buck, grazing innocently in the direction of that trail, suddenly lifted her head and took off, having had all she wanted of us and the mountains. Everybody yelled, "Ho!" to which Buck paid no attention at all, so Curt jumped onto his blue and galloped off after the grub boxes. That was the end of free roaming for Buck.

The cliff from which Cliff Lake takes its name loomed up ten miles ahead. High above on the massive naked granite mountain you could see the snow melt coming from long pockets of snow and ice, dirty-surfaced at this season, but pouring trickles and streams of melt down the mountainside as if the rock itself were oozing water.

Cliff proved utterly unlike Solitude. We found two permanent outfitters' camps, one well above the lake on the stream leading into it, the other on high ground beside a small pond near the outlet of the lake. Both camps were clean and well kept, with good toilets and sanitation, though the timber top of one garbage pit had started to fall in and wanted attention.

We chose the latter camp because it had two tepees up. It had been a long day, nearly twenty miles on horseback, besides a lot of clambering around on foot, and we were tired as we unloaded the horses. In the cooling late-afternoon air the surface of the lake was quite ripple-free and still, so that the strike rings of hundreds of feeding trout made one of those scenes you never fully believe when you read about them. The lake was below the camp, and on a shelf halfway down there was good grassy pasture for the animals. We hobbled four of them—the wild-looking ones—and turned all seven out to graze. Curt got a fire going, and we strung the fishing gear together determinedly. We were going to get another mess of fish for breakfast, and this time would hang them where no mink or marten could steal them.

It was while we were thus variously distracted that the horses—all of them, hobbled or free—made another move for freedom, led by you-know-which. It was only fifteen miles home, nothing but distance between them and the gate of the guard-station pasture. Buck led them to the far end of the grass flat, then up to camp level quietly. The hobbled horses used an awkward leaping movement, both front feet coming forward together, but it's surprising how agile and fast a hobbled horse can be.

Suddenly all seven animals moved out on us, and as suddenly all four of our party dropped whatever each was doing and started at a dead run to head them off. It wasn't the idea of hiking out, but what a tenderfoot trick to let horses get away ——

We got them back, and that was the end of horse freedom. We tied six to trees for the night, and let No. 7, still hobbled, wander. No. 7 was the blue horse with the ferocious snort, too timid to wander away from the tethered bunch.

Dinner was canned ham and sweet potatoes, green beans and peas, baked pork and beans, canned peaches, coffee, cookies and candy. The night grew mountain cold; the stars and the young moon came out overhead and the lake was blue-black below in the night light. We built up the fire and, after doing dishes, sat around for a long time relishing wood smoke and talking campfire talk.

Once Yellowstone Park was wild and remote like this, and the only way in was with pack horses and camping outfits. I don't suppose it was possible, back in the 1870's just after Yellowstone was set aside for the future use of the people—a vast area nearly a quarter the size of Switzerland—to have the remotest conception of what the park would mean and how it would be used in an era as different as 1955.

And we, sitting beside Cliff Lake in the Cloud Peak Wilderness Area in 1955, really couldn't imagine what things would be like there in the year 2000, let alone the year 2055. Would all this be like Yellowstone, with paved roads into the high country and hotel accommodations beside the lakes? Or would it be kept as a refuge for those who wanted to earn it the hard way by packing in with horses?

At breakfast we gorged on pan trout. Curt fried the fish and made coffee. Iver fried bacon and eggs and made hot cakes. We ate till we were stuffed. Then we started home.

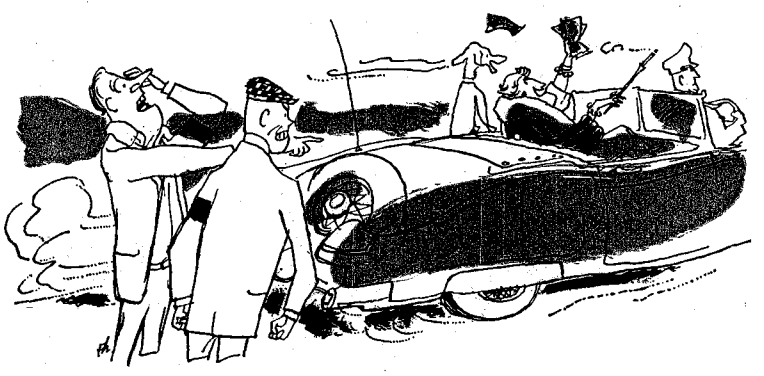
Downhill riding is something very different from the slow upward climb. Coming down, you lurch against the pommel; you and the horse jolt to the shock of weight lowered foot by foot, 100 feet, 200 feet, 1000 feet down. The creeks beside you flow down, too; the air grows thicker and heavier as you leave the high country.

"Good inspection trip, Iver?" I asked.

"Everything in fine shape," he said. "Couple of little things to tell the outfitters. Keeps them on their toes to know we go in."

We came out of the Wilderness Area, back to the world of everyday, back to fishing waters that can be reached by hiking, back to camp grounds where the people live in house trailers. At the guard station, Iver Love climbed down and went to the Forest Service radio to check on the state of his realm. Any fires from that lightning storm up north last night? Enough wire in the depot to give the trail crew 400 yards of three-strand fence for Solitude?

We unpacked the horses and turned them out to pasture. Curt made the coffee and we raised our tin cups to the world we had left, a world closer to heaven than the flat land of everyday. THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Uncle Willie left his property to his wife, for her use during her lifetime, and provided that his nephews should receive any balance when she died. Without Uncle Willie's restraint, however, the widow began spending like mad. The nephews rushed into court to stop her.

"Uncle intended that aunt should live in the same manner as before, so that some of this money would be left for us," the nephews contended. "At the rate she's going, she'll squander every cent before she dies. So please stop her spending spree."

"My late devoted husband left this money for me to take care of myself and enjoy life, and that's what I'm doing," the aunt replied. "He didn't intend that his nephews should dole it out to me."

If you were the judge, would you halt the widow's spending?

• •

The widow was allowed to live as she wished. The court said that as her husband placed no limit on her expenditures, she was free to use up every cent if she wished. It added, however, that she shouldn't deliberately squander it to leave the nephews nothing.

Based upon a 1954 Nebraska decision.

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Law of the Lash (Continued from Page 35)

and evil stamped on him as with a hot iron. Padraic felt a stirring in him and knew this man had a finger in his life, that his name was in the mouths of men, and no word of it good. He was a giant, his length of leg stretching below the black stud's barrel. In his black eyes danced a wild, flickering light. His face was wide, and the bosses and planes were deeply pitted with pox. He snorted as he smiled down at Padraic, as if his strength were too great to be borne still, as a nervous horse must fret and snort.

"Get up and walk, gringo," he said, his voice thick with accent.

Padraic slowly shook his head.

"I'll make you, then."

It was a fine whip. It lay dark and oiled and gleaming in wicked coils over the pommel of the strange saddle. He lifted it off, stroking it through his big hands. He moved the horse back one pace by some trick of his knee, and the whip became a thing alive in his hand, making a big streaking s through the air. The lash licked Padraic's left ankle and then the right. The big man's teeth were yellow and long as he laughed. Padraic, proud Padraic, obeyed the lash, taking four, six, eight steps before he fell. The next blow of the lash came down like a hammer across his face, pounding the lifting arch of his nose and crumpling the ridge. He didn't stir.

He woke dimly with the thrust of a horse's hind leg against his face. He was face down across a horse in motion. A gentle hand patted his back and the same voice crooned. Daylight sometimes, and at others dark. Water forced in his mouth, and him muttering and weeping with his fever.

He awakened in bed. There was a buzzing quiet outside. There was a clay jar of water beside his bed, and he drained it. He slept some more, and when he awakened he was hungry with a healthy hunger.

He walked unsteadily out onto a long, cool corridor. There was a great green square where water ran from a fountain and where there were cool trees, and somewhere the gentle clang of a bell.

Behind him a deep, kind voice spoke, and he turned to see a priest.

"Greetings, Lazarus," the priest said in English. "You have risen, then, from the grave."

He was a tall, thick man, his stomach pushing out his cassock, his brown eyes crinkling in kindness and his thatch of white hair springing wild from his head.

"Is it good to be alive?" the priest asked with a smile.

And Padraic drew a breath and found it was.

"Where am I, and who brought me?" Padraic asked.

"You are in La Misión San Gabriel. Little Eusebio wrought the miracle."

"A small dark man with a scar, he would be."

"Yes. The scar is El Sátiro's work. Some call him El Fuete. He's well called. He's Satan himself with whip or women. Eusebio risked his life to bring you in. El Sátiro left you to die."

"Is there no law here, then?" Padraic asked.

"This is Mexico, my friend. Here, El Sátiro is the law."

The priest looked at Padraic and probed with his kind eyes and asked a question, "Are you hunted?"

Padraic shook his head slowly. "Can a man find himself?" he asked.

And the priest answered the strange question sadly, guessing its meaning, "'Follow me; and let the dead bury their dead.'"

So Padraic Conmaire took up his life at the mission. His strength came back quickly, but his nose was ruined, and his eyes had changed from the laughing, glimmering eyes of a man of dreams. Now they lay ageless and beyond caring. No formal vows made, no oaths taken, but the fine fire in him had died. The fight with the Slígo man had killed Deirdre as surely as if he had stabbed her. Deep within him was the knowledge that he could never again strike a man in anger.

The months passed easily as they worked and slept, speaking seldom. If El Sátiro came to the mission village to drink wine in the night, Padraic left his cell-like room to sleep the night under the stars on the plain. He would fight no man. There went with him, trembling and troubled, little Eusebio, who had held Padraic's life in his hand. Lying there, Padraic looked at the stars and remembered he had never thanked Eusebio.

The mission life moved at an easy rhythm. Mexicans and Indians with light work, long sleeps in the heat of the afternoon, guitars at night stirring old embers and singing. The father was one of those with the understanding heart. He would lay his hand on Padraic's shoulder at these times. Bit by bit, fragment by fragment, he had the story from Padraic. He was a patient man, and he started obliquely and cannily to make Padraic into what he felt him to be.

"Lázaro," he said, calling Padraic the name the village put to him, "I will ask you a favor. Down in the bend of the river there is a bit of land. It is fallow and waste. Would you and Eusebio build a small house there and plant the land to corn and beans?"

Padraic looked at him with his flat eyes and nodded. "All things are the same to me, father."

The preparing of the soil, the planting of the seed, the wonder as it swells to bursting, the deep singing in a man as he reaps. It can cure many things. There's a demanding thing about becoming a part of the great cycle of the land.

To build a house is a warm thing too. Especially a house made of adobe—mud bricks with straw to bind. Each brick receives the pat of a man's hand. Padraic made the bricks, patting them and molding them, and they dried in the sun. He laid the courses, one atop the other, and as the wall grew, something lifted inside him. The house finished, he and Eusebio made their furniture from willows and rawhide. In the gently lowering dusk the two sat there, smoking and watching the slow rhythm of the life around them—the winking fires, the children playing, the pat-pat-pat of the tortilla makers. It was a balm to Padraic.

The father came in the evenings to smoke a pipe with them, talking slow about small things.

It was not unusual for girls to pass. Mothers sent daughters past the house of Lázaro. He was handsome, for all his scarred face, and a worker. But Padraic did not look, ever.

But one evening a girl passed, and she was a slow-moving poem. She walked with an olla of water balanced on her head, her bare feet taking that small, smooth step necessary for carrying burdens on the head, straight as a saguaro, breast ajut and her face as still and lovely as the morning.

The father sighed windily. "*Ai, Dios,*" he said softly. "Sometimes being a man of God is a hard thing. That poor orphan, there, driven from house to house, beaten and despised. Nobody cares but me. El Sátiro put his hands to her on his last visit, and next time he will take her. Take her for a few weeks and then toss her as a scrap to one of his savages. And what can I do?"

He shook his head and fetched that sigh again, and Padraic's fine head raised a trifle on his neck. Deep within, a hackle raised.

The next evening she passed again, and the next; and the father, wrenching his sighs from inside him, shook his head and moaned for her, and her so alone.

Padraic raised his head full, followed the honey-sweet figure of her down the path and asked quietly, "How is she called?"

"Maria de la Luz. Mary of the Light," the priest said quickly. "Her mother was blessed on her christening day, for no other name would suit her. She's the sun to her own day. To think of her in the paws of that beast." He brought out another gusty sigh, filled his cheeks and stole a quick glance at Padraic.

"If some man would wed her, the whole thing would be taken care of. Certainly even El Sátiro would feel respect for marriage vows. Ah, the poor, poor small thing."

He grasped Padraic by the arm quickly.

"A Christian favor for charity, Lázaro. Take her into your house. Let the vows be but a farce if need be. But help me keep her from him."

And Padraic shrank. "Father," he said thickly, "and me no more than half a man."

"It's only for charity, man."

And Padraic, not understanding the strange yearnings in him, agreed. It was a wedding with no feasting. As they left the church to walk to Padraic's small house Maria de la Luz fell in behind him, as was meet with women.

Padraic stopped, took her gently by the arm and made her walk beside him. Her smile was shy and gentle and a thing of deep joy.

That was how Padraic Conmaire followed a strange road winding, and took Maria de la Luz into his house. She had a man to protect her, and Padraic had a gentle woman to cook his meals. But there were small things to do for her and to be grateful for, and so it was that he did not spend the day thinking of himself only.

One evening the father went to that house and found something there to make him smile a slow, deep smile. He had not dreamt it would happen so soon. For there was a rhythm and a joy in that small house like deep music. It was not until he saw Padraic lay his hand gently on her shining head that he was really sure. Here was a house with love. Somewhere in the dark softness of a night they had found themselves. The poor, poor things had found the wondrous gift of love. There was a quiet shining about the both of them that was a wonder to see. They were one, and yet the father did not feel unwanted.

Padraic had sworn no vows, had taken no great oaths, but still his deep feelings against violence started to spin a slow winding web, and his feelings were as oaths.

An Indian came into his cornfield and stole corn, and Padraic said no small word. Lazy Emeterio let his cows come in to trample the squash vines and beans, and Padraic said nothing. Antonio borrowed his horse once, and then again and again, taking the animal from the corral and abusing it as if it were his own, and Padraic cast his eyes down and held his peace. A small shadow began to grow in the back of the gentle eyes of Maria de la Luz.

El Sátiro came thundering into the village one evening, drink-taken and spirits raging. Little Eusebio was caught in the plaza and the little man was chased from corner to corner, crying as El Sátiro howled with laughter and chewed pieces out of him with his whip.

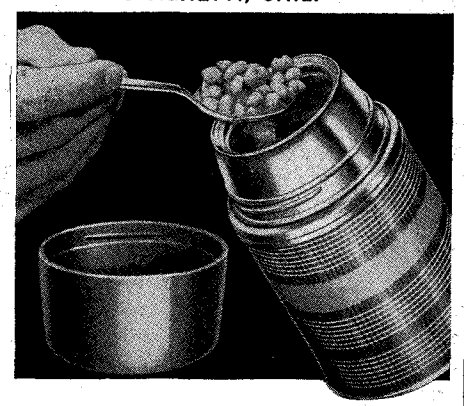
Padraic and Maria de la Luz stood in the shadows.

"Your friend needs help," she said softly.

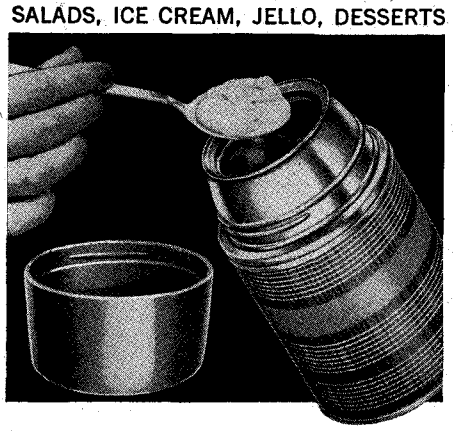
Padraic's body set up a trembling, and he turned his back, covering his eyes.

El Sátiro caught sight of him there, and he kicked his stud over the low wall and laughed down at them.

some like 'em
HOT
STEWS, SOUPS, BAKED BEANS, SPAGHETTI, CHILI



some like 'em
COLD
SALADS, ICE CREAM, JELLO, DESSERTS



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"Come closer, gringo. Are you growing brave? Why are not you in a hole?"

He laughed, the high, fleering, half-mad laugh, and flicked out the lash.

"Run, gringo. Find a hole. Run! Run!"

Padraic stood rock still, his hand covering his face and let the lash bite him. Maria de la Luz stood and watched while the whole village saw her man humiliated.

"A little wedding present from El Sátiro." He laughed, coiling the lash. "If I want you, little pigeon, I take you," he said to Maria de la Luz, showing the red point of his tongue.

"And you, whom they call Lázaro, another christening." He spat down upon Padraic's bowed head. "Your new name is Gringo Mouse."

Now the whole village knew that the bandit was a madman and a cruel killing beast. But still, they said, a friend is a friend, and pride ——

"It would be better to die," some said boldly. It is easy to say such things. But now they no longer called Padraic the affectionate Lázaro, he who had risen from the dead. Some turned their heads and spat as he passed. Small boys, with their great capacity for cruelty, galloped by him, cracking imaginary whips, and the bolder ones shouted the name El Sátiro had put to him.

So Padraic's fine little house became like a coffin to him. Little Eusebio came to him, drawn by the ties between them, and Maria de la Luz ran from the house, refusing to hear Eusebio beg forgiveness for her husband's cowardice, her shame making her heart a stone. When she went to market, she hurried, with head cast down. Her life had been so good, and now it was a rock in her breast and ashes in her mouth.

The days passed, and they were sad. Padraic kept to his house and his fields, and sometimes he looked up at the sky and trembled. His eyes sank in upon themselves and a line was drawn from the bitter curve of his nostril to his mouth.

It was a time of waiting. And the waiting was over one day. El Sátiro jumped the plaza wall on his big, foaming, black stud and made it rear in the plaza, roaring for the priest.

"*Olé*, man in skirts!" he bellowed. "Roast a fatted calf and bring wine! You are going to have a wedding! El Sátiro will take a wife!"

The priest looked up at him, pale. "Who?"

"The little pigeon of the Gringo Mouse," he laughed.

"She's wed," the priest answered, smiling grimly.

"A widow within the hour," El Sátiro promised, patting his gun.

The father sent a small boy pelting to the small house by the river to tell Padraic the words of El Sátiro. The small boy, spent and gasping with excitement, saw the two turn toward each other.

"Will I go, then, my man?" Maria de la Luz asked calmly.

And Padraic bent his head and looked at the floor and around him at what had been the peace of his life.

"We will go talk to him," he said finally.

Maria de la Luz bent her own small head and went to pack.

"What are you about, my heart?"

"Taking from this house the things with which I came."

"I said I would talk to him."

"If that is what you will do, then I will need these things."

And Padraic again bowed his fine head, and they went out together, through the rows of their planted fields where they had worked together, and into the mission, and finally they stood in the plaza before El Sátiro.

He saw them and laughed and licked his lips with his red tongue. He tossed out the lash so it curled about the small waist of Maria de la Luz. He drew her to him, awkward in the clutch of the lash, up against his leg.

His mad black eyes looked down at her, and his tongue again went out over his lips as he said, laughing, "A man, eh? You will like to be with a man for a while."

She took the lash from her waist and turned proudly to look at Padraic Conmaire and asked one question. "Shall I bring your son back to you, husband?"

Padraic heard her. His smile at her was a thing of great gentleness. He lifted his pale face and answered, speaking remotely, almost to himself, "You will not go, my heart. You gone, and I'm a dead man. What are fears and feelings to a dead man?"

He filled his chest with a deep breath, looking up at the big, dark man on the stallion, and there was the same flickering light behind his eyes that was in El Sátiro's. He was smiling palely under his broken nose.

"You've been long in dying. Let us let blood, then. Two killers. My oaths broken and fears gone, and you a dead man." His voice was a kind of singing.

The madman on the stud cut the lash through the air, seeing Padraic changed before him, and he said, "A killer? A mouse. I christened you. I will spank you."

Padraic nodded his head, still smiling. He moved closer to the bulk of the horse.

"Ay, dead man. Me beaten and you dead on the ground with my hands frozen at your throat." Deep inside him was the singing of a man released from all things, and the old sickness wiped from him and the whetting sound of a keen blade sharpened.

He trembled with the power of it, and the dark man, seeing it, spoke again. "Only a small beating now. Don't tremble."

The lash went whirling out, cutting a piece from Padraic's ear, and that man reached one hand up in a kind of wonder and saw the blood on his hand. The singing in him went to a high, rending scream of wildness, and when the lash came next time, he caught it in an iron hand. One quick flash, like catching a fly. The lash in his grip, the sudden rending twist, and the bulk of the man out of the saddle.

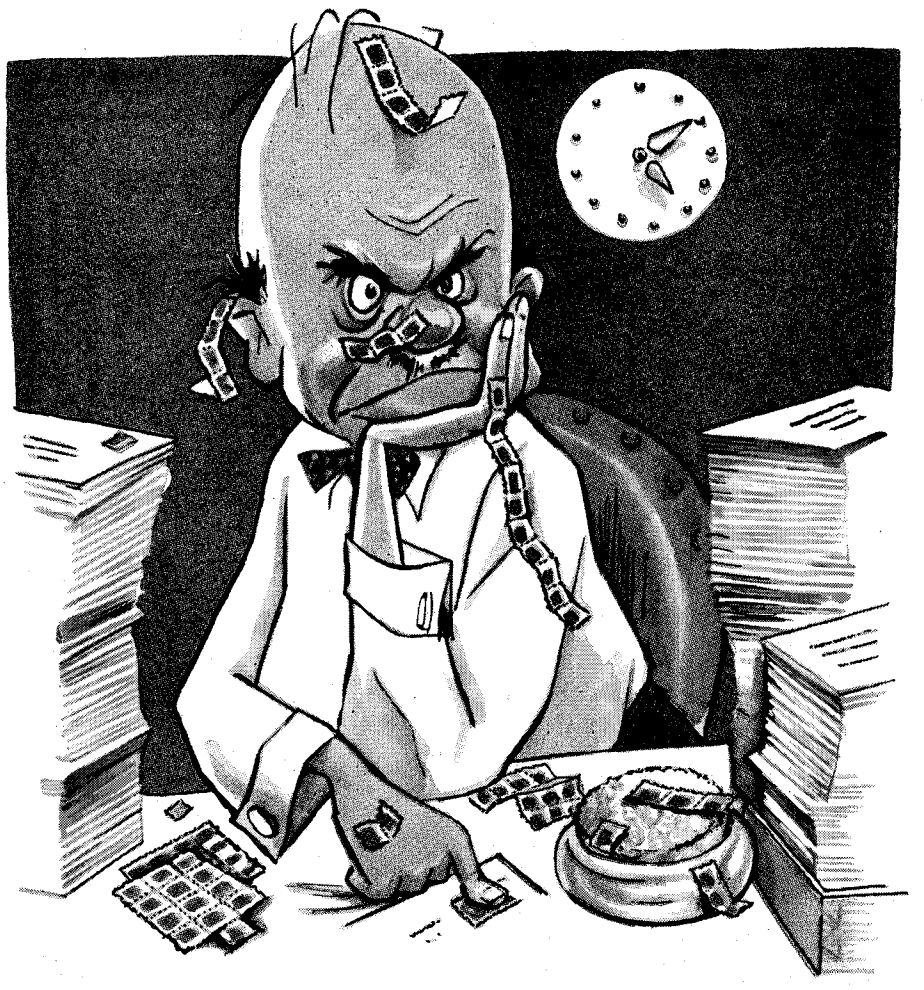
El Sátiro's hand was at his belt as he fell, rolling, and a small twisting figure ran out from the crowd, and little Eusebio, his ruined face smiling eagerly, picked his spot carefully, kicked the wrist and knocked the gun flying. He picked it up, squatted, panting a little on the fringe of the crowd, and let the barrel waver over the bellies of El Sátiro's men. With the fingers of his free hand he felt the seams of the scar on his nose.

So they faced each other. Two men, half mad. One mad with the ancient berserkers keening and wailing inside him, giving

Effective Footwork

Shrewd husbands rejoice that
examples are ample
To prove that a duffer who's
certain to trample
Upon his wife's toes much
enhances his chances
Of *not* being urged to escort
her to dances.

By P. J. Blackwell



"I'm tempted to get a postage meter!"

Miss Gottlebee is away this week. (Mumps!) But the monthly statements must go out. J. P. Grieving, pres. and gen. mgr., has been licking and sticking stamps and envelope flaps all afternoon . . . knows just how a girl feels on the same job! So now we have another hot prospect for a DM, the desk-model postage meter . . .

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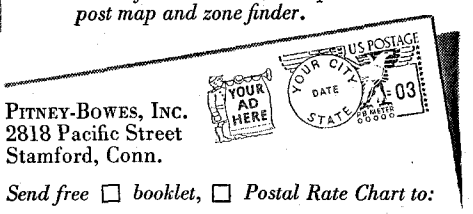

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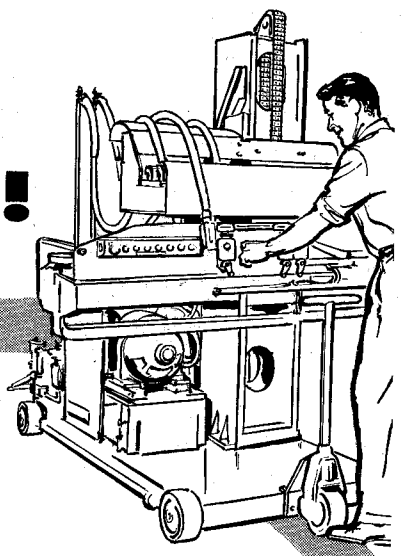

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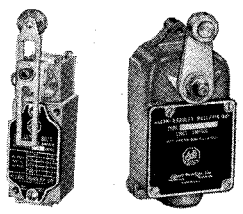

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him the strength of ten men and they all mad. "Blood," the ancient voices wailed, and Padraic moved in, face frozen into a terrible smile, to still their singing. The dark one, evil from his spawning, never beaten, eager to rend and to break to still the wild singing of his own blood lust.

They came together with a shock, and the dark giant felt the smaller man hold firm, and as they gripped each other, trying first this and then that, the black man laughed softly, for this man was strong and the pleasure would be deep.

As they walked around, thighs ridged, loins locked with effort, Padraic smiled coldly, his face frozen and his voice brazen, speaking things softly from the cold bronze trumpet gripped deep in his throat. He spoke the things that men tell men whom they will kill. He held the dark man in his hand and he knew it with a terrible strength of certainty.

Some of the people moaned as they watched the struggle. Some yelled hoarsely as they became animals caught in its ancient grip, and some turned their heads away.

They fought as animals—kicking, kneeing, butting, biting and hitting. There was blood on the ground, and when they grew weak from fighting, they fought on their knees, and when they could no longer stand on their knees in the blood and sweat, they crouched like two snapping, snarling dogs, their teeth naked, their eyes dripping.

Finally the big black man slowly felt fear rise in him. He came to know that no matter what he might do, the little man would still be there, and he remembered the words before the fight began, of how Padraic's fingers would be at his throat and he dead. He knew, suddenly and in a panic, that if he reached with clawed hands and plucked the heart from Padraic's body and held it pulsing in his hand, Padraic would not know it at all, but would go on rending and hacking.

Padraic caught the man's huge arm in a cruel lock and bent it, arching the bow of his back into the effort. As the giant's arm snapped loud in the silence of pent breaths, the Satyr screamed and rolled free. Padraic crawled toward him with his fingers locked into steel hooks and his glazed eyes fixed on the man's pulsing, swollen throat, and there was nothing but the dread certainty that he would strangle, and who was the man with the courage to tell him no or to put out a hand to stop him?

He reached him, the big man's eyes wide open and the mouth agape to scream, and Padraic raised his red hands and stopped the scream as it started. The hands sank into the throat, and Maria de la Luz came from the crowd and sank beside him. She pressed her lips close to his ear and whispered and crooned, and one small hand tugged at his wrist.

"Come back to me, heart of my heart and love of my love, and don't kill the swine. As I love you, I beg you. His corpse will be a thing between us, and I yearn to bear your son so he will be all there is between us."

Padraic's frozen face wavered, his breaths came in great torn gasps, and he turned to look at her without loosening his terrible grip. Maria de la Luz looked full at him, and all her love and gentleness shone there in her eyes. As El Sátiro's eyes bulged and his face became black, Padraic Conmaire knew his wife from the depths of his madness and his grip relaxed.

He rose to his feet, straightened, looked around at his new world, and then fell with a terrible weariness, and she had his head in her arms and his ruined face against her breast and her crooning in his ears before he hit the ground. She stayed there, her lovely face reflecting the agony of the terrible game she had played and won, and there was a peace, too, on Padraic's face.

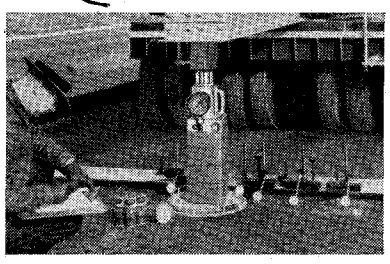
They were beautiful to see. It was the end of a road for Padraic Conmaire, and he had ended his coursing and questing for he had found his kingdom.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Aileen can't speak right now. She's been making brandied peaches all afternoon."

Better highways, too with Blackhawk Hydraulic Tools



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They're Losing Faith in America

(Continued from Page 30)

Tweeds and soccer teams came from England, playwrights and politicians from France, autos and uncles with gifts from America. People vacationed on the Riviera and in Italy, not on the Black Sea. Prague was a city of middle-class people, with middle-class ambitions of comfort and prosperity and middle-class ideals of freedom and democracy. The uncles from America said, "Gee, it was just like back home in the Middle West." Our politicians kept repeating that without America's help Czechoslovakia wouldn't have won its independence, back in 1918. As if we didn't know it. People who have fought for their liberty don't take it for granted. The Czechs were deeply conscious of their good fortune.

I remained in touch with Kocian after I went to America in 1938. When I came back to Prague, as anAmerican sergeant, during the liberation, in May, 1945, I met him on the barricades. He carried a gun and wore an armband with the blue-white-red Czechoslovak liberation colors. He'd fought with the underground against the Germans, and now he headed the liberation committee in his district.

It was a glorious day. Kocian took me home to his nice apartment, where I met his wife and two children. Jaro, the boy, was eight. He asked me why the United States Army hadn't come to the help of the Czech patriots from nearby Pilsen—didn't the Red Army come all the way from Dresden, farther away?

We talked about America and the future. Kocian's wife wanted to know about those wonderful gadgets in our house and about the schools where the kids were getting free lunch. I disappointed Jaro by knowing less than he did about American cars. His seven-year-old sister asked me for a doll that would say "Please" in American. And Kocian gave me letters for his relatives—he hoped to go to America soon. He'd been made export manager of his firm and spoke of "getting back into the American market." Before I left I gave Jaro my flight jacket that I'd traded from an Air Force friend for a Luger gun.

Jaro didn't wear the jacket when I saw the Kocians on my next trip to Prague, after the communist coup in February, 1948. Kocian said it wasn't "prudent" to advertise one's sympathies for the West. The janitor was a communist. The kids might talk in school. The statue of President Wilson had disappeared and Wilson Railroad Station was now called Main Station. Instead of lectures about America, there were lectures about the Soviet Union. Everybody studied Russian.

"The communists tell us that Prague always was an Eastern city," he said angrily. "Do they think we are fools? They can't change history. We know where we belong."

The Kocians still had their nice apartment, when I met them a few weeks ago on a visit to Prague. But everything else was quite different. The communists have changed history as well as the future. Kocian's firm was nationalized and now exports to Russia. His job as manager went to a small clerk—and a longtime party member. Kocian once again became a small clerk. To make ends meet, the whole family has to work: Kocian's wife at a laboratory, the daughter in an office and Jaro in a factory. The four rarely see each other at home. When they do, they are tired and irritable. Life is drab and monotonous. The American flight jacket disappeared.

Kocian still wants to know about America, but he realizes he'll never go there. "Only party members and carefully selected trade delegations are issued passports. We still get parcels from our relatives, but we rarely write. Got to be careful."

His wife agreed. "What's the use chasing a phantom? For years your radio stations told us that liberation was just around the corner. They should come here for a while and see what's really going on here. You can't fool us with promises. When my husband tells me year after year that he's going to buy me that fur coat, and when nothing happens, do you expect me to believe him?"

Kocian agreed. "A hungry man doesn't care about next year's bumper crop. He wants a plate with food—now."

"For that much money I can show you a great time right here in town!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I said he hadn't talked like that the last time I'd been here, eight years ago.

"It seems more like eighty years," he said, and sighed. "Communism is here to stay for a long time. We'll have to adjust."

"No one's going to help us," his wife said. "We must help ourselves."

The Kocians are no exceptions, they are the rule. The people of Czechoslovakia and the people in all satellite countries are losing hope. Because "hope" was synonymous with "America," the leader of the free world, they are losing their faith in America. They feel that the United States let them down twice—at Munich, and toward the end of the last war.

The communists have cleverly exploited the historical untruth that the Munich dismemberment of Czechoslovakia was the fault of America. "The Americans let us down," they tell the people. "Who is going to save us the next time from the resurgence of German militarism? Not the Americans five thousand kilometers away. Only the powerful Soviet Union, our next-door neighbor, will come to our aid."

The American Army's failure to liberate Prague in 1945 is considered by many Czechs the most fateful mistake of American policy. "If the American soldiers had entered Prague from Pilsen before the Red Army arrived," the Czechs say, "they would have saved Prague for the West as they saved Vienna and Berlin." As a result, nearly 38 per cent of Czechoslovakia's voters voted communist in the free, secret national election of May, 1946, which prepared the ground for the communist coup.

Disappointed people often get confused and turn against former friends. The United States, Czechoslovakia's great friend and close relative, has become the scapegoat and target of bitter frustrations. The Czechs are bitter because they lost so much.

Of all the satellite countries in Europe, Czechoslovakia is the only one with a genuine democratic tradition. On October 18, 1918—ten days before the collapse of the Hapsburg monarchy—T. G. Masaryk's provisional Czechoslovak government proclaimed Czechoslovakia's independence. The proclamation was made in Washington. Czechoslovakia's first constitution was modeled after America's. The Czechoslovak republic was a free, independent, democratic country from its very beginning. Friendship for America was a historical fact.

The friendly feelings are fading away fast. A great many Czechs and Slovaks no longer are sure where they belong. They know that they don't belong in the East—but do they still belong in the West? They feel as though the rug had been pulled from under their feet.

Last summer during the Big Four Conference in Geneva there was a moment of elation among the satellite peoples. For the first time a great Western leader stood up to the Soviet leaders. The shining image of President Eisenhower dominated the conference. He gave new meaning to a much-abused word, "peace." Eisenhower spoke the language which the satellite people expected and understood. But their hope was short-lived. After a brief interval, the initiative once again passed on to Moscow.

"We know that America can't promise us the date of armed liberation," the Czechs say. "But we need repeated assurances that the United States will not appease the Soviets at the price of the subjugated satellite nations. Above all, we want to be reminded time and again that America is better armed and more powerful economically than Russia."

Time is running out fast in Prague. The communists made a clumsy start, but play a smart game now. The police terror was muted after the death of President Klement Gottwald, on March 14, 1953. His sudden death, a few days after Stalin's, is still a source of mystification and rumors in Prague. Clemency became the slogan of President Antonín Zápotocky, who is widely popular, even among noncommunists, for his simplicity, directness and his concern for the little man. Controls were relaxed and prisoners released. Everybody said that life was much better. Last month the regime imported bananas and pineapples, symbols of opulence; this month a few people will get permission to travel abroad.

"We have more food and better clothes than three years ago," Kocian's wife said to me. "We're getting more for our money."

I asked her whether she'd forgotten how well dressed and well fed the people were long before the communist regime—in the days of Masaryk and Beneš. Jaro—he's now nineteen—gave me a blank look. He knew little about Masaryk and Beneš. Their names were deleted from the textbooks and are never mentioned in official speeches.

Observers arriving in Prague from Moscow and other Eastern cities are surprised about Czechoslovakia's "high" standard of living. Compared to life in Russia, Poland and other Eastern countries, the Czechs live much better. Their land was one of the richest in Europe; they had a well-developed agriculture, fat soil, great mineral wealth and one of the continent's finest industrial plants. As producers of both uranium ore and modern weapons they have become the arsenal of communism. But Czechoslovakia must not be judged by Eastern standards. And compared to the West, its standard of living has gone down steadily since 1948, when American help had been effective there.

The communists have ruthlessly eliminated the large middle class that only yesterday was the core of democratic thought and pro-American sentiment in that part of the world. Our friends there—tradesmen, clerks, executives, teachers, doctors, engineers, lawyers and others lumped together as "reactionaries"—are finished. Doctors were forced to sell their equipment to the state and to become state employees. Lawyers were ordered to switch to "productive" jobs; many have become factory workers, coal miners or construction men.

A former lawyer tells me, "It has become a major problem to make a bare living. After ten hours of work in our factory I'm so exhausted that all I want is to go home and lie down and see no one. I no longer worry about next year—I worry whether I'll be able to work next week. I'm sure communism won't last forever—tyranny never does. But it's here to stay for a while. So all of us try to make life easier for ourselves. What would you do?"

An ex-businessman who is now a chemical-factory worker, says, "We must admit that the communists have done good things too. Rents are low. Education is free. There are social-security benefits. When I was sick last year and needed an operation, I got good care. And when I'm sixty-five I'll get a state pension."

I said, "You're paying a high price for it."

He nodded. "Yes. The price of freedom. But we have no choice."

Today in Czechoslovakia there is little left of national pride. During World War II there were courageous partisans and a well-organized underground. The Czech-

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oslovak emigration was dominated by two great, generally admired leaders, Eduard Beneš and Jan Masaryk. Today there is no man among the Czechoslovak *émigrés* who is able to inflame the patriotic spirit of his nation and to rally around himself the enemies of the communist regime. There is no organized underground. The communists joyfully exploit the well-known factional feuds and political squabbles among the various *émigré* leaders who already fight over who's going to get what, if and when.

Millions of people in Czechoslovakia who want to be reminded that America is more powerful than Russia don't get the facts they would like to hear. Only cold facts will neutralize the communist propaganda that America is on the verge of depression, internal strife and external defeat. Such facts are not easy to obtain. All Western newspapers, periodicals and many books are forbidden. A member of the Czech government recently told a foreign visitor, "We are building a new society and do not want an invasion of foreign ideas." They are building fast.

The two American radio stations—the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe—fail to do the job. Most people don't listen to them any more. These stations, which cost the Americans millions of dollars, are no longer criticized in Czechoslovakia—they are ignored. The general feeling was summed up to me by a friend, "Considering the risks, we would be foolish to listen to these stations. They don't tell us what we want to know. Too much propaganda. Not enough information."

I've written down some random comment, after talking to people in all ways of life:

"We don't want entertainment and music, which we can get from our own stations at no risk. If I have to take a chance, at least I want the truth about America. What are the real wages of American workers? What can they buy for them?"

"They shouldn't broadcast these silly stories about Zápotocký. Everybody knows that he is a decent man. I wrote to his office, and now I'm getting a passport and will be able to see my children in Austria."

"The radio people seem to think we've become a nation of fools. Well, we still have ways to find out what happens in our country, despite the police. We knew of the workers' riots in Ostrava and Pilsen long before the radio broadcasts."

And the most frequent comment, "I don't listen to the American stations any more because I don't believe them any longer."

"Not enough information," I heard over and over again. "Too much propaganda. No sense to be arrested for that sort of thing."

These are some of the comments. I talked only to the people who listened to these stations, not to the people who run them. I hope they know what they're doing. Or don't they?

The fact is that today the two most popular foreign radio stations among our friends in Czechoslovakia are B.B.C. London and Radio Beromünster, Switzerland—stations known for their accuracy and factual news coverage.

One of my friends in Prague who is deeply concerned about "the rapid decline of Western civilization in Czechoslovakia" told me, "The radio people no longer know the real mood of the country. Even the Czech and Slovak *émigrés* have lost touch. They are unable to put themselves in our shoes."

Despite the many diversified programs broadcast round-the-clock by the American stations, the people of Czechoslovakia—people who were always curious, educated, alert and pro-American—know little of America's present prosperity; of 65,000,000 Americans gainfully employed; of 1,000,000 new homes being built privately every year; of Americans generally "earning more, producing more, consuming more, building more and investing more than before." They don't know that the American nation today is more united than ever, convinced that it must preserve its way of life and, if necessary, fight for it. And this is exactly what the satellite people must be told.

Memories are short. The people behind the Iron Curtain have forgotten many things and know only what the communist propagandists repeat constantly: that America's factory cities abound with slums, where badly paid, brutally exploited workers live in drab misery; that America is weakened by strikes, inflation and internal dissension; that to keep her armament factories going full blast, America will have to start World War III; that Americans are becoming a nation of neurotic jitterbugs—in short, that America is going down while the Soviet Union is going up.

Communist newspapers build up minor disagreements between England and the United States, joyfully comment on the Indian-summer antics of American congressmen junketing through the satellite countries, and play up certain statements of American leaders. Dulles' "brink-of-war" interview was presented as "proof" that America is ready to wage preventive atomic war.

Among the most skillful communist propagandists are American expatriates. They came here because of marriage or personal troubles, failure in their jobs for which they blame the capitalistic system, or because they honestly believe in the superiority of communism. I met one in Prague whom I'd known in the United States.

"My mother in Chicago is sick and complains about high doctor's bills," he said. "I have no such worries. In the States I was often out of work and got no pay. Here I work and get paid twelve months of the year. Admittedly, much is still imperfect here. But give them time. Another ten years and you won't recognize the place." Another man said, "If there were free, secret elections today, more than half of the people who live better now than before might vote for the communists."

Since my return to the West I've been asked whether the Western diplomats and observers in Prague are aware of the seriousness of the situation. Some of them are, but they live in a vacuum, unable to maintain direct contact with the population. Western observers are unable to register the subtle undercurrents of what the people really think. Often they are removed from the very reality just beyond the walls of their houses. After a while, many begin to suffer from acute claustrophobia.

"His uncle. He's loaded."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I had an interesting experience on the train from Vienna to Prague. The Czechoslovak customs officials at the border station of České Velenice wanted to confiscate a couple of American and French fashion magazines that I'd asked to bring with me. I argued. What were they afraid of? The "reactionary" influence of American department stores or Dior? There was a shocked silence. Irony and humor are no longer appreciated in this land. One official said, "We have our own magazines." But after some deliberation they let me keep the magazines.

I understood their reluctance when I came to Prague. The fashion magazines were a terrific hit. Seeing is believing. Last year's American steel production of 117,000,000 tons may be dismissed as "propaganda," but the $22.95 wrap-around cotton dress on page 24 isn't. No amount of political dialectics can dispute the fact of the seventy-nine-cent nylons. Women on both sides of the Iron Curtain like nylons. A pair costs seven dollars in Prague. A Czech office girl can buy fifteen pairs for her month's salary. When I told them that an office girl in America could buy more than 150 pairs for her monthly salary, they blinked. Maybe that's the sort of information they ought to get.

During my travels in Czechoslovakia I was asked more questions about America than I was able to answer. Farmers wanted to know about American farming practices. Engineers wanted facts and figures of American production methods. Communist managers inquired rather grimly about American mass production. Noncommunist teachers were eager to find out about education in the United States. Doctors, cut off from Western research, asked me to send them books on antibiotics. Practically everybody asked about Hollywood, American plays and our great American orchestras.

I came away with the conviction that while the communists officially slander American ideals, the people in the communist countries deeply admire the miracles of American inventiveness. Now we've got to see that the miracles become widely known. It's a tough job. The communist regime controls all means of communication. Books from the West that are considered dangerous are burned—and the addressees are duly notified. To produce a play, give a concert or show a film, you need a hall, but the state controls all theaters, concert halls and movie houses. To send an American symphony orchestra or an ice-hockey team to Prague—the Czechs are crazy about good music and ice hockey—visas are needed. Recently, the American Embassy in Prague tried to distribute old magazines containing only articles on sports, mechanics, outdoor life and homemaking. The communist government forbade the distribution.

Obviously, less conventional ways will have to be found. A Czech friend of mine summed up the problem. "The resurrection of our faith in America naturally does not depend on getting nylons, reading about Detroit or listening to Gershwin," he said. "It depends on keeping alive the urge for freedom among our spiritless people. That's a tall order, but it can and must be done. The urge for freedom isn't dead; it's only temporarily stifled. Sooner or later, the day will come as surely as the sun rises every morning. It may take a while, though, and until then we must be reminded, constantly, that the Americans are still there, pitching in for us. That they, in turn, haven't forgotten us.

"Words alone, even when spoken by your great statesmen, are not enough. An American book, an American recording, a pair of nylons or a sweater may help as much as a political statement. We need both: the Gettysburg Address plus nylons. I know how many memories are awakened when a man gets a package from America. The communists will not tolerate outright propaganda, but might permit occasional lectures by outstanding American experts on engineering, medicine, agriculture, mining, education and building. Porgy and Bess was a terrific hit here. How about another American musical? If it's good and is American, it will help to fight the idea that 'the Russians do it better.'

"We know deep in our hearts that you are still with us. But, like a woman in love, we want to hear it over and over again. America was with us in the early days of World War One, when T. G. Masaryk and Beneš worked in the United States for our independence. Remind us of those days. But words alone won't be enough; we have become increasingly dubious of words. Only the facts on the steady growth of America's democracy will convince even the weaklings among us that in the end America and freedom will triumph." THE END

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WHY BOTHER TO HAVE THAT PRESCRIPTION FILLED? I'VE GOT SOME MEDICINE AT HOME THAT HELPED ME...
THANKS A LOT... BUT MEDICINE IS ABOUT THE ONLY THING I WON'T BORROW!
DRUGS

Anyone offering to share a medicine with a friend does so, of course, with the kindest of intentions. But this practice is risky . . . and the only sensible thing to do is to steer clear of all such offers.

Sometimes you might be tempted to "borrow" medicine. Your friend's symptoms were just like yours and you've been given . . . or think you've been given . . . the same prescription. So why let that left-over medicine go to waste? But, as your doctor will tell you, similar symptoms don't always indicate the same trouble. Joint pains aren't necessarily signs of arthritis, and chest pains do not always mean heart trouble.

Even if two people happen to have the same illness necessitating the use of the same drug, it still would be hazardous to use another's prescription. For drugs come in many strengths and many forms . . . and the prescription that is right for someone else may be wrong for you. Then, too, some drugs lose their effectiveness within a few weeks or months after the original prescription is filled.

So don't let well-meaning friends keep you from getting the full benefit of your doctor's counsel and the medicines he prescribes. Seeking medical advice—and then following it—may well turn out to be one of the really big bargains of your life.

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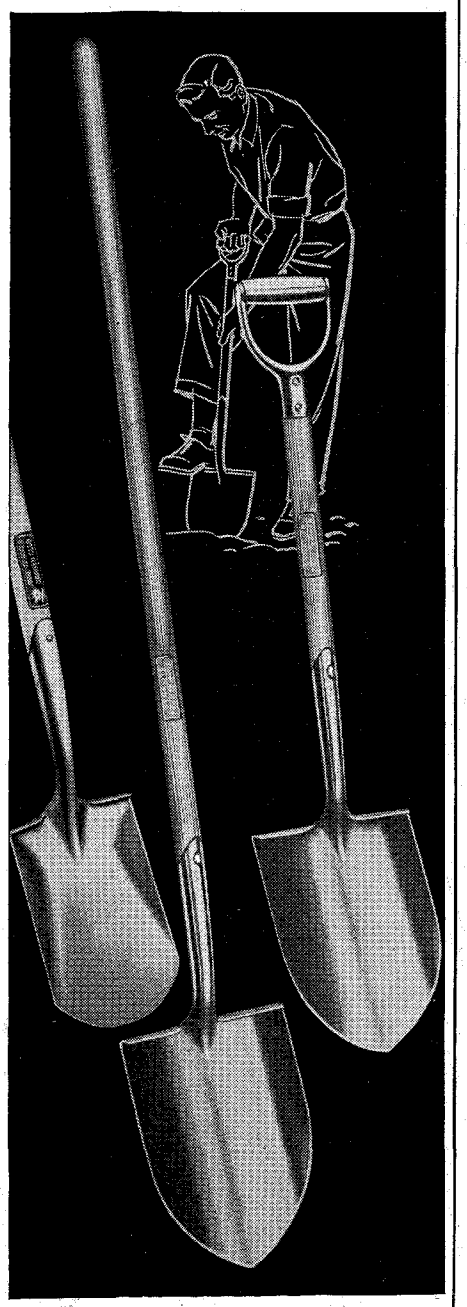
TRUE TEMPER®
Tool News



REMARKABLE SHOVEL

There is more to a shovel than you might suppose. The best shovels are *forged* from a solid bar of steel. This makes them stronger, but also more expensive. Lower cost shovels are usually *stamped* from sheet steel, cooky-cutter fashion.

Now True Temper has developed a *forged* shovel which costs very little more than *stamped* shovels. This remarkable tool is the DYNALITE. It utilizes a basic new concept in shovel design. To make it we use "automation."

Result: high quality, low cost.

The DYNALITE is light, and has a turned step for easy digging. In garden shovels and other models, at your hardware store. True Temper Corp., Cleveland, Ohio.

TRUE TEMPER®

Finest quality in Shovels • Garden, lawn and farm tools • Shears • Hammers, axes, hatchets • Fishing tackle • Golf-club shafts

Keeping Posted

Odd Experience Behind the Iron Curtain

Joe Wechsberg, daughter Josephine, scaled 10,000-ft. Swiss peak. By cable car.

Joseph Wechsberg has reported on this page how during trips behind the Iron Curtain he has always been followed around by furtive characters with whom he was not acquainted, and how this did no good to his peace of mind. On a visit to his native Czechoslovakia for page 30—his first since 1950—he found a new way to become untranquil.

At the foreign ministry in Prague a bland official told him he could go anywhere, no restricted areas for foreigners, no censorship. When Wechsberg—who took that with plenty of salt—found he really was completely free, he got worried. And when he realized that nobody was following him around, he worried faster. "It is not reassuring not to be followed," Wechsberg complains. He says that if you know somebody is peeking at you, you always watch your step, and feel safe. Without peekers, you keep wondering if what you are doing is O.K., and pretty soon you get all lathered up about *everything* you do. Wechsberg marvels, "On the whole trip I enjoyed complete freedom." Enjoyed? He means suffered?

Picture of a Writer, Such as It Is

That blackface minstrel gentleman agitating the accordion is Paul Schubert, but what he writes about on page 36 is the Cloud Peak wilderness of Wyoming. The chorister behind the author's left knee is Iver Love, a forest ranger; his face doesn't show up too well, but then, neither does Schubert's. The author dwells in Shell, Wyoming; and when it became known in the nearby town of Greybull that he could render sweet music, he was recruited, indeed drafted, into the Greybull Lions' Club polio-fund minstrel show. As the artists rehearsed, writer and ranger became such harmonious friends that they cooked up an expedition into the wilderness, from which Schubert then cooked up his story. The previous time that Schubert, who is ex-Navy, appeared in a photo on this page, his face was blacked out behind a sextant. He's a real nice-looking man, and some year you're going to see for yourself.

House Remodeling is Such Sweet Sorrow

Archie and Selwa Roosevelt had a hysterical and splendid time ripping asunder an old house in the Georgetown section of Washington and putting it back together, old-new and lovely. Just before press time Mrs. Roosevelt issued this footnote to her page 32 account of the remodeling chaos: "We've already discovered a few mistakes in our architectural judgment." Boy, don't they all? Oh, nothing too serious, the lady assures. Sometimes she must needs remark to her spouse, "If you'd done that the way *I* wanted ——" And the spouse to her: "After all the time you took making up your mind, how *could* you make such a mistake?" This may go on for years, but no matter—"It's a happy house; it seems to like us as much as we like it."

A footnote, also, from Ollie Atkins, who, by taking progress-photographs month after month, contributed no little to the remodeling demoralization. "As workmen ripped up a floor, in I would dash and set up all my gear; then in would dash Mrs. Roosevelt, dressed in the last word of fashion, and I would plant her in a floor-ripping scene. Trouble was that by the time I had the picture made, she would have changed her mind and informed the outraged workmen that what they were doing must be done differently." Once when Atkins had Selwa posing with the only paper hanger who still wasn't too mad to speak to her, in walked a fire inspector. He left in a daze, for Mrs. Roosevelt figured he was one of the men installing the furnace and much confusion ensued.

For Atkins' last picture the Roosevelts and two friendly couples were to pose at the dinner table, the men wearing formal dress from the waist up. Then the hostess decided to throw a real dinner party, but the picture couples, having another date, couldn't hang around for that; so Mrs. Roosevelt invited another batch of couples to arrive thirty minutes after photo-taking time. Dinner functions do not often have second-table guests check in about the same time that earlier diners leap up from the table, the gentlemen change from Tuxedos to jackets, and, with their wives, hurriedly beat it. Atkins expects he will never forget this assignment.

Of herself Mrs. Roosevelt says, "At age fifteen I decided I wanted to go to Vassar, marry a diplomat, and write." She met Archie Roosevelt about a week before finishing Vassar in 1950, "and three months later I found myself with the nicest husband in the world and a delightful stepson." Mr. Roosevelt is a State Department diplomat, and his wife writes an embassy society column for the Washington Evening Star.

The Awful Perils of Authorship

Nord Riley went out duck hunting one day, which he claims was research for his short story on page 26. Presently he rested his hand trustfully on the top wire of some farmer's cattle-control fence, and a bolt of electricity passed through his being. He was not seriously injured, except mentally. That evening, at dusk, he was backing away from the edge of a

Riley and ducks. Research, he calls it.

duck slough and his thighs came in contact with a wire. "I tell you," Riley chatters, "this wire really had it. I hurled my gun into the air and tried to scream, but couldn't. To this day, when I think about it, I light up." As there is nothing about duck hunting or electric fences in Riley's story, it serves him right.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Make Up Hollywood"

Wally Westmore makes old stars look young, plain ones glamorous, tired ones fresh. Aided by Pete Martin, he tells you what they do and say as they still have their real faces on.

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